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Poetry.

"AT EARLY CANDLE-LIGHT."

ROBERT M'INTYRE.

When the circuit-rider spake it, the good old hearty phrase,
Grew fragrant with the odor of the old heroic days,
For my heart was warm within me, down my weary face a tear
Slowly glistened, as I listened to the gray-haired pioneer,
But my happiness went from me when he bent a text to cite
That said the heavenly city has no early candle-light.

I know the morn is lovely, when the whimsey wreaths of cloud
Lie like pleated purple furrows, with a share of silver plowed;
And the early wind low kneeling, on the prairie hearth so cold.
Dull red coals of dawn is blowing into flames of ruddy gold,
And pools of light are seeping through the leaky dyke of night,
But 'tis not so hushed and holy as the early candle-light.

Sweet the hour of noon in summer, when through lattice blows
The ruined rose that clambers where the cool clematis grows;
And the wheat across the uplands takes the sun upon its spears,
And the drowsy cattle wading browse the buds in lilied meres,
And the hawk his blue gyres sweeping up the sky of lazulite,
But my soul it cannot solace like the early candle-light.

I sit and picture eve in Eden, when not a leaf does stir,
And every song grows silent, hushed each harp and dulcimer;
When through the quiet twilight, down a path of paradise,
To the gate comes bonny baby Kate, with welcome in her eyes,
And, on the paneled pearl, lifts the latch of jasper bright,
As she used to do, and leads me through at early candle-light.

OLD-FASHIONED ROSES.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

They ain't no style about 'em,
And they're sort o' pale and faded;
Yet the doorway here without 'em
Would be lonesomer and shaded
With a good 'eal blacker shadder
Than the mornin' glories makes,
And the sunshine would look sadder
For their good, old-fashioned sakes.

I like 'em 'cause they kind o'
Sort o' make a feller like 'em;
And I tell you when I find a
Bunch out wur the sun kin strike 'em,
It allus sets me thinkin'
O' the ones 'at used to grow,
An' peek in thro' the chinkin'
O' the cabin, don't you know.

And then I think o' mother,
And how she used to love 'em,
When they wuzn't any other,
'Less they found 'em up above 'em!
And her eyes, afore she shut 'em,
Whispered with a smile and said,
We must pluck a bunch and put 'em
In her hand when she wuz dead.

But, as I wuz a-sayin',
They ain't no style about 'em
Very gaudy or displayin',
But I wouldn't be without 'em,
'Cause I'm happier in these posies
And the hollyhawks and sich
Than the hummin' bird at noses
In the roses of the rich.

SPRING NIGHT.

Birds of passage, happy vagrants,
O'er the meadows singing roam;
All betoken spring and fragrance;
Flowers are hastening on to bloom.

High exulting! deep despairing!
Oh, it cannot, cannot be!
All the wonder reappearing,
Once the moonlight brought to me!

Still the moon, the stars repeat it,
And in dreams the rustling pine;
And the nightingale's songs greet it;
She thine own is, she is thine!

Our Story Teller.

MY GRANDMOTHER'S RING.

I shut the garden door and went slowly down the winding path toward the lane. It was the day after the funeral, and the blinds in the house I had left were drawn up, and the windows that had looked so blank for the past week were open again, and people moved about briskly and spoke no more in hushed whispers. Nay, once—not half an hour since—my ear had caught, from the distant kitchen regions, the ring of a light laugh. Out-of-doors, the sun shone on the green leaves, the birds sang in the elms overhead, and the brooklet in the little wood gurgled merrily over the stone. Yet, as I turned and sat down on the mossy step of the old sun-dial and pressed my aching brow against the cold stone pillar, I thought I had never looked upon so sad a scene. Even now, when a pang of sorrow strikes me, there arises to my mind the image of the long, low, white house, the turf all wet and glittering after the shower, and I hear the dripping of the raindrops from the eaves and the carol of the lark as I heard it on that day, for it was my mother who was dead, and I was very lonely in the world—an orphan, brotherless and sisterless. Presently I stood up, tied on my hat, and going wearily on to the white gate leaned over it doubtingly. A week ago—only a week—she would have told me where to go, would have planned some errand for me; now I must follow my own fancy, for my grave uncle within doors was deep in parchment deeds, and had no thought to spare for me. Instinctively my feet turned toward the village. I had trod that path often with a bag or basket on my arm, acting as her almoner, and the impulse came to see some of the faces that used to greet me so gladly and to hear the blessings breathed upon her name. On I went, lingering for a moment at the turnpike, where the old gatekeeper shook her head sadly at sight of my black garments and spoke her simple words of sympathy amid her tears, and passed the school, where the children in the porch hushed their laughter as I went by.

Just beyond the school playground stood a low, thatched cottage in its little garden, and I turned in there, for an old man, sick and suffering, lived in that house, and sickness and suffering touched me closely just then. He was sitting by the fireside quite alone, and as I lifted the latch he turned his head, and a feeble light came into his dim eyes. "Ah! Miss Hester, I was thinking of you only a while ago. Will you please to step in and take a seat?"

He made some attempt to rise from his own wooden chair; but I stopped him hastily, and drawing a low stool toward the fire sat down at his side. "How is the rheumatism to-day, Phillip?"

"Well, it's baddish, miss—thank you kindly all the same. I had a hard night with it; but I mustn't grumble, for I've suffered little in my life, and I shall be 82 come Whitsuntide."

"Your daughter's out. I heard she had been ill."

"She's middling again now, miss, and she's gone to do a day's washing up at Squire Lawson's."

"And left you all by yourself," said I, pityingly. "Poor Philip, how long the day must seem!"

"No," answered the old man, slowly; "the hours go quick enough. At first, when I was laid by, it did seem long and I was all agog to be up and doing; but now I sit here by the fire and think of the days that are by-gone; and ofttimes I'm taken aback when the setting sun comes shining in at the window yonder. But," he added, suddenly, "I didn't ought to be talking on of myself now, and never asking so much as a word about you and the dear mistress that's just gone. You'll miss her sorely, I'm thinking."

"Yes, indeed." But, somehow, my wound was too fresh for more than those two words; and, reaching a book that I had lent him from the mantel-shelf, I said: "I can't talk much about her yet, Philip. Shall I read to you know?"

The usual answer came: "Thank you kindly," and I began.

Perhaps my reading was monotonous, for my thoughts would not follow the printed words, but wandered far and wide. Be that as it might, when I raised my head at the end of half an hour, the old man was nodding. I softly laid the book aside and sat for a few minutes watching him and admiring the fine old head, with its long, silvery locks, and the strongly-marked, wrinkled features, softened by sleep, before I laid my hand upon his sleeve. He started and opened his eyes, exclaiming: "I'm sure I ask your"— But the rest of the sentence died upon his lips, and he gazed with a sort of terror at my ungloved hand, still resting on his fustian jacket. "What?—where—where did it come from?" he faltered out, in a thin, quavering voice.

I was startled, too. I, too, stared at my hand. "What is it, Philip?"

"The ring—that diamond ring with the big emerald in the middle!"

There were several on my finger. Two that I had seen from my babyhood on the dear hand now lying in the grave, and which, on the very morning that she died, she had given to me, bidding me wear them always for her sake. The third, the diamond, she had rarely worn; but it had been her mother's, and once she had told me that a tale hung by it. Beneath the stones there was a tiny lock of hair, cut from her head when an infant; and for the sake of that flaxen curl, I had put it on among the others. "The diamond ring," I said, drawing it off. "Philip, do you know it?"

He held out his hand shaking, and I laid it in his palm.

"Do you know it?" I repeated eagerly. "It was my grandmother's once."

Slowly he turned it over, examining it with a strange, intent curiosity; then he gave it back to me. "Do I know it?" he said, now first seeming to hear my question. "I have not set eyes on it for more than sixty years; but on my death-bed I shall see that ring as plainly as I see it now."

"What can you mean?" I exclaimed, impatiently. "I don't understand."

"Miss Hester," and there was something solemn in his look and tone, "that ring had well-nigh been my ruin—aye, and my soul's ruin, too; and yet" (and a half smile flashed suddenly across his face)—"and yet it was not my ruin, but my making; and if it hadn't been for that ring neither you nor the dear lady that's just gone would have seen the light."

I sat looking at him, listening to him, too much amazed for words. He noticed my bewildered, half-frightened glances. "Miss Hester, do you care to hear an old man's tale? I have never told it even to my daughter; and I don't suppose there's one living in the place even to guess at it now. They kept it dark for me, and it all died out long ago. But I'm willing to tell it to you, for the sight of that ring seems to open my heart."

"Yes, tell me—pray, tell me," I said impetuously.

He sat silent for a few minutes, with hands clasped upon his knees, gazing into the fire; then he turned his eyes on me and spoke slowly, as though recalling gradually the distant past.

I was turned 20, but I still lived at home with my father and mother; not here in the village, but in an old house half a mile down the Hilbury road. My father was a carpenter, and had brought me up to the trade, and he let me manage things pretty much my own way, though I was but a lad. I used to think the reason he so seldom crossed me was lest I should get a fancy for roaming, for my mother had fretted sorely when my brother Josiah 'listed for a soldier, and they had buried two children in Hilbury churchyard. Anyhow, it seemed as though they never made enough of me. I was a likely young fellow, strong and hearty, a good hand at my work, and for climbing or wrestling there were few in the country-side could beat me. Ah, well, they were blithe days when I stood bat in hand at my wicket on the green, or strolled by the river side with Margaret Leigh! I would not have changed places with a king then! We were to be married one day, Margaret and I, and, though the day was some way off, we were young and hopeful and content to wait. But I don't know why I should trouble you with all our foolish fancies and schemes—only I'm loath to go on to the dark time when the tide turned, for turn it did. First of all, my mother fell ill, and most of her careful savings went to pay the doctor. All through one dreary winter she hardly left her bed, and when the spring came and she was beginning to get about again, there came a run of ill-luck in our trade. One of our best men left us and took work under a carpenter who had just set up in Hilbury and had drawn off many of our customers. Then we made a venture in a stock of wood that turned out badly; and, worst of all, father cut his wrist and couldn't so much as lift a tool; and so we went down—down, till sometimes I used to wonder how long, if matters didn't mend, we might have food to eat or a roof to cover us. And Margaret, too—poor Margaret—her aunt died: and about the time when we used to think we might have married she went out to service a long mile away.

"I was loitering along the green one evening, sore at heart enough, by reason of my troubles, when one of the little lads playing catchpenny on the grass looked up from his game to say: 'Dost know, Phil Morris, that the mistress at the Hall is took very ill—like to die, they say?' 'Who told you that?' I growled out. I had grown very surly of late. ''Tis all a lie, I'll be bound.' 'That it ain't, then. Mother were up at the house this very afternoon, and they said as how the doctor had most given up, and the squire were in a great taking. I heard mother tell father all about it.' I sauntered on, thinking bitterly that here was another blow coming, for the lady at the Hall was kind to every one, and my mother was a favorite of hers. You see I thought only of myself, not of the good-hearted Squire, nor of the many who would miss her. Trouble had made me selfish, and yet I little dreamed what that bit of news meant for me. Only a day later every one knew that she was really dead. I heard it in the early morning, as I was taking down the window shutters; and that same evening as I sat at my bench in the workshop, one of the grooms from the Hall came riding up to the door. My father was standing there, and the man gave the message to him. A coffin did I say that we were undertakers as well as carpenters?—a coffin was to be put in hand at once, for the funeral would be in three days' time. It was very soon, as the man said; but they thought it better, for she had died very suddenly. "You'll go, Phil," my father said, looking at his lame wrist. Now, he had mostly taken that sort of work; but of late, since his accident, it had once or twice fallen upon me. 'The Squire sent word to you,' I answered, 'and your hand is pretty near well now. Hadn't you best go yourself?' 'Nay, nay, my lad,' said the old man; 'be sure the Squire heeds little enough just now whether it's father or son that knock in the nails, and my wrist's not good for much even now. I doubt it ever will be again; you'd best go.' So it fell out that it was I who went up to the house to measure the lady—your grandmother, Miss Hester, for her coffin.

"On the day before the funeral I went for the third and last time to finish my work. As I went through the Hall, the study door was pushed partly open, and a little child peeped out. I caught sight of the darkened room and the Squire sitting by the fire with his head resting on his hand, but he turned quickly and called the little lad, and the door was shut to again. I can remember, as though it was yesterday, the rosy little face peering out at me and the dull, muffled sound of my own tread as I went up through the silent house to the room where the body lay. It was a large and lofty room; and all the furniture now in it, the great carved bedstead, the chairs, yes, and the windows, too, were hung with white, and folds of white muslin had been thrown over the tall mirrors. Everything was white except where the coffin stood in the middle of the room, and even there some lilies and white roses had been scattered. There she lay as I had placed her the day before—the lady who used to come smiling into our house, and who had never met us without a kindly word. Death had not changed her much, and her still face looked as calm and peaceful as if she had been sleeping. The housekeeper had come up, and stood watching while I softly swept aside the flower blossoms and set about my work. Presently it was needful that I should move one of the hands which were crossed upon her breast, and, as I lifted it, I saw glittering on the little finger of the other hand a diamond ring. It had been hidden till then, but I saw it now plainly enough—a splendid ring with two sparkling diamonds and an emerald in the middle. I looked up in wonder at the housekeeper, and she nodded sadly. 'Yes, it was a fancy of my mistress's. The Squire gave her that ring the day they were married, and she has worn it ever since. She always said that she would have it buried with her when she died.' 'It was not on her hand yesterday,' I observed. 'No; the Squire brought it up last night and put it on her finger his own self.' 'It is a beautiful ring,' and I bent down to look at it more closely. 'Yes, it's worth a small fortune, as I've heard my lady say.' Mrs. Winter made answer. 'But I must go now. Shall you be long about it, Morris?' 'Not very long;' and I hastily took up one of my tools. 'I will send Clare up to give you any help you may want,' she said, and went away.

"But when she was gone I stooped down again for a third long stare at that ring. Then I moved a step or two back and stood playing idly with the hammer in my hand. It seemed to have bewitched me. I forgot where I was and what I had to do. I forgot everything till I heard a step coming along the passage, and I had only just begun my work when Clare came in. It was done. The nails were screwed home, the sweet face was hidden under the coffin lid and I was walking fast across the park in the cool evening twilight. I began to whistle as I strode along, to wonder whether my mother would have waited supper for me; but in the midst of my wonder my thoughts wandered off to something quite different—something I didn't want to think about just then; so I looked up at the great oaks, and tried to guess at their value; but the next moment came the recollection that the noblest of those big trees, with its huge girth of trunk and its wide-spreading branches, was worth nothing compared to—well—to a certain bright stone which seemed to be still sparkling before my eyes. I had been reared honestly, if ever a lad had, and thief would have been nigh as bad a name to me as murderer; but yet, somehow, I couldn't for the life of me get that ring out of my head. I thought of it buried in the ground, doing no one any good, and of what I might do were it mine to sell. My mother shouldn't pinch and fret herself any longer to make both ends meet; my father shouldn't sigh as he saw the loads of wood going past our door to the carpenter's at Hilbury; and Margaret—Margaret and I would be as happy as the day was long, married and settled in the dear old house. But bah! What rubbish all this was, when the ring would be in the Squire's vault to-morrow night, and we were like to be on the parish before many months were over our heads. When I had come to this I had come also to the stile leading into the fir-wood. I would not give myself time for any more such fancies; so I put my best foot foremost and soon was clear of the wood and tramping along the raised path that led to my father's door.

"The old people were very low that night, for they felt the mistress's loss all the more for their own troubles. 'They say it was quite sudden, Phil,' my father said, as he cut the cheese and passed my mug of beer. 'Mr. Stark, the butler, was down in the village this afternoon, and he said she had only been ill for three days, and no one thought of danger till an hour or two before she died. The Squire would have sent off then for some grand doctor, but just as the groom was starting she died, all in a minute as it were.' 'She isn't much changed, is she Phil?' my mother asked. I didn't half like talking about her, but I made shift to answer pretty quietly: 'No, not a bit. Except for her being so white and still you'd scarcely know she was dead; but I am just tired out, so I think I'll be off to bed,' and I left them together and climbed up the steep stair-case to my attic.

"I *was* tired enough, but I couldn't sleep. Even when I did doze off for a few minutes it was only into a confused dream, in which I always saw that ring. Now I was digging for it madly in a huge heap of shavings; now I was in church with Margaret, and the parson would not read the marriage service for us until I put the ring on her finger; and now I was buried, pressed down by the damp, stifling earth, but holding it tight. I got up at last in the early dawn, and, pushing my window open, leaned out for a breath of air. I though it was the close, hot room that had oppressed me, and I threw on my clothes and went down to the river for a bath; but when I got there I didn't care to go into the water and sat down instead upon the bank, staring at the bushes for a good hour. I didn't fight against my fancies now. The temptation had got me, body and soul. Ah, well! I didn't know then, as I do now, that it's the first thoughts which do the harm. If a man once lets himself go on thinking of what he ought to drive out of his mind at once he's lost. He can't get rid of his ugly notions afterward. When I walked away from the river I was a changed man, hardened and reckless. That day was not like other days. The busy little village looked dull enough with the shop windows closed and the people, each with some bit of black about them, standing loitering at the street corners, watching for the funeral procession. My father and mother went to the churchyard, but I had to be up at the Hall. It was a very quiet, simple business. When the old banker at Hilbury had been buried the year before there had been twice as many carriages and plumes; but the squire had always hated fuss and show, and he was too heavy-hearted now to think of anything but his own grief. His sister was there, and my lady's brother, and one or two cousins, and these, wit the doctor and the parson and some of the old servants, made the whole party, except the little fair-haired boy who held his father's hand when they went down into the vault—that same vault, Miss Hester, in which your own mother was laid but yesterday. You know where it is in the churchyard, not a stone's throw from the chancel windows. Well, it was all over, and the heavy stone had been let fall again, and when the crowd scattered there was scarcely a dry eye among them.

"We went home by and by, and the shutters were taken down, and my father and I sat down to our bench; but somehow neither of us were in the mood for work. He never did much now, though he liked to potter about among his tools and watch all that went on. To-day he soon put them by and stood leaning over the half-door looking down the street, while I planed and hammered, or sat idly twirling the foot-rule between my fingers. 'Ah, lad, you've not much heart for carpentering to-day,' my father said at last, as he turned his head and caught sight of my listless figure; 'but there'll be more need of work than ever there was, for we always knew where to look for help before, and I doubt the Squire will be much at the Hall now.' 'Maybe not,' I made answer, and then I got up and walked straight away to the lathe. I didn't want to talk or be talked to, for a strange, savage feeling had got hold of me, and I was half afraid of myself. So the day wore on and evening came, and my mother looked into the workshop and bade me come to supper. When it was over father reached down his pipe from the mantel shelf. He and I mostly had a smoke together on the green in the twilight, and I saw that he was waiting for me, but I did not mean to go with him to-night; so I spoke up in a dogged kind of way and said: 'I promised to get over to Kettlethorpe to take the order for that linen-press; there'll be time to get there and back before dark.' 'Nay, nay, my lad,' father answered; 'sure there's no such haste.' 'Yes there is,' and I spoke the more sharply as I saw father's wondering look. It won't do to let a job slip into Gleig's hands for want of looking after it ourselves.' 'Well, well,' and the old man made no more objections, for I think he saw that my mind was made up. At the door I turned to say: 'Don't you sit up, mother. I may be late, if I happen to light on Tom Hill.' 'You ain't going to the public, Phil?' she asked anxiously. 'I can't tell,' says I, and shut the door, just hearing father's words: 'Let the lad alone, Missus; he'll come to no harm,' as I tramped upstairs. I had something to do before I went out, and I wanted to do it quietly.

"So I waited up there till I saw my father strolling, pipe in mouth, toward the green and I knew by the clattering plates that my mother was washing up in the back kitchen, and then I went softly down and through the wood yard to the workshop. Once in there I turned the key and looked about me. Some tools were lying on the bench, and from these I choose two or three—a sharp screw-driver, a hammer and a wedge. Then I went to a cupboard, and pushing back some boxes and parcels came upon an old dark-lantern that had stood there untouched for perhaps a dozen years. I had to look in another closet for a bit of candle and some matches; but I had them all at last, tied up the tools and lantern in a scrap of matting, slipped the candle and matches in my pocket, unlocked the workshop door and then, crossing it, went out with my bundle in my hand by a side door at the opposite end, which led, not into the village street, but into a cart track, hardly ever used, and then into a paddock shut in by high hedges. There was no one in sight as I ran across the paddock and so struck into the sandy lane—you know it well, Miss Hester—which runs along by the churchyard wall. In two minutes more I was was over the wall and skirting it inside. At the corner close by I knew there was some loose stones. I knelt down by them, pushed aside two or three, laid my parcel down between them and piled the stones carefully up again, so that they hid it. Then I looked cautiously all around, to be sure that I was not seen, and vaulting over the low wall slid down the steep, green bank. Now I could breathe again, for I didn't care who met me. I went round by the sexton's house, which stood near the churchyard gate, but I did not go in there; I only looked well at it and at the little outhouse hard by, as I passed, and then I was away over the moors to Kettlethorpe. I walked fast, not whistling, not thinking, only trying to get over the ground as quickly as I could. My business was soon done, but yet it was quite dark when I turned my face homeward—darker than usual, for the moon was young and the driving clouds hid the stars. I heard the church clock strike 10 as I crossed the last bit of level ground and began to make my way down the slope toward the village.

"I wasn't in a hurry now, though the night wind blew chill in my face and made me shiver. I sat down on a tuft of damp grass, and watched till one by one the lights in the village beneath went out. When the last glimmer of candle-light was gone from the sexton's windows just below me I started up and half ran, half scrambled down the hillside. This time I stopped by the wicket gate that led into the sexton's garden, lifted the latch silently, and stole across the grass, not to the cottage door, but to the little shed beyond, and stepping in, I felt cautiously with my hand along the wall. Yes, there stood the spade and pickaxe as I had seen them two hours ago. It was the pickaxe I wanted, and lifting it on to my shoulder I crept back over the little grassplot and out into the lane. Dark as it was, I felt as if a hundred eyes were watching me then. Panting, and with shaking knees, I climed up the bank and over the churchyard wall, and groped my way to the corner where I had left my tools. By the dim moonlight I could just see the white heap of stones, but it took me a long time to find my parcel. I had it at last, and with it in one hand and my pickaxe in the other I struck across the churchyard to—to the vault. You know now what I meant to do; I was going to rob the dead.

"I stumbled twice over the low footstones, which I could not see. Once I fell, bruising my knee; but I got there at last. If I hadn't known the place I should hardly have been able to find it; but I had taken my bearings that morning, and I could just see the sharp point of the marble monument standing out against the gray sky. The stone I had to lift was not many inches off, and, stooping down, I felt for it upon the ground. I soon found the rough edge, more by my fingers than my eyes, and then I knew whereabouts to stick in my pickaxe. When I had done this the loose soil round, so lately disturbed, made my work easy enough, and though it cost me a tough strain, I had the stone up before you could count a hundred. I did not wait a moment. I was like one possessed as I went on hands and knees down the narrow, slippery stone steps into the vault. I was scared enough, and, though the perspiration was running down my face, I was all of a cold shiver. But yet I verily believe if anybody had come upon me then I should have killed him. There was just a glimmer of light thrown into the vault from the opening above, but not enough for me. It helped me, however, to push back the slide of my lantern and stick in my bit of candle, and then I groped my way on to the farthest side of the vault and struck a match. It fizzed, blazed up and went out. With a muttered oat—it wasn't often I swore, but I did thenh—I tried another, and this time it kept alight till the wick of the candle caught and showed the vaulted roof and dark row of coffins ranged round the stone floor. I did not want to look at them. I closed up the lantern, and putting it on the ground with its light side toward the coffin I wanted I went back to the steps to find out if there was any glimmer to be seen above. No. I was safe so far; no spark of light showed there. Now for my screwdriver. If only I could do the work silently enough! The first noise of my effort was startling, and I scarcely dared try another, but I remembered that the vault lay deep, and that there were no houses within a furlong of it. At any rate, I was in for it now, and I got used to the sound as I bent desperately to my task. The oaken lid had been tightly screwed, I knew, but that once open the business was done—for the time had too short to make a leaden coffin. Screw after screw came out, and yet there were more. All at once I fancied I heard a sound above, and my heart stopped beating and I stood still as the dead around me, grasping the hammer in my hand. It came again, and I knew it this time for the screech of the night owl in the church tower. If I could but have wrung its neck for the fright it had given me! To work again; more screws, and now the last was out and I could move the heavy lid.

"I threw back the lace covering from the body, and the glimmer of the lantern fell on the dead face, as unchanged as on that day when I had gone up to the hall. I could not bear to look at it; I knew I should see it forever in my dreams if I did, and yet somehow, I had noticed everything—how the dark eyes seemed to give a blue shade to the eyelids closed over them, and how the long lashes lay on the white cheek—before I forced myself back to my work. Even then the still white face was before me, close to mine. I would have hidden it under the lace again, but then I must cover the hands as well. I thought of my own spotted handkerchief, but something—I don't know what—kept me from laying that there. Best get the ring off, and be away from the place. It was on her hand, the one that lay underneath, and the clammy touch of the fingers made me shudder; but I held them fast, for I saw the diamond glittering in the dim light. I tried to draw it off; but slender as the finger was, the ring would not slide along it. It seemed fixed there as though no power on earth could move it. I wrenched at it with my own big trembling fingers, and got it as far as the first joint—but farther it would not come. What should I do? Of a sudden I stooped down and took it firmly between my teeth. Itw as coming now! I felt it slip. It was off—in my mouth—in my hand. Just for one instant I saw it lying in my palm, and then—I saw something else. A goblin? No; but a stain of blood on the white slender hand and a pair of brown eyes looking fixedly at me.

"I could not move; I could not breathe; I was like one turned to stone. Slowly the head lying in the coffin turned, and the pale lips moved, and the hand—the stained hand—where the ring had been, grasped feebly the edge of the coffin, and then—then the whole figure stirred and tried to get up! I turned at that, and with a frightful cry dashed the ring to the floor, and fled, mad with terror, up the stone stairs. On, on! never stopping, never looking round; breathless, gasping, across the churchyard, over the wall, and now I had broken through the rotten park paling and was tearing through the fern and long grass on toward the Hall. There was a light in the Hall window, and I made for it. I fancied I saw her gaining on me; I seemed to hear the rustling of the grave clothes at my ear; but I struggled on up the broad flight of steps, and rang the great bell as though I would have pulled it down. Before they opened it I had fallen half unconscious on the stones; but I could just see some figures bending over me, and I could just pant out: 'The vault! my lady!' before I fainted dead away."

The old man paused for a moment, took a deep breath, and passed his wrinkled hand through his hair.

"That's my story, Miss Hester. When they got to the vault they found the lady sitting upright in her coffin—alive, though trembling, and sorely scared—and the diamond ring lay on the floor. The lady had been in some strange, death-like fit till my rough usage brought a flow of blood, and so revived her. When I came out of my long swoon it was the squire who stood alone by my bedside and first heard my story. He forgave me then and there. For once an ill deed had brought about a good end, and he was too happy to be hard. But after that night of horror I would not have stolen a farthing's worth to save my life. No one but the squire and my own father ever heard the whole history from me, and they gave it out that there had been good reasons for opening the vault that night. But there were some shrewd guesses made when the wonderful news got abroad, and the Squire contrived to send me away from home on some business of his own for a year or two. When I came back it was the dear lady herself who set me going in my father's business and helped me on to my marriage with Margaret. She had a baby girl then, your mother, Miss Hester, and she lived on for fifteen years."

"He stopped, took the ring again in his hand and turned it over, sighing wearily. "'Tis 60 years back, and it seems but yesterday," he repeated as he gave it me. "An ill conscience is a fearful thing, Miss Hester."

What's In a Name.

A Russian nobleman died recently whose name was too long to be sent by cable; but it is gravely asserted that he could shell an ear of corn with it, and have enough left over for a barbed-wire fence, a nail-claw and springs for a mattress.

Humor.

ALL ABOUT SOLOMON'S WIVES.

An Easter Monday Conversation Between Two St. Paul Ladies.

Two neatly-dressed ladies sat in a street car the day after Easter, on their way home from a down-town shopping excursion, and this is the conversation they indulged in between St. Peter and Washington streets:

"I saw you at church yesterday, Mrs. Smith."

"O, yes; I never miss Easter services, you know."

"Wasn't it lovely?"

"Be-e-u-tiful! I never saw such lovely flowers in my life. Did you notice that double fuschia?"

"Yes; and I just couldn't keep my eyes off of it. Whose was it, do you know?"

"Mrs Brown's. She raised it from a slip she got in California two years ago. That calla lily on the right of the pulpit was a pretty thing."

"Wasn't it sweet? So fragrant, too. That was the largest oleander I ever saw. Did you notice it?"

"Yes; that's mine."

"Why, Mrs. Smith, you don't say that that lovely oleander that stood near the chancel-rail was yours?"

"Yes; I raised that from a small twig."

"Well, I never."

"Didn't those hyacinths smell too sweet for anything?"

"Just ravishing, and those lilies of the valley, too?"

"Yes."

"Hem."

"Humph."

"Did you notice Mrs. Tripp's new bonnet?"

"Well, I should think I did. Wasn't it just too perfectly awful for anything? Didn't look a bit like an Easter bonnet to me."

"Nor me either. Too much ribbon in front, I thought, though they're trimming their bonnets high this season."

"I know, but I didn't like it a bit; now, Mrs. Lagg's bonnet was just too cute for anything, I thought. That pink ribbon just set her complexion off beautifully."

"Yes, I noticed that."

"Well, I thought I wouldn't get a new bonnet this spring. I had rather wait till next fall."

"So had I."

"How'd you like the sermon?"

"What?"

"How'd you like the sermon?"

"O, yes, the sermon. O, 'twas pretty good, I guess. My husband said 'twas. Do you remember the subject?"

"Why yes. 'Twas about Solomon's wives."

"O, yes, I'd most forgot."

"I get off here, good-by. Come in and see me."

"Yes, you come down and see me."

"Yes, good-by."

"Good-by."

She Refused Him According to the Inter-State Bill.

She was the daughter of one of the Congressmen who had assisted in drafting the Inter-state Commerce bill, and having made a copy of it for him had become tolerably familiar with its provisions. So it was only natural, perhaps, that when a notorious flirt proposed to her the other evening she should utilize the bill in refusing him.

"No, George," she remarked in decided tones when he had risen from his knees, "it can never be. I would not dare intrust my happiness to a man who would be certain to indulge himself in many like and contemporaneous attachments."

George protested that if she would consent to be his he would never look at any other girl again. But it was no use.

"You cannot alter my determination, George. Nothing would induce me to plight my troth so long as I remained sceptical in regard to my lover's constancy to his promise to take me for better for worse, for richer for poorer, for short haul for long haul."

George fumed, bit his lip and vowed that she was too cruel.

"I am not cruel, George. I am only frank. You provoke just such scepticism and I am of a peculiarly exacting disposition. I would demand of my husband a complete surrender of his heart to me and in time you would resent that demand as awarding me undue and unreasonable preferences; you would upbraid me for expecting you to exercise unjust discrimination against other and competing ladies of your acquaintance. So you see, George—"

But George had vanished into the outer darkness.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

An Impediment.

It was a slight impediment to a lady's happiness that is thus noticed by the San Francisco *Chronicle:*

She had gone up to visit a lady friend, with whom her acquaintance was slight, and she wanted to let her know something that is usually considered among ladies rather important.

"You know I am engaged to be married."

"Indeed! He's a nice fellow, of course."

"Yes, charming; a delightful gentleman."

"And when is the ceremony to take place?"

"Well, I don't quite know."

"There needn't be any delay about such a thing as that. He's wealthy, is he?"

"Yes; he's very well off. But you see—well, there's a slight incumbrance."

"A slight incumbrance?"

"I mean—well—he's not divorced yet."

Knocked the Whisky Out.

Husband—(time 2 a. m.)—M'dear, open door (hic), shus from bus-business, m'dear (hic), ope' door.

Wife—(at upstairs window)—Who are you? Go away or I'll call the police.

"M'dear, I'm your husband; m'dear, ope' door——"

"My husband, indeed! My husband came in four hours ago and is fast asleep. You are an impostor."

"Eh! Wha—m'dear?"

"My husband is here asleep."

"Wha——"

"Here asleep. Go away."

"What?"

"You are an impostor."

"What! My gracious! Oh! This is terrible!"

"Well, now, that you are somewhat sober, I'll let you in."

A Great Man Growing Up.

There is great hope for a boy when he develops valuable ideas of economy at the age of 7. Such a person is the youthful Tommy, who managed the other night to get his face extremely dirty after he had eaten his supper and was told by his mother to wash it before he went to bed.

"But, mamma, he said, "don't you think it'd be kind o' wasteful to wash my face now?"

"Wasteful? What in the world do you mean, Tommy?"

"Why, what isn't any use is wasteful, isn't it? And it wouldn't be any use to wash my face now, 'cause nobody'll see it in the night!"

A White House Fable.

"Sire!"

"Yes, Daniel."

"I have often wondered why an ice palace was not erected in Washington this winter."

"Why, Daniel, it is not cold enough here."

"But the requisite amount of coolness could easily be obtained."

"How?"

"By having Gov. Hill stand on one side of the site and you on the other."

Daniel dodged just in time to save his head from a blow from the veto machine, which just then careered across the room. —*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

A Great Country.

"You had terrible storms in Dakota last winter, as I saw by the papers?"

"Yes, beat the records of any other state."

"And you've had great floods this spring?"

"We have, sir."

"And fearful storms of wind?"

"Yes, sir. I am proud to say that we have the first choice of everything in Dakota, sir; and my heart swells with pride at the thought. Come West, sir—come to Dakota."—*Wall Street News.*

A Contingency.

Little Nell—"I'm awful sorry for poor Nursie."

Mamma—"Why, pet, your nurse looks well and happy!"

"But the angels won't never know how good she is and maybe they'll make a mistake an' let her go to the bad place."

"Mercy me! What put that into your little head?"

"Why, she says all her prayers in French."

A REFORMATORY TYPEWRITER.

A New Worker Added to the Prohibitionists—Inclined to Get Out of Order.

A friend of mine owns a typewriter, and he has a man to work it. This man is so quick that, in taking letters that are dictated by any friend, he rarely uses shorthand, but dashes them off on the machine. There is only one trouble with Mr. Slack, the manipulator of the keys, and that is that he takes too much drink. He admits that it is hurting him, but he doesn't seem to have strength of mind enough to quit. My friend has labored with him a good deal, ane with some success. He doesn't want to discharge him—first because he is a most expert man; and, second, because he is sure he will go to the bad when he leaves. He has never yet had the deliriums, although he has come rather close to it sometimes. These near approaches always make him struggle to amend. I told my friend Brunscome that what Slack needed was a real good tussle with the blue devils to make him quit the habit, and so Brunscome thought he woldd get up that attack himself as a sort of warning to the poor young man.

It was Brunscome's idea. I understand the construction of the type writer pretty well, having had my own apart several times. I took a screw driver and changed the letters. Any one familiar with a typewriter knows that the letters can be changed merely by taking out a screw. When we got through with the typrewriter it was fixed so that if you struck "E" it printed "A," and so on. When Slack came in next morning Brunscome said to him:

"Good gracious, Slack, what's the matter?"

"Matter, sir? Nothing, sir," answered Slack, looking very uneasy.

"Now, look here, Slack, don't try to gammon me. You have been drinking again, Slack."

"Pon my honor, sir, I——"

"Now, Slack."

"Well, sir, not enough to do any harm, sir."

"See here, Slack," said Brunscome, taking him to one side, and whispering to him. "You've got the D. T. in your eye, my boy. You may not know it, but you have. I've seen it too often to be deceived, Slack. You may not see snakes; in fact, knowing your strength of mind, Slack, I would say it would never take that form with you. But your brain will give way, and all of a heap, too, if you don't quit right off and never touch it again. I really don't believe you're fit for work now."

"Oh, I'm not as bad as you think, sir; I assure you I haven't had anything to hurt, sir."

"Well, I may be wrong," said Brunscome, with a sigh. "If so, it's the first time."

Slack took off his coat and sat down at the typewriter, slipping in the sheet of paper. Brunscome dictated the letter and Slack worked it off without looking at the MS. Then he turned up the top of the machine to see if it was all right. Here is what met his eye:

Hrny gti

Uyer txypqe nmught hg rtf d£ap deytyr s&4m. G19;e rwqaptrenda juu rtf 6tusx k u?tz, and so on to the last.

Slack drew his hand across his brow and gasped for breath. Brunscome paid no attention, but went on dictating the next letter. The click of the machine did not follow.

"What's wrong?" said Brunscome.

Slack crumpled up the letter in his hand, and looked as if he were too frightened to speak. Finally he got enough breath together to say: "I think you are right, sir, I'll—I'll go home, I think, sir."

"Do," said Brunscome, "that's a good fellow. You'll be all right in the morning, and for my sake quit it altogether."

The typewriter was all correct in the morning and now Slack and the "pubs" don't speak as they pass by.—*Detroit Free Press.*

HE REMEMBERED TO MUCH,

A Husband Grows oo Reminiscent on a Festive Occasion.

They were celebrating their silver wedding and the friends were admiring them as people always do other people when they are getting a lot of presents. You have noticed, or course, how people look at you when you show them something somebody has given you. They are surprised and they envy you. They always wonder, however, in themselves, what on earth anybody could see in you to give you anything so handsome. Unless it is your husband. Then they smile and wonder what he has been doing that his conscience needs rest. But if you'll notice, you'll find that people who get many presents have many friends. You may have many friends and get precious few presents. Presents make friends, but friends don't make presents. Married people increase the circle of their friends with every anniversary of their wedding, because the presents get handsomer and more expensive. You can work this paradox out for yourself. I haven't time. They were celebrating their silver wedding, and of course the couple were very happy and very affectionate.

"Yes," said the husband, "this is the only woman I ever loved. I shall never forget the first time I proposed to her."

"How did you do it?" burst out a young man who had been squeezing a pretty girl's hand in the corner. They all laughed and he blushed; but the girl carried it off bravely.

"Well, I remember as well as if it were yesterday. It was away back in Maine. We had been out on a picnic, and she and I got wandering alone. Don't you remember, my dear?"

The wife nodded and smiled.

"We sat on the trunk of an old tree. You haven't forgotten, love, have you?"

The wife nodded again.

"She began writing in the dust with the point of her parasol. You recall it, sweet, don't you?"

The wife nodded again.

"She wrote her name, 'Minnie,' and I said let me put the other name to it. And I took the parasol and wrote my name—Smith—after it."

"How lovely!" broke out a little maid who was beaming in a suspicious way on a tall chap with a blonde moustache.

"And she took back the parasol and wrote below it, 'No, I won't.' And we went home. You remember it, darling. I see you do."

Then he kissed her and the company murmured sentimentally, wasn't it pretty.

The guests had all departed and the happy couple were left alone.

"Wasn't it nice, Minnie, to see all our friends around us so happy?"

"Yes; it was. But, John, that reminiscence!"

"Ah, it seems as if it had been only yesterday."

"Yes, dear; there are only three things you're wrong about in that story."

"Wrong? Oh, no!"

"John, I'm sorry you told that story, because I never went to a picnic with you before we were married; I was never in Maine in my life, and I never refused you."

"My darling, you must be wrong!"

"I'm not wrong, Mr. Smith. I have an excellent memory, and although we have been married twenty-five years, I'd like to know who that minx Minnie was. You never told me about her before."

I guess she'll forgive him; but I don't know if she'll forget.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Why She Knew it Wasn't Right.

Little Dot—"Mamma, Dick is kissing me."

Mamma—"I am glad he likes you so well, dear."

"But it isn't w'ight."

"Oh, it don't matter, pet. What makes you think it isn't right?"

"Cause nurse told papa so."—*Chicago Ledger.*

The Reason Of It.

Class in American history. Teacher—"Why did the North and South engage in civil war?"

Johnny Smartboy—So that the generals could write magazine war papers about it.

Teacher—Right. Go to the head, and stay there for the rest of the term.

A Considerate Youth.

Mother to wayward son—"I saw you kissing the servant girl on the stairs.

Wayward son—"That's just about the size of it."

Mother—"Well, ain't you ashamed of your conduct?"

Son—"No, that's the servant girl's privilege, and I don't propose to rob her of it."—*Texas Siftings.*

Where Do You Find Any Good Mormons?

Royal B. Young, a son of Brigham, is quoted as remarking: "Every good Mormon is and must be a Democrat."—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

ENGLISH AS SHE IS TAUGHT.

Some Remarkable Information Presented by Public School Pupils.

The Alaginnis are mountains in Philadelphia.

The Rocky mountains are on the western side of Philadelphia.

The first conscientious congress met in Philadelphia.

There are a good many donkeys in theological gardens.

A verb is something to eat.

A circle is a round straight line with a hole in the middle.

The principal products of the United States is earthquakes and volcanoes.

Climate lasts all the time and weather only a few days.

In Austria the principal occupation is gathering austrich feathers.

Ireland is called the Emigrant Isle because it is so beautiful and green.

The imports of a country are the things that are paid for, the exports are the things that are not.

Queen Isabella, of Spain, sold her watch and chain and other millinery so that Columbus could discover America.

The Indians pursued their warfare by hiding in the bushes and then scalping them.

The Puritans found an insane asylum in the wilds of America.

Gorilla warfare was where men rode on gorillas.

Alfred the Great reigned 872 years. He was distinguished for letting some buckwheat cakes burn and the lady scolded him.

Lord James Gordon Bennett instigated the Gordon riots.

The middle ages come in between antiquity and posterity.

Luther introduced Christianity into England a good many thousand years ago. His birthday was November, 1883. He was once a pope. He lived at the time of the rebellion on worms.

Sobrates destroyed some statutes and had to drink shamrock.

"Bracebridge Hall" was written by Henry Irving.

Shakespeare translated the scriptures and it was called St. James becaus he did it.

Chaucer was succeeded by H. Wads Longfellow, an American writer. His writings were chiefly prose and nearly 100 years elapsed.

A sort of sadness kind of shone in Bryant's poems.

Holmes is a very profitable and amusing writer.

The constitution of the United States is that part of the book at the other end that nobody reads.

Congress is divided into civilized, half-civilized and savage.

The stomach is a small pear-shaped bone situated in the body.

We have an upper and lower skin. The lower skin moves all the time and the upper skin moves when we do.

The growth of a tooth begins in the back of the mouth and extends to the stomach.

The weight of the earth is found by comparing a mass of known lead with that of a mass of unknown lead.—*Mark Twain in the Century.*

Chestnuts From a Dead Tree.

On the departure of Bishop Selwyn for his diocese in New Zealand: "Good-bye, my dear Selwyn," said Sidney Smith, "I hope you will not disagree with the man who eats you."

"No, I don't like dogs, I always expect them to go mad. A lady asked me once for a motto for her dog, Spot. 'Out, damned Spot!' but she did not think it sentimental enough."

Sidney Smith being ill, his physician advised him to "take exercise on an empty stomach." "Upon whose empty stomach?" said he.

"The French certainly understand the art of furnishing better than we do; the profusion of glass in their rooms gives such gayety. I remember entering a room with glass all round it at the French embassy, and saw myself reflected on every side. I took it for a meeting of the clergy, and was delighted, of course."

Sydney Smith described the future condition of Croker as "disputing with the recording angel about the dates of his sins."

To Mrs. Grote, as she was getting into her carriage for a long journey, "Go where you will, do what you like, say what you please, I have the utmost confidence in your indiscretion."

He Had Him.

An eminent English architect named Alexander was being examined by counsel, who was using every effort in his power to depreciate the witness's opinion.

"You are a builder, I believe?"

"No, sir; I am not a builder. I am an architect."

"Ah, well, builder or architect, architect or builder—they are pretty much the same, I suppose?"

"I beg your pardon; they are totally different."

"Oh, indeed. Perhaps you would state wherein this great difference consists?"

"An architect, sir, conceives the design, prepares the plan, draws up the specification—in short, supplies the mind. The builder is merely a machine; the architect, the power that puts the machine together and sets it going."

"Oh, very well, Mr. Architect, that will do. A very ingenious distinction without a difference. Do you happen to know who was the architect of the Tower of Babel?"

"There was no architect, sir—hence the confusion."

An Unanswerable Argument.

First Man—Humph! The idea of spending $200 for a bicycle for your boy. You'll ruin him.

Second Man—On the contrary, I desire to keep him out of bad company.

"What good will that new-fangled contrivance do any one, I'd like to know? He can go where he pleases with it."

"Did you ever hear of a young man coming home drunk on a bicycle?"

Uncertain eat her.

First student—"The weather don't suit me."

Second student—"What's the matter the weather with?"

First student—"A feller can't make his mind up."

Second student—"About what?"

First student—"Whether he his ulster or his linen duster to the pawnbroker shall take.—*German Joke.*

Spirit of Boston Young America.

The 7-year-old son of a Boston newspaper man has heard too much profanity somewhere, not from his father as the latter claims, but at all events he has heard it and shows alarming facility in reproducing it. The other day his father reproved him for a breach of this kind that had come to the parental ears. "Who told you?" demanded the hopeful. "Well, a little bird told me." The boy stood and looked out of the window scowling at some sparrows who were scolding and chattering. "I know," came as an inspiration, "it was one of those d—d sparrows."

Bad Thing to be Found Dead In.

Dumley (to young Featherly, faultlessly arrayed in spring suit and yellow satin necktie with black poker dots)—"You don't look as though you had drank very much yesterday, Featherly."

Featherly—"I didn't drink a drop yesterday."

Dumley—"When did you buy that necktie?"

Featherly—"Last night."

Dumley (very much astonished)—"You don't mean to say that you bought that necktie while sober!"

An Anonymous Baby.

A lady told this story the other day in Sorosis, the incident having occurred in her own family: A small boy was requested to look up the word anonymous and use it in a sentence. He found the meaning to be "without a name," and thereupon handed the following to his happy parent: "Mamma has given us a new baby; it is anonymous."—*New York Sun.*

The Message Delivered.

Anxious Grandmamma (watchful of widowed and coquettish daughter-in-law)—"Johnny, go down stairs, and if Mr. Brown is with mamma, tell her I want to speak to her."

Literal rendition by Johnny—"Mamma, grandma says if Mr. Brown is here you're to come right upstairs."

The Artist Was Right.

She (looking at a book of mediæval illustrations)—Do you believe Satan has wings?

He—Don't know, my dear, he is generally supposed to be a very fly individual.

Miscellany.

RUSSIAN PETROLEUM.

The Relations of the Baku Field to the American Supply.

Chicago Tribune.

The Paris Rothschilds are reported to have invested two million pounds sterling in the petroleum business which centres at Baku, and already have a hundred tank steamers running on the Caspian sea, with another ten ordered to be constructed this year. The latest report in connection with the business is that a pipe line 600 miles in length is being planned to carry the oil from Baku to Batum, the port on the Black sea which was closed by Russia about a year ago. Recent developments may be accepted as indicating that this novel "cloture," which was interpreted to mean war with England, was really taken as a part of the programme agreed upon for the supply of the East with rock oil, and that the step may prove more disastrous to an important American industry than to the political power of Great Britain. The competition of Russian with American oil is already so close as to have caused a large decline in the selling value of the article, while the cheapness of the former has reduced the price for seal and whale oils in the Russian markets to little more than one-third of what they sold at a few years ago. What will be the result with a new competitor in the field is difficult to say. The oil fields of Burmah, which have recently been annexed by Great Britain, are estimated to be equal to the supply of the present consumption of India, with a liberal quantity to spare for China. The annual production of crude mineral oil, which is now estimated at fully 1,500,000,000 gallons, and the result may be a revolution not only in some departments of commerce, but also in manufactures. A restriction of the export movement from the United States by the competition of the Russian and Burmese product may lead to an extensive use of the article as a fuel in this country. It already enters into the manufacture of burning gas, and may be freely used in the near future as a welcome substitute for coal both in the home and the factory.

The Louis Quinze Style.

A writer in the York *Mail* refers to the new craze for white furniture:

No sooner had we furnished our houses in sombre colors, with dark mahogany and early English furniture of black oak, which appeared worm-eaten, if it really was not, when lo! the dealers inaugurate a perfect craze in white furniture, light-colored upholstered goods, and from the dignified and aristocratic English or colonial styles we become imbued with the period of Louis Quinze. However, the dark, rich furniture is too beautiful to give up without a struggle, and fashion now dictates that those who can afford it shall have each room in their residence furnished to represent, not only a distinct period, but a certain country as well. Thus we have English rooms, French rooms, colonial, Egyptian and Japanese apartments, according to the purse or fancy. The first "white room" built in New York of any prominence is the music room in the Villard mansion, now owned and occupied by Whitelaw Reid. The floor is highly polished in light-colored woods, and the entire apartment is of ivory white, picked out with gold, and in the panels of the walls are medallions of lutes, ribbons and scrolls of music. A handsome "white room" has the floor of polished wood, with here and there a white astrakhan rug; the furniture is of white, picked out with gold, upholstered in white satin brocade; the curtain and other draperies are of white plush, embroidered with gold; the picture frames are white and gold, a white easel stands in one corner and a white and gold piano. It makes a most beautiful apartment.

Loved and Married a Chinaman.

The Chinese legation is by far the most interesting of all the legations at Washington. There are 15 men including the minister, and not including the American secretary, D. W. Bartlett, who has been with every legation, beginning with the first, sent by China to this government. His ability and long experience have rendered his services invaluable to the Chinese representatives. Mr. Bartlett is a Connecticut man who began life as a journalist in Washington. I believe his first interest in the Chinese started with the 100 students sent from China to be educated in this country. One of the number, Mr. Wing, became a citizen of the United States and adopted the Christian faith. He was from time to time intrusted with the care of other students, and was a member of the second legation at Washington. He married Miss Kellogg, a niece of Mrs. Bartlett, and a beautiful woman. They lived in Hartford up to the time of her death, about two years ago. Wing was in love with his wife long before she or any of her friends suspected the attachment. He had not the courage to reveal it—hardly dared, indeed, to acknowledge it to himself.

A Great Publisher's Card.

The great book publisher, the late James Harper, related the following episode in his life:

"I served my apprenticeship on the spot on which I am sitting. I did the rough work of the office. Rich men lived in this locality; their sons were idle and took pains to annoy me. One would say, 'Harper, who made your boots?' Another, 'Jim, give me a card to your tailor.' A stout, ugly boy, whose father was a rich lawyer, pushed me nearly down. I turned, gave him a kick, and said, 'There, take that. That is my card. When I am in business and you are a poor, worthless fellow in want, as you will be, call on me and I will give you work if you deserve it.' Since I have been on this spot, in Franklin square, that man called on me. He was in actual want. He reminded me of my card and solicited assistance. I gave it to him."—*New York Dry Goods Chronicle.*

The Time to Bathe.

It is best to bathe just before going to bed, says a writer in the London *Lancet*, as any danger of catching cold is thus avoided, and the complexion is improved by keeping warm for several hours after leaving the bath. A couple of pounds of bran put into a thin bag and then in the bath-tub, is excellent for softening the skin. It should be left to soak in a small quantity of water several hours before being used. The internal aids to a clear complexion are most of them well known, and the present season is the best for a thorough and purifying of the blood. The old-fashioned remedy of sulphur and molasses is considered among the best. Charcoal powdered and taken with water is said to be excellent, but it is most difficult to take. A strictly vegetable and fruit diet is followed by many for one and two weeks.

Paid For Her Laugh.

A New York girl visiting recently in Philadelphia was taken to the opera by a young man, and at the close of the performance was asked to partake of some slight refreshment in the way of a supper. She accepted the invitation, and at the conclusion of the repast was somewhat astonished to see her escort reach for her pocketbook, which lay on the table at her side, and coolly paid the bill out of her money. This struck the New York girl, however, as being very ridiculous, and she began to laugh. "I fear you are laughing at my expense," said the young man. "Let me explain." "Oh, no," she replied, "I was laughing at my expense!"

The Laughing Plant.

A "laughing plant" grows in Arabia, with seeds producing effects like those of laughing gas. The flowers are of a light yellow, and the seed-pods are soft and woolly, while the seeds resemble black beans, and only two or three grow in a pod. The natives dry and pulverize them, and the powder, if taken in small doses, makes the severest person behave like a circus clown or a madman; for he will dance, sing and laugh, and cut the most fantastic capers, and be in an uproariously ridiculous condition for about an hour. When the excitement ceases, the exhausted exhibitor of these antics falls asleep, and when he awakens he has not the slightest remembrance of his frisky doings.

A Remarkable Negro.

Here is a passage taken from a feuilleton now running in the *Temps*, of Paris: "A great tumult was heard near them. Emma was seized with emotion, and her heart throbbed within her. Mme. Bauge had thrown herself into the arms of the negro, who kissed her ardently. He was as pale as death!" This deserves a place in the same collection as Ponson du Terrail's famous line: "Ah! ah! he exclaimed in Portuguese."

Recent Literature.

From E. L. Kellogg & Co., New York come "The Best Hundred Books," containing Sir John Lubbock's list and suggestions by other leading authors. It is a reprint of the very interesting discussion that took place last year in England, between many eminent men and women. The lists were originally published in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and afterward in pamphlet form; in which shape they had a sale of fifty thousand copies, evincing the wide interest in the subject. Among those represented are John Ruskin, Wilkie Collins, Henry Irving, Gen. Wolseley, Matthew Arnold, Herbert Spencer, Lord Coleridge and Mr. Swinburne.

From the same house is received "Handy Helps" No. 1, which is a manual answering 500 questions in which everything has an interest. The author, Albert P. Southwick, A. M., has gathered these inquiries during the past few years and sought out the answers, the result being here given to the public. Price $1.

The Indian Rights Association, Philadelphia, issue "The Latest Studies on Indian Reservations," by J. B. Harrison. The author visited first the Indian schools at Carlisle and Hampton, and later spent six months at the various reservations. The result of his observations are given in this book, the first part of which is made up of descriptions, and the second of opinions and reflections. Those interested in the Indian question will find it worth reading.

Charles H. Kerr & Company, Chicago, publish a book entitled "Progress from Poverty," by Giles B. Stebbins. It is a review and criticism of Henry George's "Progress and Poverty" and also of "Protection and Free Trade," is strongly and tersely written, and uses good logic. The BLADE commends it to the reading public.

"Recitations and Readings" is a book compiled by Anna Randall Diehl, and published by J. S. Ogilvie & Co., New York, for the benefit of all private and public entertainments. It is published in a pamphlet form, and is one of a series (No. 9), at the low price of 12 cents.

From the American News company, comes De Fontaine's "Condensed Long Hand and Rapid Writer's Companion." The system laid down here is intended for the use of all persons who write a great deal, and to whom time is money. It is the work of a professional phonographic reporter, who says that it is the result of 35 years' experience. He claims for it great swiftness and exceeding simplicity.

"The Game of Draw Poker," by John W. Keller, is a very plain description of the method of playing this fascinating game, and the book also includes the treatise of R. C. Schenck, and the rules for the new game of Progressive Poker. It is published in a very neat little volume by White, Stokes & Allen, New York.

"What Is the Church?" is a pamphlet catechism drawn up by R. I. Woodhouse as a help to pupil teachers in the English National schools, and is published in this country for the use of the Episcopal church by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Literary Notes.

The Century company has purchased the *Southern Bivouac*.

It is proposed that the Beecher Memorial take the form of a public library.

The English *Ladies' World* for April contains a portrait and biographical sketch of Mrs. Gladstone.

Lord Tennyson has written morning and evening hymns for the boys in the Gordon Home, near Portsmouth.

The new story for which Mr. Haggard is collecting material in Egypt, will deal, it is said, with Antony and Cleopatra.

Scribner's Magazine for May will contain a short sketch by Robert Louis Stevenson, and stories by Margaret Crosby and Maria Blunt.

An important work by Max Muller is announced by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. It is an American edition of the "Science of Thought."

Mr. Lloyd C. Saunders, the editor of Cassell's "Celebrities of the Century," will prepare the biography of the late Lord Iddesleigh.

Mr. E. P. Roe, who has been spending the winter in Southern California, is writing a new story, the scene of which is laid in that charming country.

The Tilden Trust has been incorporated by the New York legislature, and promises to secure to New York City one of the greatest libraries in the world.

"Washington Irving at Home," a chapter of reminiscences by Clarence Cook, with a frontispiece portrait, engraved by Johnson, will appear in the May *Century*.

Arlo Bates will contribute to the May *Scribner's* a short article on "Words and Music, in which he advances and defends some unusual opinions as to their relations to each other.

Among the illustrated articles in the forthcoming number of *The Century* is one by Lieut. Frederick Schwathka on the Apaches, with portraits of some of their chiefs and scouts.

A collection of fac similes of the handwriting of Petrarch is being prepared for publication, by which it is hoped that the authority of the various manuscripts of the "Canzoniere" may be definitely settled.

It is said that Mr. T. R. Sullivan has added to his dramatization of "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mrs. Hyde" a new thread of interest in the shape of a love episode. Without this the story could hardly have been adapted to the stage.

One of the principal members of the firm of Hachette & Co.—the most important publishers in France—says that the most popular of all their translations of foreign novels is "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Some of Dickens's books come next.

"Through the Gates of Gold; A Fragment of Thought," recently issued from the press of Messrs. Roberts Brothers, is a speculation in the general direction of "Gates Ajar," but dissimilar in method and aim. The little book is anonymous.

Mr. Haggard's graphic story, "Jess," finds an un-looked for critic in *The Christian Intelligencer*, the organ of the Reformed Dutch church. It declares that Mr. Haggard has in that story misrepresented the Boers and defends them with many assertions but few proofs.

"Wallingford" is an anonymous novel now in Lippincott's presses. Taking its name from one of the suburbs of Philadelphia it is, as its sub-title runs, "A Story of American Life," and tells of the love-making of a young civil engineer of Philadelphia. A glance at the proof-sheets shows that the author has not hesitated to take pen-portraits of several prominent Philadelphians.

Can Sit Perfectly Still.

It is said the Japanese can sit stiller than any other people, their habit of self-control being from earliest childhood a part of their conscientious duty. I watched two Japanese students at the terrific thunder and lightning tragedy of Clito the other evening, and through the whole play I was in rapt admiration at the way in which these Japanese gentlemen maintained their most perfect and invincible calm. Such self-control as theirs must command respect and wonder. No lurid sense of Athenian splendor; no jealousy, terror or despair, not even murder and death, could relax a muscle of their grave and rigid faces. Not a word during the performance did they exchange; not once did they move their programmes. They enjoyed the good acting and the attractive stage setting probably to as great, if not a greater, degree than many of their neighbors, but their faces did not proclaim it. How it makes one wish that a greater proportion of our audiences were of that artistic, beautifully self governed people who can sit perfectly still.—*Boston Post.*

What is the Pallium?

The Pope has blessed the pallium sent to Monsignor Richard, Archbishop of Paris, and which is the insignia of his clerical elevation. The pallium was originally a mantle thrown over the other garments, but is now only the border of it, a sort of very open collar resting on the shoulders and consisting of a strip of woolen material marked with black crosses, forming two short ends, one on the back and one on the breast. The wool of which it is made is from its origin consecrated by pontifical benediction. It comes from two lambs annually presented to the Pope on the 21st of January in an ornamented basket, blessed by him, and then intrusted to the nuns of St. Agnes, who rear them, and from their fleece weave the palliums. Before the vestment is given to a new Archbishop it is temporarily placed on the tomb of St. Peter, and then sent or presented to the recipient. The pallium does not descend to the successor.

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HIS DREAM DISPELLED.

An American Consul's Experience in the South Sea Islands.

A consulship sounds very big till you get there. There are innumerable islands in the South Pacific, and tribes who declare war, fight, publish proclamations of defiance, and seem altogether extraordinarily heroic. The United States sent a consul to one group lately wherein the ideal was grand, immense. Kneeling subjects in the shape of American citizens, suppliant chiefs and trembling kings, with all the attendant gorgeousness and dignity, filled his mind's eye. He "busted" himself on an outfit, laid in an elegant dress suit, a pair of patent leather shoes, white ties, white gloves, and an enormous diamond pin for his shirt front. Thus equipped he sailed away with all the conscious pride of a representative of a grand republic. From the port he landed at he was conveyed in a small sailing vessel to the point of officialdom. As the ship entered the offing, the flag of the United States gayly flying at the masthead, the white residents of the island came off in a small boat to welcome him. The new official received them affably, was quite amiable, and did not put on too many airs.

"Come on shore with us and we'll present you to the king," said the welcomers.

"The king! I can't go up to the palace in this dress. My trunks are in the hold. I can't present myself to the king like this."

"Oh, come with us; that's all right. You can put on all your finery and call on him again. He's waiting for you."

"Waiting for me?"

"Yes; we told him the consul was coming."

"And he's waiting for me? I don't know what to do. I can't keep his majesty waiting, but I can't hardly go up in this dress."

"Oh, that will do. He won't mind."

And they tumbled him into the boat and took him on shore. If you've ever tried to step out of a boat on a shelving beach you know how it is yourself. He did it. He stepped clear into the water and went rolling. Here was a quandary. The residents gathered the wet consul up, took him to a store and got him into a $12 hand-me-down suit, which didn't fit him. It took a long time to argue him into going then. But they would have it, and off they went.

"Look here! I don't feel comfortable at all going up to the palace to make my first appearance as consul in this miserable condition. Where is the palace? Are we near it?"

"Quite. There it is."

He looked and saw a conical mud hut with two square holes on opposite sides, and a gentle smoke floated up through the point of the roof, which was apparently a vent hole.

"What?"

"That's the palace. The king and queen are in there waiting for you."

They entered. In the center, in what looked like a kind of mire, sat a fat, black, dignified fellow, whose protection from the inclemency of the weather was a wisp of cotton tied around his waist. By his side sat a small, dark lady of acquiescent, contented mien, whose toilet had all fallen around her waist, too—at least, she hadn't any anywhere else.

"Hullo!" said the newcomer in the language of the country. "Hullo, old chap, how are you?" Then, more politely, "This is the new consul from America."

The new consul, who had been practicing his bow ever since his application had been filed, made an obeisance, when a pig suddenly ran in by one entrance, skipped between his genuflections, landed him head first in the mire and skipped out by the opposite hole in the hut. All dignity was outraged, but the king didn't mind it, nor did the numerous royal family, who lay around promiscuously, without any toilet at all.

"That's all right old boy," said the resident to the embarrassed consul. "We've got up a ball for you to-night, and you'll see the king and queen in style there."

So the consul got his trunk out, got his dress suit, his white tie, his white gloves and his patent leathers ready and presented himself at the "hotel" where the ball was to be. The hotel was a wooden frame with a mud roof. The king and queen entered in grand style, with a little more toilet of a loose kind, and the new consul came in with the king's sister, a noble princess, and they all had a royal night of it. Before the new consul had gone to bed in the morning the princess royal returned from the palace, paid him a special call and solicited his washing. He does not look for any dignity in his position now. He is looking for profit. A man ought to gain something from being a consul.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

GOT THEM ON THE LIST.

How the California Young Man is Put Through His Paces.

I am about to give away a secret. I think the way girls talk of young men behind their backs is shameful. Young men never dispraise girls until they are jilted, and that feeling only lasts about 48 hours, because another girl turns up. When a fellow gets discharged from his employment two or three times he finds it very hard to get anybody to have confidence in him. But he can be kicked out of a whole row of houses, one at a time, and the girls in the next block will reach for him all the same. I know a fellow who has been jilted 25 times in different neighborhoods, and he is now in tow with about half a dozen girls. Those girls all have a kind of secret code. You know how it is. You are introduced to a girl. She invites you to call. You call. She invites you to a party. You go. She introduces you to a whole circle. That whole circle discusses you, calmly apportions you to three or four; they gradually reduce themselves to one. Then you're lost. She wearies of you and you get kicked out of the circle. Well, all those girls have discussed every one of your young men friends the same way. This is what a cynical girl told me. I don't know of my own knowledge. But talk of trades unions and Knights of Labor! Their organization dwindles into absolute crudeness when compared with the U. O. M. G. (United Order of Marriageable Girls). I don't say this is exactly the way the thing is done; but it's the principle, condensed. They have a kind of secret register, and they have you all down fine. For instance, this is the idea:

Name—Henry Jones; good looking; 25 years old; dresses well; good for ice cream any time; very soft; melts at 60 degrees.

William Smith—Very forward; plain, but attractive; very conceited; thinks everybody's in love with him; boils over at about 100 degrees; champagne and bird.

Alexander Thompson—Seventeen; good-looking boy; very young; boils at 25 degrees.

John Jenkins—Fine looking; clever; hard to deal with; dangerous; boiling point not yet discovered.

James Jobson—Very inflammable; simmers at 50 degrees, boils at 60 degrees, explodes at 75 degrees.

That's the kind of analysis. But please dont believe you have no chance because the girls guy you behind your back. That doesn't mean anything bad. It means they've got you on the list.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Coming Home to Die.

At a period of life when budding womanhood requires all her strength to meet the demands nature makes upon it many a young woman returns home from the severe mental strain of school with a broken-down constitution, and her functions disarranged, to go to an early grave. If she had been wisely counseled and given the benefit of Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" her bodily development might have kept pace with her mental growth, and health and beauty would not have given way to decline and death.

Dogs of Ancient Times.

The history of the common dog, says the San Francisco *Call*, is associated with that of man as far back as history can be followed, and the various breeds are due to his selection. We have seen that the old Egyptians owned dogs, and the animal is extremely common in their traditions. Anubis, son of Osiris, was pictured or represented with the head of a dog, and Cynopolis, the dog city, was erected in his honor. The Greeks were extremely fond of dogs. That of Alcibiades is represented in sculpture as resembling a modern Newfoundland. Alexander possessed a bulldog that would attack a lion. The Greeks did their hunting with dogs resembling our beagles.

In Rome the dogs were either uaces, sagaces or celers; that is, fighters, wise dogs or swift ones. The original dog, in the estimation of many, is the European wolf. According to Fitzinger, the Greeks and Romans had 14 kinds of dogs. Five he considers species and five climatic varieties, while the rest were hybrids. The species recognized now are Canis domesticus; C. extrarius, the spaniels and Newfoundlands; C. vertragus, the badger dog; C. sagax, the hound; C. molassus, the bulldog; C. leporannis, the greyhound, and C. caribaeus, the naked or Mexican dog, so common in this state, two species of which are said to be found in South America. The hairless peculiarity is supposed to be a result of breeding, but Mr. Bell, the English naturalist, who lived so long in tropical America, states that it is a result of selection.

Asthma Can Be Cured.

As a proof, a free trial bottle sent to any one. Taft Bros., Rochester, N. Y.

THE COLD FEMALE FOOT.

The Lady Who Wanted a Divorce From Her Husband Over It.

A lady went into a lawyer's office and asked how much it would cost to procure a divorce from her husband. The lawyer told her there were different prices, according to the length of time it would take, and whether the husband fought against it, etc. She said she didn't care for the price, but she wanted the best kind there was, a regular three-ply, ingrain, hand-painted divorce, just as good as any woman had. The lawyer asked her what her grounds were for asking the divorce, whether desertion, incompatability of appetite, or any other of the dozen different kinds of things that separations are asked for, and she said she had no fault to find with her husband except on the score of cruel and inhuman treatment. The lawyer asked if her husband ever thumped her, and she said he never had, that no husband could be kinder, or more tender than he was, and that she should hate awfully to leave him, but forbearance had ceased to be worth two in the bush, and she had rather die than live with him. The lawyer told her to explain, and she said:

"Well, he is a perfect brute, though he is as pleasant and good-hearted as any man you ever saw. He is a jolly good fellow, never drinks, but he makes fun of my feet. Not about their size, for you can see for yourself that they are children's size, but about their being cold. He says they are regular refrigerators, and that wherever they touch vegetation ceases to grow, and everything becomes an arctic waste. He speaks about my feet before folks, and tells company how we don't have to buy any ice, and that we have to have a fire in the grate in August on account of my feet cooling the atmosphere all over the house. He says his spine has turned into an icicle, and the perspiration that oozes from the skin becomes hail stones. He says these things just to bother me, though I think he is proud of my small feet and only talks about their coldness to attract attention to them. He annoys me nearly to death. If I go with him to buy shoes he asks the shoe man if he hasn't got any shoes lined with zinc and filled with sawdust. If the ice cream at dinner is a little too soft he hands his plate over to me and says, 'Martha, just freeze that a little more for me,' and those at the table know he refers to my feet. He had me a pair of stockings made once of this oil-cloth floor covering and presented them to me in a crowd on the anniversary of our marriage. When they had the trouble last winter in freezing the Exposition rink, on account of the warm weather, he came home one night when I had some of our church folks of tea and told me to hurry up and get through supper, and we would all go down to the rink. The company all wanted to go, and then, with an idiotic laugh, he said he had hired me out to the rink managers to walk around in the water barefooted and freeze it. I stood all these things until this winter, when I bought one of these fur-lined foot warmers to put in our sleigh. I didn't buy it because my feet were colder than other people's feet, but because they were a very comfortable thing to have in a sleigh on a cold day. You have seen them with two holes in to put your foot in. Well, we had been using the foot warmer in the sleigh for a month, when one night we had a lot of company, and they were having a high old time, playing cards and laughing, when my husband took the men up in the smoking room. As he went up stairs he said to a villain who always helps him joke about my feet that he had finally found a scheme to keep a man from being frozen to death by his wife's feet, and he would show it. Several of us girls heard it, and we wondered what it was, and pretty soon we heard the awfulest shouting in the smoking-room, and a lot of us went up to see what the row was. I hope to die if my husband hadn't straps sewed on to that fur foot warmer, and he had strapped it on his back, buckling the straps in front, and he was explaining to those villains how he wore it at night on his back, with the toes downward, so I could put my feet in there and not touch his back. He said he hadn't had a particle of rheumatism or neuralgia since, and his spine was gradually thawing out, and he thought by next summer he could take the weather strip off his backbone and the storm door off the small of his back, and that villain of a friend of my husband's marched him down stairs, through the rooms where the company was, and explained in a sort of a panorama oration, and individual rights were for sale. O, I thought I should sink. But half the men present said they would take one for use at home, and I was glad, for it showed that other women were abused the same way I was. Now, can I get a divorce before 3 o'clock this afternoon, as we have company to-night, and I wanted to order a divorce with the other things, so if he as much as mentions the subject of cold feet I can show him the divorce and order him to leave my house forever."

The lawyer told her he doubted if she could get a divorce on that ground, but advised her to give him something to complain of, by putting a chunk of ice in bed with him every night for a month, when, maybe, he would apply for a divorce, on the ground of a coldness in the family, and she went away to try the plan.—*Puck's Sun.*

JACKSONIAN SIMPLICITY.

How "Old Hickory" Really Lived While He Was in the White House.

Pres. Jackson's table manners were as democratic as could be desired. He had at each plate two forks, one of which was of silver and the other of steel. The President used a steel fork himself, and after his dinner he always smoked his tobacco from a long-handled corncob pipe. Andrew Jackson entertained lavishly on the night of his first inauguration. The carpets of the East Room were ruined by the orange punch and lemonade which were served to the crowd which came to his reception. Barrels of this punch were made, and it was brought into the room in buckets. At last the people began to rush for the waiters as soon as they entered the room. Glasses were broken, and ladies' dresses ruined. Tubs of punch were finally taken into the garden, and in this way the throng was drawn off, and it was possible to serve cake and wine to the ladies. At Jackson's farewell reception a monster cheese, as big as a hogshead in circumference, and nearly a yard thick, was cut with saw blades made into knives and served out to the guests. Each guest received three pounds of cheese. The event was the talk of the nation, and when Van Buren became President his New York friends, emulative of Jackson, sent him a big cheese. It was cut up in the East room. The greasy crumbs falling upon the carpet were trampled into it, and the ruination of the furniture during these two administrations led the later Presidents to discontinue the practice of serving eatables at general receptions. Now no guest comes to dinner at the White House unless invited. In Van Buren's day Bacourt, in his "Souvenirs d'un Diplomat," says that the President's cook told his valet that for several months preceding the election of 1840 many persons arrived at the White House for breakfast or dinner and threatened to vote against Van Buren if they were not entertained. The cook stated that he had all the trouble possible in satisfying them, and they often returned what he sent up, doing so on the pretext that it was uneatable, and ordered something else.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

A Very Young Merchant.

Some odd facts are occasionally found just beneath a most commonplace surface. Happening in a large hat and cap establishment—wholesale—the other day, I inquired for the proprietor. A boy about 11 years old was pointed out to me. "But I want to see the proprietor," I said. "I am the proprietor of this store—what can I do for you?" exclaimed the lad. And sure enough, investigation proved that he was the actual owner of the establishment and nominally the head of the firm. His father had owned the store, but, having other business as well, and not wishing to carry them both in his own name, presented the hat and cap establishment to his 11-year-old son, and placed the boy in charge. Of course, his father still exercises general control, but the legal head of the firm, signer of checks, keeper of the combination of the safe and man of authority is the son, undoubtedly the youngest wholesale merchant in Chicago.—*Chicago Herald.*

To Weak Men

Suffering from Nervous Debility, Early Decay, Loss of Vitality, Weakness of Body and Mind, etc., I will send you a valuable treatise containing full particulars for certain restoration to health and manhood free of charge. A reliable home cure. Address Prof. F. C. Fowler, Moodus, Conn.

A Heartless Assignment.

"What!" exclaimed the lady reporteress, "report the free trade meeting? In this bunting dress! Not if I know it. They'll run me off the platform." And the city editor, who thought it was Lyons velvet, said within himself that he wished there wasn't a woman reporter on the paper.—*Burdette.*

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WISE AND WITTY YOUNGSTERS.

A Batch of Bright Sayings From the Wee Ones.

Our eldest, not yet three (and a very small talker generally), on returning from a long drive was undressed and put to bed. Stretching his chubby form, he slowly remarked: "Dere's no pace yike home."

Little Jim, whose father is a minister, went, while visiting his aunt in another city, to hear Dr. A—, a speaker of great vigor. Coming from church the first Sunday after his return home, he asked his mother: "Why doesn't papa shake his arms at the people and talk angry about God, like the minister at Aunt Mary's church?"

Little Susie, four years old, was being reproved by her mamma, who said she must be a better girl or she would have to punish her; that she was very, very naughty, etc. Susie began to hum a little tune; soon she sang aloud. Her mamma said: "Stop singing; don't you know that it is saucy for you to sing when I am talking to you?" Susie could endure it no longer. She burst out sobbing and said: "Didn't Mr. Beecher say that when you felt bad you must sing?"

A dear little one pushed a chair in front of the mirror as soon as she had finished saying saying her prayers and, climbing up on it, began to brush her hair vigorously. "Why, Annie," said the surprised mother, "wey do you brush your hair? Don't you know that you will muss it again as soon as you put your head on the pillow? And, besides, you are keeping mamma waiting." "Mamma Allen," said Annie, facing around with brightening eyes, "didn't I des pray 'if I should die before I wake,' and wouldn't I want to walk into heaven with my hair all brush?"

We have heard of a child whose mother sang to her nightly the hymn:

> "Hush, my child, lie still and slumber;
> Holy angels guard thy bed."

The mother finally noticed that the little girl always covered her face for the night with the sheet. Pressed to explain this, she said she "didn't think it fair for the angels to watch her when she could not see them." Another night she burst out with, "Mother, I cannot bear the angels here any longer! They must go out and stand in the hall!"

In this imaginative power lies, in many cases, the true origin of that general timidity, fear of the dark, etc., which we usually ascribe, and often no doubt justly, to the foolish words of servants.

One day I found Annie, a little black-eyed beauty, sitting astride my bed-post gazing with delight at her image in the mirror. I asked why she looked in the glass. She frankly said: "'Cause I like the looks of me."

Familiarity with sacred things does not develop a trifling and irreverent spirit in the very young, as would be the case with those who are older, although the distinction between the earthly and the Heavenly Father is not always so vividly drawn as it ought to be. It was entirely in a spirit of innocent raillery that a little one was seen to gaze fixedly at the crescent moon, which she detected in hazy outline early one morning. After looking for a moment to satisfy herself that what she saw was not due to the workings of fancy, she ran shouting with laughter to her mother, and, when she could trust herself to speak, broke out with "Such a joke on our Heavenly Father; such a joke on our Heavenly Father! He forgot to take in His moon last night!"

Nelly, whose grandfather began life as a cabin boy and finished as a millionaire, was paid by her mother one cent a dozen for pins picked up from the carpet to keep the baby from getting them. "Nurse," said Nelly, as her stock of pennies increased, "do you know what I am going to do when I have six cents?" "No," answered nurse. "I am going to buy a paper of pins and scatter them over the floor and then pick them up," replied the young financier, who was barely five years old.—*Babyhood.*

THE VERB "TO LOVE."

Through Jest to Matrimony—How Some Wives were Wooed and Won.

Marriages are often the result of accident. It seems strange, but the most prudent persons will sometimes conceive an irresistible attachment at the suggestion of a word or a look. When once under the spell of the verb "To love," they go through all the forms and finish the declension of the verb before the altar. The few may give the subject the consideration it deserves, but the many, there is reason to fear, are guided by impulse.

A skipper of a coasting vessel called at the village inn and asked the landlady, a young widow: "Do you know where I can get a mate? I have lost my mate."

"I am sorry for you, Mr. ——," she said, smiling. "I want a mate too, and cannot get one. As we are in the same position, I'll tell you what I'll do; if you'll be mine I'll be yours." He closed with the bargain, and the widow keeping her word, he is now supplied with two mates.

A young man at a church bazar was button-holed by a lady; she would not let him go until he bought something. He looked at her stall, which contained fancy work of various kinds. "Why," he said, "I see nothing here that would be of the least use to me, a bachelor, except yourself. The rest would be dear to me at any price."

"I will be cheap enough," she said coaxingly.

"If you could be dear enough, perhaps——"

"O, come! you are just the person I want," taking him by the arm.

She sold him one article after another, keeping up an agreeable conversation the while, and before all was done he had purchased everything on the stall. Then, at settling up, there was something said about discount. "I cannot return any money," she said, blushing, "but if you think me dear enough there's mamma; she may give you my hand." The bargain was accordingly concluded.

An eminent doctor, who had saved the life of a lady, a personal friend, was asked his charge. He said he generally allowed his patient friends to remunerate him as they thought befitting.

"But don't you often get disappointed on these terms?" she inquired.

"I may say, never."

"As you are so easily pleased, here," and she playfully gave him her empty hand, while in the other was concealed a check for a handsome sum. "How easily I could have taken you in!" she added, producing the check.

"But you have only succeeded in drawing me out," he said, declining to relinquish her hand. "Don't insult me with a check; I am most generously rewarded."

Perhaps she understood the doctor's difficulty and wished to help him out of it; at any rate the giving of her hand led him to offer his heart.

This was how a gentleman got his wife when, in a tobacconist's shop, he asked a girl behind the counter, who happened to have red hair, if she would oblige him with a match. "With pleasure, if you will have a red-headed one," she promptly replied, with such a suggestive, demure smile that eventually the red-headed match was handed over.

A lady with a fine figure having taken a fancy to a valuable ring which she saw ticketed in a shop window went inside to examine it. "It is exceedingly lovely; I wish it were mine," she said on satisfying herself. "What smaller figure could tempt you?"

"No other figure than the figure before me," he said, giving her an admiring look at the same time. "It is exceedingly lovely. I wish I could tempt you with the ring."

"I think I'll take it," she said, laying down the money amidst blushes. Of course he accepted the money; but, getting her address, he made such good use of the hint that the next ring which she got was given by him in church.

A lady in a railway train kept looking out of the window, with her head forward, until she remembered that the gentleman opposit might possibly object.

"Do I cut off the view?"

"Merely of all I do not wish to see!" he replied, gallantly.

The ice having been thus broken, they entered into conversation, found they were to get out at the same station, and knew each other's friends. The rest was plain sailing into what somebody calls "the matrimonial haven."

"Are you married yet, Kitty?" said a sailor on meeting an old acquaintance after returning from a long voyage.

"No; that somebody has never come."

"Ah, then, I have brought him after a deal of bother," he said, throwing his arms around her; and the matter was there and then settled.

This was ingenious enough, like the case of the theatrical manager who was brought to the point when he called to inform his leading actress that he had secured a play at last which was sure to have a long run.

"What part have you reserved for me?" she asked.

"You are to be a charming sweetheart, as you are."

"Is there a wife in the piece?"

"There is."

"Then I have done charming sweethearts till I am tired. I must be a wife in the long run." And she was.—*N. Y. News.*

The Atmosphere of Love

Is a pure, sweet breath. This desideratum is one of the results of using SOZODONT, which not only invigorates and preserves the teeth, but renders the mouth as fragrant as a rose.

OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

SOMEWHERE lately the question was discussed as to which was the most pleasant character to have as an intimate friend, the individual who is secretive as the grave, tells nothing, expresses few opinions, and of course, never by any chance betrays a confidence, or the one that is always full of news, and a good nature that seeks to entertain, who is like a sieve so far as keeping a secret is concerned, who hears everything and knows everything that is going on, who may and often does make serious mischief, but if so it is without malice aforethought. The conclusion of the writer was that, taking all things into consideration, the latter was the most agreeable, though the former might be the safer. The intensely secretive person is apt to lack sympathy for others, is quite likely to be somewhat sullen, and the feeling of safety with regard to the ins and outs of your life is counterbalanced by these qualities.

THERE can be no doubt but that a mean between these two extremes, when it can be found, is the best for a confidential friend. Then the question comes up whether it is wise to have "confidential" friends, so far as the individual inner life is concerned. Sympathy in joy or sorrow is very sweet, but the standpoints from which people view the same action are so widely separated, that what one may feel to be absolutely right, another may look upon as wrong, and there are few so loyal as to refrain from criticism under such circumstances, even of one who is loved. Underlying motives are rarely taken into account in judging of actions, and for this reason, and because so many people are not true, comes in the doubt as to the wisdom of turning the inner life open to the gaze of the dearest friend. Yet who, on the other hand, wants to close up like an oyster, shutting out the sunshine of sympathetic feeling that prompts to laughter when you laugh, and weeps when you are weeping?

THROWING out the consideration of wisdom or safety, to the Salad-server there are no sort of human-kind who are so disagreeable as these same oysters, who never give to, nor receive from, those surrounding them. They may not betray your confidence, it is true. Should you do anything which the world might question, their knowledge of the fact will give you no trouble, but on the other hand, when a word from them might clear the clouds away from your horizon, and flood you with sunshine, it will not be spoken. Their reticence is a cold and selfish one, coming from a nature that vibrates to no human sympathies, and therefore is never called out of itself.

NOT to have read "She" is to argue yourself, not exactly unknown, but far behind in literary matters just now, and then when you do yield to the popular will, the wonder grows at the universality of that element in human nature which is so fascinated with the marvelous. Certainly no wilder or more improbable tale was ever the product of the mind of man, and yet it is devoured with eagerness by men and women, learned and unlearned alike. A part of its seductiveness is owing to the marvelous powers of description possessed by the author, which throws so strong an air of realism over the whole that the scenes dwell in the memory, and will not be driven hence, but the rest is due to the before-mentioned quality in the human make-up, which delights in the wonderful, even while resenting its possession. Then, too, there is a reaction from the analytical novel which has been so popular. Mr. Haggard has struck a paying mine.

IT is curious what disputes arise over some popular literary waif with regard to its authorship. A wordy war raged about "Nothing to Wear" and "Beautiful Snow" until both were relegated to quiet, and the contest which Ella Wheeler Wilcox had about "Laugh, and the World Laughs With You" is still fresh in the memory. Lately a paragraph has been going the rounds crediting the writing of "The Water Wheel" to an English author in her early girlhood, while it has been assigned to Gen. McCullum. It hardly seems possible that any respectable writer could be guilty of a deliberate theft of this kind, and yet it is hard to understand how any one can be mistaken about their own brain-children. It is true that we wot not what stuff the world is made of.

AMBITIOUS young authors who imagine that a fortune is to be made out of a book should read, and ponder upon the following parody, which is published in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, purporting to be addressed by the Society of Authors to a literary debutante:

> Where are you going to, my pretty maid?
> "I'm going to publish, sir," she said.
> Perhaps you've a fortune, my pretty maid?
> "My verse is my fortune, sir," she said.
> Then you'd better not try it, my pretty maid;
> There's an item for "printing;" and, when it is paid,
> There's "Commission on sales," oh innocent maid!
> In your rural retreat have you heard of THE TRADE?
> Oh, *where* are you going to, my pretty maid?

IT is asserted that in the large cities as New York and Boston, it is considered out of taste for a married couple to show aught but a profound indifference for each other, and this must be accompanied by a show of fondness for some other person's husband or wife. "So far has this gone," says the *Epoch*, "that a man of fashion in New York or Boston would think twice before taking a walk with his wife in broad daylight, and certain really affectionate husbands are under the painful necessity of carrying on a kind of clandestine intimacy with their own wives. All this comes very hard on some people who are by nature incapable of what is called a 'flirtation,' but who are bound to be 'in the swim,' cost what it may. Every one is familiar with that frequent but always pitiable sight of a middle-aged man, who, if he consulted his inclinations, would be sitting at home in slippers, surrounded by his family, trying to give an appearance of wickedness in the corner of a ball room, to some perfectly colorless tete-a-tete! And perhaps this spectacle is heightened by the fact that his wife, a good little woman, whose conversational powers find their appropriate field in the nursery, is at the same time making an equally ineffectual attempt to pose as a married flirt!"

THE above is given for what it is worth, but the Salad-server does not believe it. Without question there are those in the so-called fashionable society who delight in an appearance of being "fast," and who scoff at the old fashioned virtues which make home and home ties the most secure things in the world, but that the better class, those of real refinement and culture, assent to or follow so odious a fashion is not to be credited for a moment. There are many things awry in the world, but love and friendship, truth and purity are held in as much reverence to-day as ever in the past, as they will always be in the future. There are some things that hold fast amid all the whirligig of changes.

An Expressive Word.

What a delightfully useful expression is the American "Git!" It comes almost as handy as the German "So!" which can be used in such a variety of ways that it emulates those patent medicines that are advertised to cure everything, from a broken leg to a chillblain. I sometimes long to be able to say "Git!" but I have never yet dared. For instance, when a man pays a clumsy compliment, it would be delicious to disconcert him with a scornful "Git," or when he talks some rubbish about something "thrilling him," how glorious would it be to let him look in the mirror of a contemptuous, little "Oh, git!" and see what an utter goose he is. I really think I must learn to say "Git!"—*London Truth.*

Bright.

This word, although in itself a cheerful one, is much used in connection with one of the worst evils known to the human race. The most important symptom of this disease is a discharge by the way of the kidneys of the albuminous substances which should remain in the blood to be the nourishment of the system. Thus the body wastes away and death closes the scene.

Is Bright's Disease ever curable? Ask *Mr. Geo. W. Edwards* of Philadelphia. He inherited it from his father who died of it. He suffered for a long time, and was in a painfully weakened condition. How was he restored to health? Simply by means of Compound Oxygen, which arrested the waste of albumen, drove out the disease, and made a new man of Mr. Edwards. He is now attending regularly to his business, as he has been ever since his restoration to health. The Compound Oxygen Treatment is not sold at the drug stores, but is to be had only of DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Write to them for a pamphlet-treatise, sent free, which tells all about it.

Smallest Circular Saw in Use.

The smallest circular saw in use is a disk about the size of a Spanish sixpence. It is used in cutting the slits in gold pens, is about as thick as ordinary paper, and revolves 4,000 times per minute.

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A sample copy of the St. Louis Magazine sent for 6 cents. Its various departments in point of brightness, diversity and timeliness, are far superior to any other American magazine, and we send IT and the WEEKLY BLADE one year for $1.75. For club of both send money to either BLADE or Magazine. For sample copy of St. Louis Magazine, send to Alex DeMenil, 213 N Eighth street, St. Louis, Mo.

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA.

> Our camp fire shone bright on the mountain
> That frowned on the river below,
> As we stood by our guns in the morning
> And eagerly watched for the foe,
> When a rider came out from the darkness,
> That hung over mountain, and lea,
> And shouted, "Boys, up and be ready,
> For Sherman will march to the sea."
>
> Then cheer upon cheer for bold Sherman
> Went up from each valley and glen,
> And the bugles re-echoed the music
> That came from the lips of the men;
> For us that the stars in our banner
> More bright in their splendor would be,
> And the blessings from Northland would greet us
> When Sherman marched down to the sea.
>
> Then forward, boys, forward to battle,
> We marched on our perilous way;
> We stormed the wild hills of Resaca,
> God bless those who fell on that day.
> And Kenesaw, dark in its glory,
> Frowned down on the flag of the free,
> And the East and the West bore our standard
> As Sherman marched down to the sea.
>
> Still onward we pressed till our banner
> Swept out from Atlanta's grim walls,
> And the blood of the patriot dampened
> The soil where the rebel flag falls.
> But we paused not to weep for the fallen
> Who slept by each river and tree,
> But we twined them a wreath of the laurel,
> And Sherman marched on to the sea.
>
> Oh! proud was our army that morning
> That stood where the fine darkly towers
> When Sherman said "boys you are weary,"
> But to-day fair Savannah is ours.
> Then sang we a song to our chieftain,
> That echoed o'er mountain and lea,
> And the stars in our banner shone brighter
> When Sherman marched down to the sea.

Echoes from the Field.

We are indebted to Hattie L. Melchert, of Kossuth, Ia., for the words of the verses, "Sherman's March to the Sea," which we publish in to-day's column.

O. F. Nash, Salina, Kan., writes:—I am an ex-soldier, out of health, and am thinking of a change of climate. Will some of my comrades who live in Southern California please write giving facts? I would like to live where it is not to hot, and yet not too much fog. Can the pecan be grown with profit? At what age will it fruit in California?

A Tennessee Campaign.

G. F. Hull, of Grand Rapids, Mich., sends the CAMP FIRE the following leaves from his diary, written on the field:

SPRING HILL, Tenn., Nov. 29, 1864.

We left camp at Columbia this morning and marched all day to this place. There was some very hard fighting done here about sundown, or, I should say, between sun and dark. Our men being slightly entrenched behind logs and rails, the rebels charged our lines across an open field, and as the failed to force us out, they came around and took us in the rear. They more than slaughtered our boys for a few minutes until our batteries got into position. As soon as they began to play on them, the Johnnies got out in a hurry. We will give them a few shell if we get an opportunity. Orders have just come to get out of here as quickly and quietly as we can. We have had to keep quiet all the evening. Something is up.

FRANKLIN, TENN., Nov. 30, 1864.

We came in here about 12 o'clock a. m. We had a pretty tough time of it coming from Spring Hill. The rebel cavalry pitched into us about four miles from this place. We run our batteries off into the woods and opened out on them, and they soon skedaddled back into the woods. Our battery was the first in position and our piece was the first one to fire. We fired ten times. The sneaking rascals had on our overcoats and we took them to be our own boys, until they began to fire into us. They killed one mule and wounded some of our men. We just made the trees bend around their heads for a few minutes. They won't care to pitch into the 4th Battery again. We thought for awhile last night that we would have to abandon everything, as the rebs had got a march of three hours on us. We had orders to cut down our gun carriages, spike the guns, cannoniers mount the off-horses and limbers and make our way to Nashville the best we could. We felt kind of scared just about then, but, happily for us, we got through safely, but I expect we will have to do some hard fighting before we get out of here. Everything indicates a stand here, as they are throwing up earthworks all around the town. I feel so tired and sleepy. I must lie down and get some sleep, as we never slept a wink all night. Some of the boys think we will be put on the train and sent to Nashville, as our horses are about worn out. I guess it is only a camp rumor. Orders have just come to hitch up now—for Nashville or to the front, we dont know which, but will when we get to where are ordered. I would rather it would be to Nashville, as both men and horses are pretty well used up.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., December 1, 1864.

We have reached our destination at last. We came in here about two hours ago. We had a regular battle last night at Franklin. Our battery (20th Ohio) lay right in front on the first line of works, as did the rest of the batteries. The rebs charged our works time and again, right up to the very muzzles of our guns. We killed them by the dozen. They killed a great many of our men. There were three of our boys killed. Our first lieutenant was mortally wounded in the first of the engagement. There were seven or eight of our boys wounded. Old veterans say they never saw a harder fought battle than was fought last night. Our whole brigade of batteries was engaged. I expect we will have another battle here, as the rebs are right on our heels. There has been some cavalry skirmishing already, but we have good works and strong fortifications right behind. We took some eight or nine hundred prisoners last nigt at Franklin. They said that their men were piled one on top the other outside our works, and that the ditch was filled with their dead. They fought desperately. I never expected to get off the field alive. The air was filled with flying missiles, but, as good luck would have it, I came out all right. I was No. 7 on our piece. I had to cross an open spot of about ten rods to reach the limber-chest after ammunition. Every time I started out from the gun, I didn't expect to reach the limber-chest alive. The balls would patter around me like hail. We fired all the ammunition we had in our limbers, and as our caissons had been sent across the river, we knew not where to look for them. There was almost a stampede among our men when the rebels first charged our works. As our skirmish line, which was a heavy one, broke and came back on our line, it throwed everything in confusion, and it required the greatest exertion on the part of the officers to rally the men, but they rallied in time to drive the rebels back from our lines. A great many of the men were new recruits and drafted men, and had never been in action before. The Rebs charged time and again but our men, after their first scare, stood firm and drove them back with great slaughter. We fought them there till about 10 o'clock p. m., when we fell back, bringing all our artillery and wagon train safely through to Nashville. We left all our dead and our badly wounded on the field, as we had no time to bury our dead and we could not find our ambulance, so we had to leave our own wounded battery boys to the tender mercies of Johnny Reb. We lost thirteen killed and wounded out of our battery, three privates killed and our first Lieutenant mortally wounded. He was the only commissioned officer we had with us, our Captain being home on a furlough and the other commissioned officers back at camp in Chattanooga. Lieut. Burdic was a brave and efficient offier respected and beloved by all the battery. He resided in Cleveland, and leaves a wife and child to mourn his untimely death. We would sooner have lost alll our guns than to have lost him. He was good and kind to his men, never feeling himself above a common private, but sharing in all the hardships the same as the private. Private Charles Webster was the first one wounded. He was shot in the face, and we don't know how badly he was hurt. One of his eyes lay out on his cheek. He was a young boy about 18, bright and active. He was No. 4 on our gun, and was using a musket when wounded. Samuel Brain was the first man in our battery that was killed. He was shot in the left breast and died without a struggle. He was acting No. 7 on the first gun. He had just reached the limber chest, when he was struck by a ball and killed instantly. Private John Bender was the next killed. He had just sponged the piece and was in the act of turning the rammer to send the bullet home, when he dropped, shot through the head. Private Sorter was the next to go. He was shot in the breast. He was No. 7 on the fourth piece. Wm. Kelley was wounded by a piece of a shell hitting him on the side of the head. He was badly but not seriously wounded. Sergt. John Joyce was seriously wounded and left in the hands of the Rebs. He was wounded soon after we got into action. He is one of the bravest of the brave, serving ammunition and aiming his own gun, his gunner being too frightened to do anything. Sergt. Henry Hoken showed great bravery carrying and serving ammunition all through the engagement. Capt. John Taylor showed a stubborn stubbornness and recklessness so seldom seen, caring nothing for the balls that were raining around like hail, pointing and directing his gun with precision as long as there was any ammunition to be had. After running out of ammunition, he left the gun and started to see about bringing up ammunition; but failing to find our caissons, he went where we packed for dinner, and not finding them there, came back to his gun. On his way back, he found a part of a box of musket cartridges. He shouldered them and carried them up to the infantry, who needed them badly. On his return trip, he got outside our lines, and for a time was a plain target for rebel bullets, but he escaped them all, not receiving a scratch. I don't know whether we will take a hand in the coming struggle or not. We have turned over the greater part of our horses, as they were no longer servicable. We are in a fort on the right in the last ditch, but we think Hood and his army will never get back as far as this, so we are perfectly easy.—G. F. HULL, 20th Ohio Inft. Battery L A.

Before Little Rock.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—As none of the southwestern boys have reported for some time I thought I would throw on a rail and start the fire. As some of the boys last winter wrote a sketch of the battle of Prairie Grove and Van Buren, Ark., I will try to give a sketch of our advance on Little Rock, Ark. We crossed White river about August 1, 1863, and moved slowly across the river, skirmishing every day for about 30 days, when we came to the bank of the Arkansas river, about seven miles below Little Rock, where we lay for several days, firing occasionally across the river. While there we had to cut down a large field of corn that stood between us and the enemy, I believe on the night of September 6, 1863; we then moved up secretly two or three miles and planted the artillery, and put down the pontoon. At daylight next morning, the cavalry and artillery crossed, and then the fight commenced. The enemy fell back to the mouth of a lane, and piled up rails for breastworks.

We then dismounted and marched up through the lane when the grape shot and shells poured down the lane so thick that we were compelled to turn on either side of the lane and march up through the cornfield. As we marched through the field, a bomb shell was thrown and fell within eight feet or our line. We dropped to the ground about that time. It exploded, filling our eyes with sand. Just in a moment some one asked if any one were hurt. They answered none, except that their eyes were filled with sand. The enemy fell back to Little Rock when we returned and got our horses, went on into town, and as we entered, the enemy left. We camped in town that night, and the little boys came out and said: "Pap Price is gone; so many Feds, he couldn't stay." I would like it if some of the comrades would write up a little sketch of Steele's Red river expedition and battle of Saline River.—T. M. LAMONS, late sergeant Co. K., 8th Mo. vol. cav., West Plains, Mo.

A Fearful Charge.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I was a member of Co. C. 81st N. Y. V. I wish I could see the fire stirred occasionally by one of the old 81st. What has become of them? My memory takes me back to the long marches, and other hardships to which a soldier is subject, but especially, at this time, to the battle of Cold Harbor, Va. In the morning before sunrise, we threw our knapsacks in a pile and formed for a charge. While standing there, one of our company said that he had forgotten his tobacco. He went to his knapsack, got his tobacco, took a chew, and said: "Boys, this is the last chew I ever expect to take." In a few moments the order was given to charge and he was one of the first to fall. We charged through fire and smoke about a quarter of a mile and took a track which ran right and left obliquely to forts either way about a quarter of a mile further on. The ground that we traveled over on the charge was supposed to be filled with torpedoes.

The air was so filled with smoke that I could not, and did not see, until I reached the rebel trench. I viewed the works, turned around and, to my surprise, I did not see only one man, and he was Col. Kaulsten. He was standing to the right and rear a rod away. We started back to where we first stood, and to the right of us as we stood another regiment in charging form. One of the members of that regiment turned the muzzle of his gun to his hand and put the charge through it, then, running back to the rear, said: "I'm shot." The colonel remarked to me, "Shoot him." I would be pleased if the colonel would give the number of that regiment, also something to stir up the fire while the light still shines, although it is getting dim.—W. H. CHURCHILL.

The Shooting of Jim Lane.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I am but 16 years old and a subscriber of the BLADE and I would like to throw a stump on the CAMP FIRE. I will give a brief history of the shooting of Jim Lane in my father's own words. He says: "During the war, I and hundreds of other Union men, endeavored to go to Kentucky to escape conscription. In my first attempt, I was confined to prison, but soon an old friend persuaded me to take the oath. The man who administered the oath said that we would go straight to Kentucky. He was right for only two or three kept the oath as they didn't regard it as an oath. When on my way to Kentucky the second time on the August 26, 1853 (Sunday), I met Jim Lane, an old friend, a pilot who was as brave as Marshal Ney himself. A few minutes later I was sitting upon the mountain and heard someone below me say, "Who are those men?" The other replied: "They are our men." Then I heard the report of a hundred guns and Jim Lane fell a corpse. I heard him say once that the rebs might kill him but never capture him. He died with a colonel's commission in his pocket from Pres. Lincoln. This happened near Cumberland Gap. Jim Lane was too brave to live.—H. G. MILLER, Russellville, Tenn.

The Youngest Soldier.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—Your kindness in publishing Comrade George McDills age as the youngest soldier prompts me to come forward to claim all the honor and the golden crown for the youngest man yet found who was in the late rebellion. His name is William Taylor. He was born June 25, 1850, and enlisted March, '64, and will be 37 June, '87, and was a member of Co. B, 134th Ills. Vol. In. Comrades, we greet you. Let us hear from you.—GEORGE B. HARDELL, late of Co. B, 1st Wis. Vol. Cav., Columbus, Neb.

Information Wanted.

☞ Requests of this sort will be inserted in this department at the rate of 50 cents for three lines one insertion. It is impossible to insert them free.

Mrs. Hannah M. Acheson, widow of Wm. J. R. Acheson, late private of Co. C, 7th Wis. regiment, wishes addresses of any parties who remember said Mr. Acheson at Fredericksburg or Alexandria hospital, or any time during the war.—HANNAH M. ACHESON, South Oil City, Pa.

No Unity for Him.

The town of Unity is a picturesque tract of hill country in western New Hampshire. A good old clergyman living in an adjoining town was one day called upon by a rural couple who wished to be married. The proper ceremony was duly performed, and then the minister gave them some fatherly exhortation and advice about their new course. "Now that your lives are promised to each other truly and unselfishly," said he, "I hope nothing will disturb them, but that you will always live happily in unity." "Wal, I do' know about that parson," objected the young man doubtfully. "We're married, as you say, and I hope we'll git along all right; but as for livin' in Unity, I never will—for it's the rockiest place I ever see in all my born days."—*Youth's Companion.*

The New Baby.

Gentleman—I hear you've got a new baby up to your house, Uncle Rastus.

Uncle Rastus—Yes, sah; bo'n last week.

Gentleman—Going to call it Rastus, I suppose?

Uncle Rastus (with a grin)—No, sah; 'tain't dat kin' ob er babby. I specs we is gwine ter call it Martha Washington Cleopatra, sah, arter de ole 'ooman.

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FASHION NOTES.

Claret color is revived among the reds.

Picot edged ribbons are the most fashionable for all sorts of trimming.

Neapolitan violet is one of the most delicate of the new tints, but is becoming only to extreme blondes.

Roses of a vivid red are being used on the new spring hats, combined with velvet of of a shade to match the costumes.

Nearly all the new covert coats being turned out by fashionable tailors are of an invisible olive; the tan colored ones are out of favor.

The waists of dresses for young women are almost all made with the effect of a crossed fichu front and the leg-o'-mutton sleeves. Basques are but little worn by young girls.

Colored bengalines are seen on silk counters. Some are plain, some striped, plaided and barred. The colors are very pretty, showing old tapestry shades, while the fabric is repped and very pliant.

At the ball at the Castle, in Dublin, on St. Patrick's Day, the Marchioness of Londonderry wore a white Irish poplin embroidered with shamrocks in pearls and trimmed with an exquisite quality of Irish lace.

A pretty dress recently worn at an artist's studio tea was in two shades of silver-gray. The bodice, train and draperies were of cloud-gray velvet. The front was a softly arranged mass of silver-gray crepe de chine embroidered with silk of the same shade.

To wear with her travelling dress a bride chooses a close brimmed English round hat either of dark straw, the color of the dress, or with the crown covered with the dress material, a velvet brim, and a group of loops or bows of gros-grain ribbon, with corded or looped edges for its trimming.

One of the handsomest of imported spring hats was brought by the wearer from London. It is of black felt, high crowned and broad brimmed. It is raised slightly on one side and the brim grows narrow in the back. It was faced with tiny coal-black cock's feathers placed as closely as they grow. This is more softly becoming to the face than velvet and infinitely more becoming. The only other trimming was a great group of glossy coal-black ostrich plumes tied with a wide bow of velvet.

A pretty and clever new bracelet for wearing at dances has just been invented. Imagine a gold bangle with three slight gold hoops, which a gold pencil-case fits. This pencil is attached to the bracelet by a slender chain, so that when it is drawn out to mark the ball programme there is no need to restore it to its place; it looks very well hanging. Among new jewels for men are sleevelinks and studs of white enamel set with a tiny but very brilliant diamond in the center.

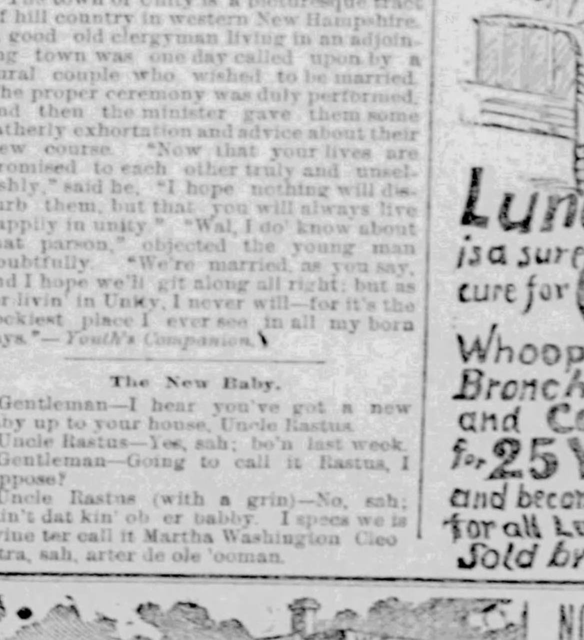
Never Received Any Salary and Yet Died Rich.

For nearly 30 years a man was baggage master of a hotel in this city. During all that time he never received one cent in salary, and yet he amassed a large fortune. It was said of him, every trunk paid him tribute. When guests forgot him he followed them to the coach, put his hand into the window with a quarter in his teeth, and hoped their baggage was all right. He never blundered about the bags, and nobody was left who trusted him. At the close of his day's work he would dress himself up, draw on his gloves, and, cane in hand, start for his elegant home. He died a few years ago, making all his relations rich.—*New York Dry Goods Chronicle.*

—Slocum's Stenographic School, Buffalo, N. Y., is the largest and best in the United States. Situations obtained without charge. Circulars free.

Why They Have Neuralgia.

Rose Terry Cooke gives vigorous advice as follows: If you want to be happy, keep warm. Women are eaten up with neuralgia, the doctors say. No wonder. They sit all the morning by a hot register, and then tie a five or six-inch strip of bonnet over their back hair, a bit of lace fichu over their bangs, put on kid boots, with silk or thread stockings underneath, and dawdle along the pave with bitter winds smiting their temples, their delicate ears, their throats and the bases of what should be their brain. But no matter, their chests are well covered with fur cloaks. But cold feet, numb ears, reddened temples and exposed neck will have their own story to tell.



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Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but, when specially requested, they will not be published.
2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.
3. Communications for this department MUST be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the "next issue." The Question Bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.
4. This department is not intended to settle party disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions are intended to be of general interest, and no one has the right to DEMAND a reply. Do not request an answer by mail.
5. No question will receive the SLIGHTEST attention unless the first and third rules above are STRICTLY complied with.

Mailing Papers—Burning of Servetus.

A. C. P., Boomertown, N. Y.:

1. Describe the process of printing the address on papers sent to subscribers of BLADE. 2. Please give account of the burning of Michael Servetus and the part that John Calvin took in bringing it about.

1. The names of subscribers, arranged in states, counties and towns, are printed on sheets of paper which are afterwards cut into slips. The mailing clerks are provided with mailing machines, the invention of Rev. Dick, of Rochester, N. Y. This machine, a light affair slung with a thin wire on the left arm, contains a receptacle for paste, through which passes on the under side, an endless ribbon mounted on two rollers. These rollers are moved by the thumb of the operator, bringing forward the slip on the pasted ribbon to a little knife and stamp combined at the end. As the operator turns the roller, a slight downward pressure of the wrist makes the machine cut off, automatically, and paste upon the newspaper, the name from the printed slip. The entire edition of the BLADE is handled in this manner, each paper passing under the machine to receive its proper address. The operators, of whom there are a number, become very expert in mailing, some of them attaining a rapidity of 5,000 an hour. 2. Servetus seems to have been more of a vain, restless and enthusiastic dreamer, than of a calm and patient inquirer. In his very dreams, however, and the vague audacities of his speculation, there is a kind of simplicity and unconscious earnestness that wins sympathy. He had entered into various connections with Calvin, even from the time of his early residence in Paris; particularly he had sent him several documents containing the views, fully developed in his work subsequently published under the title *Restitutio Christianismi*. Calvin never concealed his abhorrence of these views, and in a letter to Farel as early as 1546, he threatens that if Servetus should come to Geneva, he would do what he could to bring him to condign punishment. *Nam si venerit, modo valeat mea authoritas, vivum exire nun quam patiar.* The history of his seizure and condemnation at Vienda by the Catholic authorities, and especially of Calvin's share in the correspondence which led to his seizure, is very complicated and obscure. It has been maintained that Calvin was the instigator, through a creature of his own of the name of Frie of the whole transaction; it is certain that he forwarded to the authorities, through Frie, private documents which Servetus had intrusted to him, with a view to the heretic's identification and as materials for his condemnation. Servetus was sentenced to be burned, but effected his escape, and, after several months wandering, he was found at Geneva. It was his intention to proceed to Italy, where he hoped his opinions might meet with some degree of toleration, and he arrived at Geneva on his way. Having ventured to church, according to the common account, he was recognized, apprehended and conveyed to prison by Calvin's order, just as he was about to leave the city. His trial lasted, with various interruptions, for two months. He attacked Calvin with the most foul epithets, and Calvin retorted with a virulence and foulness quite equal to his own. At length, on the 26th of October 1553, sentence was passed upon Servetus, condemning him to death by fire. Calvin used his influence to have the mode of death alleviated, but without success. On the very next morning the sentence was put into execution. On an extended eminence at some distance from the city, Servetus was fastened to a stake surrounded by heaps of oak-wood and leaves, with his condemned book and the MS. he had sent to Calvin attached to his girdle; and amid his agonizing cries, the fire was kindled and the wretched man expiated his heresy amidst the flames. Whatever apologies may be urged for this memorable crime, it must remain a mournful and scandalous blot on the history of the Reformation. The disgrace of it has particularly attached to Calvin, and with some justice, from the special and unhappy relation which he bore to the whole transaction; but most of the Reformers are no less implicated in it.

Clearing Houses.

E. H., Dowagiac, Mich.:

What is a clearing house?

The clearing house is an institution founded, not merely upon the idea of saving time and trouble in the use of precious metals, but also of circulating notes. All the banks and bankers associated as members of a clearing house are for this purpose, as it were, but one individual. The clearing house of London, the first of its kind, originated among the bankers of that city, whose transactions in the checks, bills, and drafts drawn upon each other became so large as to call for the daily and even hourly use of vast sums in bank notes by all of them. Appreciating how readily the debits and credits respectively due or held by them might be set off the one against the other, they formed the clearing house, where up to 4 o'clock each day all drafts, bills, etc., drawn upon each individual member were taken. The system of the London clearing house has recently been much extended and improved, and all balances are settled by checks drawn upon the bank of England—no bank notes being required at all. The system in that of Philadelphia is equal and in some respects superior to that of any other in the United States. The clearings are made each morning at 8:30, just before which hour a messenger and a clerk from each bank are at the clearing house. The clerks take their seats inside a series of desks arranged in the form of a hollow oval. Each messenger brings with him from his bank a sealed package for each other bank, containing all the checks or drafts on such bank. The name of the bank sending and that of the bank to which it is sent are printed on each package, and the amount is written thereon. The messengers take their places near the desks of their respective banks, and they have with them tabular statements of the amount sent to each bank, and the aggregates. These are exhibited to the respective clerks and noted by them on the bank forms. At 8:30 precisely the manager calls to order, and gives the word, when all the messengers move forward from left to right of the clerks, handing into those clerks the packages addressed to their respective banks, and taking receipts for them on their statements. When the circuit is completed, all the packages have been delivered and received, and the amounts and the aggregates, both debtor and creditor, noted by the clerks. When the clerks find all correct the messengers take the packages received, and return to the bank. The several clerks then pass round a memorandum of the debits, credits and balance, each of his respective bank. When these memoranda have made the circuit, each clerk has on his statement the debits, credits, and balance, whether debtor or creditor, of each bank. If these debits and credits and debtor and creditor balances are found to balance, the clerks now leave the clearing house. If not, they remain until the error or errors are discovered. The balances due by the several banks are paid into the clearing house that day by 11:30 a. m., and are receivable by the creditor banks by 12:30 p. m. A second clearing of drafts, etc., received by the morning's mail, is made at the clearing house by the messengers at 11:30 a. m. Each bank is obliged daily to furnish to the clearing house a statement of its condition at the end of business hours on that day; and tables are daily furnished to the several banks of the condition of all the banks in the clearing house. Complete records of all the transactions, of the state of the banks, etc., are preserved in the books of the clearing house, precisely as are the business transactions of any bank or other corporation or mercantile firm.

The Economites.

H. W. B., Harmony, Pa.:

Please give an historical sketch of the Economite society of Beaver county, Pa.

The society was founded by Georg Rapp, who was born in Wurtemburg in 1770, and died at Economy, Pa., August 7, 1847. Believing that he had a divine call, and was charged with the restoration of the Christian religion to its original purity, he organized a community on the mode of the primitive church, with goods in common. A difficulty with the government in regard to worship impelled Rapp to transplant his community in 1803 from Wurtemburg to the United States. They first settled on Conequenessing creek, in Butler county, Pa., where they founded the village of Harmony, and employed themselves in agriculture and manufactures. They acquired considerable wealth, and in 1815 removed to the territory of Indiana, where they had purchased a tract of land of 27,000 acres on the Wabash. The settlement of New Harmony was even more prosperous than their former establishment, but in 1824 they sold the property to Robert Owen, and emigrated to Beaver county, Pa., where the town of Economy was laid out on the right bank of the Ohio, 17 miles northwest of Pittsburg. It is an agricultural and manufacturing community. Members of both sexes are admitted, but they do not marry; they profess Protestantism, observe strict morality, and pay much attention to education.

The Birth of Christ—Christmas.

A. Faul, Hamburg, Iowa:

1. Was Christ born in the fourth year B. C.? 2. Tell us something about boards of trade, their functions, etc.?

1. The date of the birth of Jesus Christ is now generally fixed a few years—at least four years—before the commencement of the Christian era. The reasons of this opinion we cannot here state, but it may be observed that the reckoning of dates from the birth of Christ did not begin till the 6th century, when an error on such point was very probable. The precise date of the birth of Christ, however, cannot be determined, nor can the year of his death be much more confidently stated. The common computation fixes his death at 33 A. D. or when he was probably 37 years of age. As to the month or day of the birth of Christ nothing is known, although the circumstance, that shepherds were watching their flocks by night, makes it very certain that it did not take place at the time at which the festival of Christmas is held. The institution of this festival is attributed by the spurious Decretals to Telesphorus, who flourished in the reign of Antonius Pius (138-161 A. D.), but the first certain traces of it are found about the time of the Emperor Commodus (180-192 A. D.) In the reign of Diocletian (284-305 A. D.) while that ruler was keeping court at Nicomedia, he learned that a multitude of Christians were assembled in the city to celebrate the birthday of Jesus, and having ordered the church doors to be closed, he set fire to the building, and all the worshipers perished in the flames. It does not appear, however, that there was any uniformity in the period of observing the nativity among the early churches; some held the festival in the month of May or April, others in January. It is, nevertheless, almost certain that the 25th of December *cannot* be the nativity of the Savior, for it is then the height of the rainy season in Judea, and shepherds could hardly be watching their flocks by night in the plains. Not casually or arbitrarily was the festival of the nativity celebrated on the 25th of December. Among the causes which co-operated in fixing this period as the proper one, perhaps the most powerful was that almost all of the heathen nations regarded the winter-stolstice as a most important point of the year, as the beginning of the renewed life and activity of the powers of nature, and of the gods, who were originally merely the personifications of these. In more northerly countries, this fact must have made itself peculiarly palpable—hence the Celts and Germans, from the oldest times, celebrated the season with greatest festivities. At the winter-stolstice, the Germans held their great yule-feast, in commemoration of the return of the fiery sun-wheel, and believed that during the twelve nights reaching from the 25th of December to the 6th of January they could trace the personal movements and interferences on earth of their great deities, Odin, Berchta, etc. Many of the beliefs and usages of the old Germans, and also of the Romans, relating to this matter, passed over from heathenism to Christianity, and have partly survived to the present day. But the church also sought to banish—and it was to a large extent successful—the deep-rooted heathen feeling, by adding—for the purification of the heathen customs and feasts which it retained—its grandly devised liturgy, besides dramatic representations of the birth of Christ and the first events of his life. 2. A board of trade is an organization for the rapid and effective transaction of business that would otherwise uselessly consume valuable time and involve unnecessary expense. At the rooms of the board of trade there congregate the buyers and sellers of grain and provisions, who are thrown in direct contact with each other. Here are received and posted for the benefit of all members the telegraphic reports of the fluctuations of the commodities in which they deal at all the principal markets in the world. The commission merchant is enabled, by means of his associations on the floor of the board to fill most advantageously to himself and his client any orders he may receive for buying or selling. In short, it is a mart where the utmost facilities exist for the rapid transaction of the business in hand.

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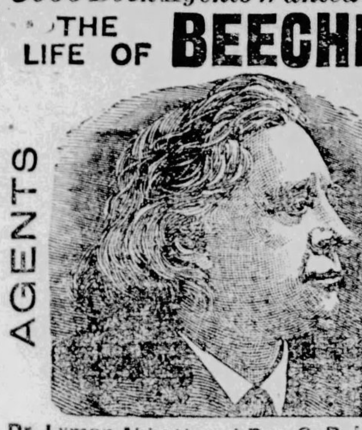

Dr. Lyman Abbott and Rev. S. B. Halliday

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Early Railways in Illinois.

M. M. B., Hartshorn, Pa.:

In answer to an inquiry in your issue of February 24, you stated that the first railroad was built in Illinois in 1854, quoting from "Poor's Railroad Manual." You will allow me to say that I was in Illinois in 1846, and that there was then, and had been for some years, a railroad in operation from Mendosia, on the Illinois railroad, to Jacksonville, and perhaps to Springfield. It was not much of a railroad, to be sure, measured by present standards, operated by mule power instead of steam, and laid with the flat bar, the ends of which becoming loose, would sometimes rise up, and were called "snake-heads," and became dangerous to "navigation." It had, however, been operated by steam power, but for some reason, I know not what, had declined in its profitableness and was then rented to private parties. It had been built by the state, as a part of a magnificent scheme or system, of which the Northern Cross railroad, from Quincy to Springfield, now utilized by the Wabash system, was also a part. The Illinois Central, the first one built by a private company, was built about the time you mention. It was built by means of land donated to the state for that purpose, secured by the influence, principally, of Hon Sidney Bruse, long a Senator from Illinois, and hence he has been called the "father of the Illinois Central." Johnson's Cyclopedia Art. Illinois, says: "In 1850 there were only 111 miles of track, while in 1855 there were 877." Does not say what line or lines of road, however. I think the Central was the first, though that and the C. & A. may have been partly contemporaneous.

Pensions—Public Lands—Patents.

Readers of the BLADE who desire special information regarding pensions, instead of inquiring through the Question Bureau, should write directly to Hon. John C. Black, commissioner of pensions, Washington, D. C.; for public lands information, to Hon. Wm. A. J. Sparks, commissioner of the general land office, Washington, D. C.; and for patents to Hon. B. J. Hall, commissioner of the patent office, Washington, D. C.

Jail Enlistment.

A correspondent wishes to know whether it was a fact that in New York, in 1862 or 1863, prisoners in jail were allowed to enlist in the army, being released for this purpose. Any one who can give any definite information will please write to the Question Bureau.

Miscellaneous.

Mrs. E. L. P., Toledo, Ohio: See notice headed Pensions, in this column.

Inquirer, Ada, Ohio:—Lippincott's Gazeteer of the World does not give the place you mention.

A Buckeye, Lyons, Kan: Your attention is respectfully called to the second paragraph in the announcement at the head of the Question Bureau.

Ed. Tomahawk, Mountain City, Tenn.:—Your inquiry regarding the origin of Leghorn chickens has been referred to the editor of the BLADE Farm department.

G. A. B., Monroe Center, Mich.: The Michigan Fish Warden for your district is B. F. Smith, Grand Rapids, Mich., and he can doubtless give you the information you require.

A Subscriber, Albany, Iowa; Norman J. Coleman, commissioner, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., will doubtless be able to give you the information you desire.

Oak River, Manitoba, would like to have a subscriber of the BLADE living in Ogden City, Florida, give a brief description of the country in that vicinity, soil, pasture for cattle, water, wood, etc.

Subscriber, West Somerset, N. Y.:

Will you please give ex-Congressman Frederic Douglas's present address?

A letter addressed to him at Washington, D. C., will probably reach him.

B., Exira, Iowa:

Will you give the full name of the mother of Pres. Washington before her marriage?

The name of the mother of Pres. Washington, before her marriage, was Mary Ball.

A. C. H., Science Hill, Ky.:

Will you tell me, through the BLADE, how to make inks of every color?

It would occupy too much space to give them all at once. Specify what color you want, and we will try and accommodate you.

Subscriber, Morristown, Ohio:

Will you please answer in your next week's issue of the BLADE where the drama Joshua Whitcome, can be procured?

It is copyrighted, and cannot be obtained, nor can it be played without the consent of the author, and paying him a round sum.

F. D., Jamestown, O.: There has been from time to time in the news columns of the BLADE full reports of the proceedings of England against the Irish which have been so thoroughly and exhaustively commented upon in the editorial columns that a repetition of the subject in this column now would be superfluous.

A. J. A., Easton, Minn.:

Please give a description of gold ore, such as is advertised in watch cases, what is it composed of, what is the general appearance of it, and how will it wear?

It is a trashy composition, a kind of brass, and bears no particular resemblance to gold.

W. F. G., Kenna, West Va.:

Is there anything wrong in a young gentleman parting his hair in the middle? If so, what is it?

There is nothing wrong in a gentleman parting his hair in the middle. At one time it was considered the style, and is still worn by a few.

A. F. S., Americus, Kan.:

1. Please give recipe for making mucilage. 2. When were the public schools established in the United States.

1. Gum dextrine two parts; acetic acid one part; water five parts. Dissolve in a water bath, and add alcohol one part. 2. A public school was established by the Quakers in Philadelphia in 1689.

D. Campbell, Whigville, O.

Was the cat known to the ancients before Christ?

The cat existed as a domestic animal in ancient Egypt, which leads scientists to believe that it is not improbable that we ought to look for its original on the banks of the Nile, or in some of the countries from which the ancient Egyptians might most readily have obtained it.

W. S. B. Gaines, Pa.:

Who is considered the greatest living orator in America? In the world?

This is purely a matter of personal opinion. Many persons insist that James G. Blaine is the greatest orator in the world; others that Robt. G. Ingersoll is incomparable; while in England it is stoutly maintained that Gladstone is the greatest orator of this or any other age, and so on *ad infinitum*.

S. E. Smith, Salem, Neb.:

To whom should I write to find out about money that was deposited in the bank of England some 50 years ago. It was left to my mother and her children by an aunt about 50 years ago. I think there must be some way to get it.

White to Hon. Thomas M. Waller, U. S. consul-general, London, Eng., and see if he cannot be of some assistance to you.

Subscriber, Steubenville, Montana Territory:

Will you please give a history of the tomato from its first discovery.

It is a native of tropical or sub-tropical Ameriaa, and its name given in the earlier works as tumalt and tomalt, is of Indian origin. Peru is regarded as its native country, but it has not been found there or elsewhere in a truly wild state, and it had probably been long in cultivation before the advent of the Europeans.

C. A. M., Steele City, Neb.:

If a gentleman while walking on the street with a lady should meet a gentleman friend whom the lady has not met, and that friend should stop to chat with him a moment, what ought the gentleman to do? Should he introduce his lady to his friend or not!

It would only be pressing business that would make a gentleman stop another under the circumstances described. Then it would only be for a moment, and it would not be necessary to introduce the lady.

C. I. O., Moscow, I. T.:—Following is Pres. Cleveland's cabinet arranged in the order of succession named in the Presidential succession act of January 19, 1886: Thomas Francis Bayard, of Delaware, secretary of state; Charles S. Fairchild, of New York, secretary of the treasury; William C. Endicott, of Massachusetts, secretary of war; William F. Vilas, of Wisconsin, postmaster-general; Augustus H. Garland, of Arkansas, attorney-general; William C. Whitney, of New York, secretary of the navy, and Lucius Q. C. Lamar, of Mississippi, secretary of the interior.

D. Crawford, Peachville, Pa.:

1. What will take kerosene oil out of ingrain carpet? 2. Give as explicit as possible directions for tempering lathe tools.

1. To take oil out of a carpet, as soon as it is spilled, put on plenty of wheat flour or whiting, to absorb the oil and keep it from spreading. If the oil is near a seam rip it so it will not spread, and put whiting on the floor under the carpet. Next day sweep up all the flour above and under the carpet with a stiff brush, and put on plenty of fresh flour. 2. The steel is generally first hardened by heating it to a cherry-red, and then plunging into cold water. Afterward the temper is drawn by moderately heating the steel again. Different degrees of hardness are required for different purposes.

Myrtie Reed, Burbank, O.:

What colors are used to produce sunlight in landscape painting?

Light, as compard to the dark, in the picture, produces the effect of sunlight. The color that represents the sunlight depends entirely upon the local color of the object or objects painted; as in a meadow, the green would be the local color, and a darker greenish green would be the shadow, while a lighter, purer and warmer green would give the sunlight effect. The sunlight effect is not that this green is a light green, but because it is light color-ground to the shadow and local color. To this end all the pigments are employed, depending on the artist's particular manner of combining them. No two artists ever paint alike.

Subscriber, Dodson, O.:

Will you please tell me how to make the glue with which to catch birds?

Bird lime is a glutinous, viscid substance of greenish color and bitterish taste. It is prepared by boiling the middle bark of the European holly, or the young shoots of elder and other plants, as the mistletoe and other parasites, separating the gummy matter from the liquid, and leaving it for a fortnight in a moist, cool place to become viscid. It is next pounded into a tough paste, well washed, and put aside for some days to ferment. Some oil or thin grease is incorporated with it, when it is ready for use. It is so tenacious that small birds alighting upon sticks daubed over with it are unable to escape. It is used for this purpose and also for destroying insects.

J. N. S., North Manchester, Ind.:

Can cistern water be filtered or purified, so that it may be used for drinking and cooking purposes all summer? Please give good plan for making filters.

Yes. A good filter may be easily made. Take a common cask and put in two false bottoms near the center about seven inches apart. The bottoms must fit in perfectly air tight, but perforated with one-fourth inch holes. The lower bottom should be covered with canvas and above that a sheet of cotton wadding; above the wadding is a bed of perfectly clean sand, three inches deep. The sand should be covered over with flannel, and above the flannel should be a bed of granulated charcoal (sifted and fanned free from the dust) four inches in depth. After having done this fit in the upper false bottom and cover it with a piece of cotton cloth. In the top of the cask fit a moderately deep bag of canton flannel, shaped like a funnel, to prevent the water from coming with too much force upon the upper false bottom. At the bottom of the cask place a faucet to draw off the filtered water.

R. A. D., Fairbanks, Ind.:

Will you please inform me how a diamond looks before it is cut and polished?

The diamond consists of carbon, a simple or elementary substance, crystallized, and in its greatest purity. Diamonds are commonly colorless and clear, like water, although sometimes, from some slight foreign intermixture, they are white, gray, yellow, green, brown, and more rarely orange, red, blue or black. The lustre is adamantine and very high; the transparency perfect in specimens perfectly free from foreign substances, the presence of which, however, even in very small quantity, mars it, and sometimes almost produces opacity. Its primary form is a regular octahedron, but it appears also in rhombic dodecahedrons; and its crystals often have curvilinear faces and edges. Its structure is distinctly lamellar. It burns before the blow pipe in air or in oxygen gas, combining with oxygen to form carbonic acid. Its hardness renders it incapable of being scratched by any other substance, and in cutting and polishing diamonds, diamond dust is employed.

A. W., Clearwater, Kas.:

1. Please give the derivation of the words "strawberry" and "gooseberry." 2. What fixes the day on which Easter comes?

1. The Anglo-Saxon name *streawberige*, or *streowberie*, was probably derived from the straw-like stems of the plant, or from the berries lying strewn on the ground. Gooseberry, it is supposed by some originated from the use of the berry as a sauce for the goose; but Pryor states that it comes through the German *Kreuzbeere* from the Swedish *Krusbaar*, meaning "frizzle berry" and "cross berry," the latter having allusion to the triple spine, which is sometimes in the form of a cross. 2. At the Council of Nice, in A. D. 325, the question of the proper day for the celebration of Easter was thoroughly discussed, and was, after years of dispute, finally settled for the whole church by adopting a rule which makes Easter day to be always the first Sunday after the full moon, which happens upon or next after March 21; and if the full moon happen on a Sunday, Easter day is the Sunday after. By this arrangement Easter may come as early as March 22 or as late as April 25.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

In order to increase the great interest already taken in the Question Bureau, the BLADE has decided to establish a new department, under the above title. In Notes and Queries will be found each week a number of questions of general interest asked by subscribers, which will be given to the readers of this column to answer. They will all be numbered, and correspondents in answering are requested to designate each Note and Query by the number it bears when first published. Here is a chance for the studious members of the great BLADE family to show their powers of research. Answers should be marked "Notes and Queries," and will be published in the order in which they are received.

(1)—T. B. T., Topeka, Kans.:

Please tell the origin of the Jesuit fund, amount of it, who has control of it, and what it is being used for?

(2)—Geo. Campbell, St. Bernice, Ind.:

In what year did the Germans first land in this country; where did they land and from what place did they come?

(3)—G. W. L., Edwardsburg, Mich.:

What part of the present New York Central railroad, from Albany to Buffalo, was first constructed, the next section and so on, and in about what year was each section built? Which was the first railroad built in the United States?

(4)—C. R. B., Woodward, S. C.:

Please tell all about the chaplains in the United States army. How many? Where located? By whom appointed? How much salary? Parsonages? Are their traveling expenses paid when going to their place, and from there after they leave. Length of term?

(5)—F. Wagner, Helena, O.:

Please give a list of the names of the persons who have been governors of the state of Ohio, when elected and term of office? What Federal and Confederate generals are still living? Please give a list of their names. Please, explain, define and locate the "day-line."

(6)—J. J. L., (no postoffice):

How many extra sessions of Congress have there been, when and for what purpose called, and how long did they last?

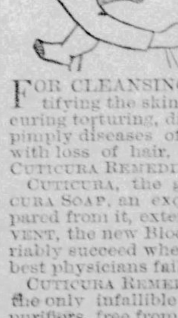
(7)—H. B. N., Alum Rock, Pa.:

To whom must I write to find out where and when the county fairs will be held in Pennsylvania? How can I get the name of the president of each county fair in Pennsylvania?

(8)—Subscriber, Adams, Mass.:

Please give the time of the year the sun approaches nearest the earth in the region of the 40 degree of North latitude.

BABY'S SKIN & SCALP CLEANSED PURIFIED AND BEAUTIFIED BY CUTICURA.



FOR CLEANSING, PURIFYING AND BEAUTIFYING the skin of children and infants and curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, the CUTICURA REMEDIES are infallible.

CUTICURA, the great SKIN CURE, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, invariably succeed when all other remedies and the best physicians fail.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure, and the only infallible skin beautifiers and blood purifiers, free from poisonous ingredients.

Sold everywhere. Price; CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG & CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass. Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

BABY'S Skin and Scalp preserved and beautified by CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

Yours for Health

20 Years Record.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND,

Is a Positive Cure For ALL of those Painful Delicate Complaints and Complicated troubles and Weaknesses so common among our Wives, Mothers, and Daughters.

PLEASANT TO THE TASTE, EFFICACIOUS, IMMEDIATE AND LASTING IN ITS EFFECT. IN LIQUID, PILL OR LOZENGE FORM, (6 FOR $5.) EITHER OF THE LATTER SENT BY MAIL SECURE FROM OBSERVATION, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE.

Lydia E. Pinkham

MRS. PINKHAM'S "GUIDE TO HEALTH" AND CONFIDENTIAL CIRCULAR MAILED TO ANY LADY SENDING ADDRESS AND STAMP TO LYNN, MASS. *Mention this Paper.*

PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE.

A Lady of 65, Cured after 40 years.

Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham: "I now sit down to inform you of the good your Vegetable Compound has done for me. I am now 65 years of age, and I have been troubled with the falling of the womb 40 years, and have spent hundreds of dollars doctoring with different doctors, but got no relief. I got discouraged and quit, and suffered on. I have taken various medicines, but received no benefit. Last fall I was so bad that I employed another doctor that was recommended to me as one of the best for such complaints. I took his medicine two months, but to no effect. Then I had tumors and kidney complaint very bad, and was confined to my bed. Then I saw your Compound so highly recommended that I thought I would try once more. I have taken ten bottles of your Compound and two boxes of pills, and am now able to be on my feet the most of the time. I have no bearing down pains, and CAN WALK A MILE EASILY. I never expect to be a sound woman, but I am so much better than I ever expected to be that I want to recommend it to any one suffering with the same complaint.—Mrs. E. A. W. Napoleon, Jackson Co., Mich.

A Lady Says: "It Saved My Life."

A lady living near Haverhill, N. H., writing to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., says: "I have been taking your Compound and Liver Pills six months. I was very low when I commenced—WITHOUT QUESTION IT HAS BEEN THE MEANS OF SAVING MY LIFE."

A Woman Who Has Won Her Way.

Miss Mary Booth is said to be going abroad for rest, and one of the papers, in commenting upon it, calls her "the septuagenarian editor of Harper's fashion weekly." Miss Booth is no longer young, but I doubt if she is 60, and she is well preserved of her age, retains her thick, gray hair, strong, sound teeth, and her erect figure. Every morning early, that is early for a journalist—say 10 o'clock or thereabouts—she arrives at the little den where her work is done in the Franklin Square building, and is steadily at her desk until 4. She seems to have no assistants. For twenty-five years she has been the "translator in ordinary" for the Harpers' and for twelve years the editor of the *Bazar*.—*Albany Journal*.

We Suppose There Are Such People.

A Minneapolis paper tells of a peculiarly strong case of frozen cheek. A lady was about to give a party and needed some expensive curtains to complete the embellishment of her parlor. She procured from a dealer the article that she wanted. She took the curtains "on approval," and did not pay anything down. She gave the party, and almost the most brilliant and successful thing about it was the handsome drapery of the windows. The party probably established the lady's reputation. When it was over she took back the hangings with the word that they "didn't suit."

A Brand New City.

A traveler in Kansas, while crossing a prairie, came upon a party of friends who seemed to be preparing the land for agricultural purposes. "My friends," said the traveler, addressing one of the men, "you are laying off your corn rows quite a distance apart." "Corn rows?" the man gasped. "Yes, those rows over there." "My stars, stranger!" exclaimed the Kansas man, "is it possible you ain't heard of it?" "Heard of what?" "Of the boom. Man alive, them ain't corn rows over thar; they are streets, an' this here is a city. You air now on the corner of Commercial and Emporium streets, an' not in the check of a corn row, as you mout suppose."

Meeting an Emergency.

"My dear," said a fond father to his fashionable daughter, who is soon to be married, "if George should at some future time meet with reverses and his fortune should be swept away, which occasionally occurs to silver-mine speculators, could you meet the emergency? Could you, for instance, go into the kitchen and make a loaf of bread?"

"What a foolish papa!" replied the dear girl, brightly; "why I would send to the baker's for it!"

Man Wants a Tonic

When there is a lack of elastic energy in the system, shown by a sensation of languor and unrest in the morning, frequent yawning during the day and disturbed sleep at night, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters infuses unwonted energy into the enfeebled and nervous, endowing them with muscular energy, an ability to repose healthfully, and digest without inconvenience. Nervousness, headache, biliousness, impaired appetite and a feeble, troublesome stomach are all and speedily set right by this matchless regulator and invigorant. The mineral poisons, among them strychnia and nux vomica, are never safe tonics, even in infinitesimal doses. The Bitters answers the purpose more effectually, and can be relied upon as perfectly safe by the most prudent. Fever and ague, kidney troubles and rheumatism yield to it.

Guarding Against Future Mistakes.

Boston young lady—I want to look at a pair of eye-glasses, sir, of extra magnifying power.

Dealer—Yes, ma'am; something very strong?

Boston young lady—Yes, sir. While visiting in the country last summer I made a very painful blunder which I never want to repeat.

Dealer—May I ask what that—er—blunder was?

Boston young lady—Oh, yes. I mistook a bumblebee for a blackberry.

atching the Planets Swing.

Nevada can now boast of as fine moonlight nights as are to be found in any part of the world. Here on the Comstock, in the pure air undimmed by haze or vapors, the nights are almost as light as day. Perhaps in Peru, high up in the Andes, they may have equally vigorous moonlight, but the people at the sea level and in the lower valleys have never yet seen the real face of moon; nor have they seen the planets as they swing through the blue black heavens. —*Virginia City Enterprise.*

POZZONI'S MEDICATED COMPLEXION POWDER. Imparts a brilliant transparency to the skin. Removes all pimples, freckles and discolorations. For sale by all first-class druggists, or mailed for 50 cts. in stamps by J. A. POZZONI, St. Louis, Mo.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DIVORCES—A. Goodrich, Attorney-at-Law, 124 Dearborn St., Chicago. Advice free; 18 years experience. Business quietly and legally transacted.

LAWSON'S Portrait work in Crayon, Water Color, India Ink and Oil have almost a national reputation, therefore agents make most money in working for GEO. C. LAWSON, 154 La Salle St., Chicago, Ill. N. B. To Agents—My work DELIVERS every time.

BROWN, EAGER & HULL'S, Toledo, O. is a good place to buy Books, Albums, Christmas Cards, Scrap Books and Stationery of all kinds. References, Toledo BLADE.

WATCH and Jewelry Catalogue, beautifully illustrated. Best goods at low prices. WM. WILLIAMS, Jeweler, 122 Halstead street, Chicago, Ill. Mention Toledo Blade.

MATRIMONIAL PAPER, 16 PAGES, 64 COLUMNS. Richly Illustrated. Each number contains nearly 300 advertisements of ladies and gents wanting correspondents. Sample copy, 10c., silver. Heart and Hand, Chicago, Ill.

WHEN YOU BUY A BUGGY BE SURE IT HAS THE B.S.B WHEEL THE STRONGEST AND BEST WHEEL MADE

Barnes' Pat. Foot and Hand Power MACHINERY, $15. Contractors and Builders, Cabinet Makers and Jobbers in Wood or Metal, who have no steam power, can, by using outfits of these machines, bid lower and save more money than by any other means for doing their work. Sold on trial. Illustrated Catalogue FREE. W. F. & JOHN BARNES CO., Address 244 Ruby St., Rockford, Ill.

Wonderful Popularity of a Renowned Medicine.

The Greatest Curative Success of the Age—A Voice from the People.

No medicine introduced to the public has ever met with the success accorded to Hop Bitters. It stands to-day the best known curative article in the world. Its marvelous renown is not due to the advertising it has received. It is famous by reason of its inherent virtues. It does all that is claimed for it. It is the most powerful, speedy and effective agent known for the building up of debilitated systems. The following witnesses are offered to prove this:

What it Did for an Old Lady

Coshocton Station, N. Y., Dec. 28, 1884.

GENTS:—A number of people had been using your Bitters here, and with marked success. In fact, one case, a lady of over seventy years, had been sick for years, and for the past ten years I have known her she has not been able to be around half the time. About six months ago she got so feeble she was *helpless*. Her old remedies, or physicians, being of no avail. I sent to Deposit, forty-five miles, and got a bottle of Hop Bitters. It had such a very beneficial effect on her that one bottle improved her so she was able to dress herself and walk about the house. When she had taken the second bottle she was able take care of her own room and walk out to her neighbors, and has improved all the time since. My wife and children also have derived great benefit from their use.

W. B. HATHAWAY, Agt. U. S. Ex. Co.

An Enthusiastic Endorsement.

Gorham, N. H., July 15, 1886.

GENTS:—Whoever you are, I don't know, but I thank the Lord and feel grateful to you to know that in this world of adulterated medicines there is one compound that proves and does all it advertises to do, and more. Four years ago, I had a slight shock of palsy, which unnerved me to such an extent that the least excitement would make me shake like the ague. Last May I was induced to try Hop Bitters. I used one bottle, but did not see any change; another did so change my nerves that they are now as steady as they ever were. It used to take both hands to write, but now my good right hand writes this. Now, if you continue to manufacture as honest and good an article as you do, you will accumulate an honest fortune, and confer the greatest blessing on your fellow-men that was ever conferred on mankind.

TIM BURCH.

A Husband's Testimony.

My wife was troubled for years with blotches, moth patches and pimples on her face, which nearly annoyed the life out of her. She spent many dollars on the thousand infallible (?) cures, with nothing but injurious effects. A lady friend, of Syracuse, N. Y., who had had similar experience and had been cured with Hop Bitters, induced her to try it. One bottle has made her face as smooth, fair and soft as a child's and given her such health that it seems almost a miracle.

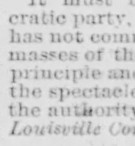
A MEMBER OF CANADIAN PARLIAMENT.

A Rich Lady's Experience.

I traveled all over Europe and other foreign countries at a cost of thousands of dollars, in search of health and found it not. I returned discouraged and disheartened, and was restored to real youthful health and spirits with less than two bottles of Hop Bitters. I hope others may profit by my experience and stay at home.

A LADY, AUGUSTA, ME.

FACE, HANDS, FEET,



and all their imperfections, including Facial Development, Hair and Scalp, Superfluous Hair, Birth Marks, Moles, Warts, Moth, Freckles, Red Nose, Acne, Black Heads, Scars, Pitting and their treatment. Send 10c. for book of 50 pages, 4th edition. Dr. J. H. Woodbury, 37 N. Pearl St., Albany, N.Y., Est'b'd 1870.

A Confession Which Confesses.

It must be confessed that the Democratic party, under its present leadership, has not commended itself to the wavering masses of the people by such a display of principle and prestige as to carry with it the spectacle of a majestic presence and the authority of a sublime moral force.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Wel, Yes—Rather.

If it be true as alleged that of 50,000 fourth-class postmasters in the country, only 10,000 are Republicans, and of 2,340 presidential postmasters only 200 are Republicans, it appears a good deal like offensive partisanship.—*Boston Transcript*.

THE FAMOUS CUSTOM-MADE PLYMOUTH ROCK $3 PANTS.

(Vests to match, cut to order, $2.25.)

It is apparent to every thinking person that our success must arise largely from steady customers and repeated orders from the same buyer. When we send out a pair of pants it is our earnest desire that it shall be so pleasing to the buyer that he WILL ORDER AGAIN, and we try our best to make it so. That we succeed in a marvellously large proportion of cases, is shown by our established success and growing popularity among buyers from the Atlantic to the Pacific. But every one knows that in custom-made goods misfits sometimes occur, and so they do with us. It is, in such cases, of great importance to us that the buyer shall be satisfied, and unable to complain of our methods, and that is why, in such cases, we are not only willing, but anxious, to make that man another pair or return his money which we do without regard to the fairness of the complaint. We say to all we do not wish to keep your money UNLESS you are satisfied to keep our FAMOUS PANTS. HOW CAN WE BE SO LIBERAL? THIS IS THE SECRET. Our goods are a bargain at the prices, and buyers won't return them, provided the fit is all right, and it usually is. Send 6c. for package of samples and self-measurement rules, to which we will add a linen tape measure, provided you mention this paper. Or, if you cannot wait to see samples, mention the color you prefer, send us INSIDE LEG, HIP and WAIST measures, together with $3 and 35 cts. for postage and packing, and we will send them, nicely packed, by mail or prepaid express. The American Express Co., Boston, (capital twenty million dollars), will reply to all letters addressed to them asking about the Plymouth Rock Pants Co.—its method and reliability.

PLYMOUTH ROCK PANTS CO., 18 Summer St., Boston, Mass.

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THE GREAT CHINA TEA CO

Give away as premiums to those forming clubs for the sale of their TEAS and COFFEES, Dinner, Tea and Toilet Sets, Silverware, Watches, etc. WHITE TEA SETS of 46 and 68 pieces with $10 and $12 orders. Decorated TEA SETS of 44 & 56 pieces with $12 and $15 orders. STEM-WINDING SWISS WATCHES with $15 orders. GOLD BAND or Moss Rose Tea Sets of 44 pieces, or White Dinner Sets of 112 pieces, with $20 orders. Send us your address and mention this paper; we will mail you our Club Book containing a complete Premium & Price List. THE GREAT CHINA TEA CO., 210 STATE ST., BOSTON, MASS.

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No VETO About This, Grover!

The new "Union" Knife. Cut gives exact size: two blades, razor steel, & warranted. Price 65 cts. but for a while we will sell, post-paid, at 50c; 5 for $2. Boys' 2 blade, 25c. Ladies' two blade, 50c. Best 8-inch Shears, 75c. FORTY-PAGE LIST FREE. ALSO, "HOW TO USE A RAZOR." MAHER & GROSH, Summit Street, Toledo, Ohio.

CARDS.

18 New Hidden Name Border Cards and Ring, 10c. 6 pks. & 6 rings 50c. Munson Bros. Mt. Carmel, Ct.

NEW Sample Book of beautiful cards, 14 Games, 12 tricks in magic, 436 Album verses. All for a 2c. stamp. STAR CARD CO., Station 15, Ohio.

1 Stone Ring, 1 Band Ring, 275 Scrap Pictures & Verses, Book of Poems, Book Flirtations, 40 Agts. Samples, All 10c. Austin Card Co., New Haven, Ct.

100 Imp'd Pictures, 12 Souvenir Cards, $5 Prize Puzzle, 19 Games, Life of Robinson Crusoe, Agent's Sample Book & Ring, 10c. E. H. Pardee, New Haven, Ct.

CARDS Your Name on 40 Hidden Name Chromos, 100 Fancy Pictures, 50 Fancy Patterns, Games, Puzzles and Agt's Sample Book, 10c. TUTTLE BROS., North Haven, Conn.

1 Game Authors, 1 Game Dominos, 14 New Songs, 16 Complete Stories by popular authors, Agent's Sample Book of Cards, Novelties, &c. All the above and this Ring, 10c. NEPTUNE CARD CO., Fair Haven, Ct.

CARDS FREE. Book rich new samples and our big terms to Agents free. Send 4c. for mail. 12 lovely Basket Hidden Name 10c. 25 plain gilt edge, 10c. Club 7 packs, 50c. HOLLEY CARD CO., Meriden, Conn.

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SALESMEN WANTED—Good pay. S. A. McOmber & Co., Nurserymen, Rochester, N. Y.

Salesmen Wanted!—Grand inducements. Write Campbell & Graham, Nurserymen, Rochester, N.Y.

G. A. R. HISTORY complete to date. Low price. Grand success. Agents wanted. Address A. B. Gehman & Co., Chicago, Ill.

$250 A MONTH. Agents wanted. 90 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample free. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

$5 TO $8 A DAY. Samples worth $1.50 FREE. Lines not under the horse's feet. Write Brewster's Safety Rein Holder Co., Holly, Mich.

LADY AGENTS coin money with my new Rubber Undergarment. Immense success. MRS. E. X. LITTLE, Box 443, Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS WANTED.—Permanent employment and good salary or commission. Address, giving age and references, A. D. Pratt, Nurseryman, Rochester, N. Y.

WANTED—Good live agents for The Buffalo, N.Y., Mutual Accident and Sick Benefit Association. Large inducements. Geo. A. Sanborn, Gen'l Manager, Buffalo N. Y.

Wanted—Agents for the beautiful book "Mother, Home and Heaven." The work of best authors. A choice volume elegantly illus. Worth its weight in gold for home. R. C. Treat, 199 Clark st., Chicago.

$65 A MONTH for 3 RELIABLE Young Men or LADIES. Teachers or Students in each county. P. W. ZIEGLER & CO., Philadelphia.

BURGLAR-Proof Door Fastener. New thing. Agents make $40 weekly. U. S. HOME M'F'G CO., A 16, CHICAGO, ILL.

AGENTS WANTED (Samples FREE) for DR. SCOTT'S beautiful ELECTRIC CORSETS, BRUSHES, BELTS, Etc. No risk, quick sales. Territory given, satisfaction guaranteed. Dr. Scott, 843 B'd'y, N.Y.

YOU can make more money in one week with our labor-saving invention than in a month by hard labor. It will pay you to send for terms and free samples. Address, Merrill M'f'g Co., B 5 Chicago, Ill.

Salesmen wanted to sell a fine assortment of the choicest nursery stock. We pay salary and expenses, and give permanent employment to good men. Previous experience unnecessary. Bright men, farmers, teachers, mechanics or others succeed from the start. Address Glen Bros., Nurserymen, Rochester, N. Y. Mention this paper.

WOMAN WANTED SALARY $35 to $50 for our business in her vicinity. Responsible house. References exchanged. GAY M'F'G CO., 14 Barclay St., N.Y.

AGENTS insured permanent business, worth several thousand dollars a year. No capital required. Grand opportunity for earnest workers. Business new and taking. Write for particulars to The People's Wholesale Supply Agency, St. Louis, Mo., or Philadelphia, Pa.

$5 to $8 A DAY in your own town selling the Nickel Tidy Holder. Every Family buys them. Samples and Agents' price-list by mail 16c. in 2c. stamps. W. Hasselbach, Box C 51, Sandusky, O.

DO you want to make money? Write for free samples and clear $1.00 an hour with the greatest labor-saving invention extant. Merrill M'f'g Co., B 4 Chicago, Ill.

$75 A MONTH and expenses paid any active person to sell our goods by sample. No peddling. No capital required. Salary paid promptly and all expenses advanced. Sample case of goods FREE. No humbug. We mean just what we say. Address, at once, Standard Silver Co., Washington St., Boston, Mass.

CERTAIN AND BIG PROFITS. Agents Wanted Everywhere for the "*Jewel Seam Ripper*," An article which sells at sight. Big Commissions, and sales certain wherever there are women who sew. Samples 25 cents. For particulars address JEWEL MANUFACTURING CO., Toledo, O.

5000 AGENTS WANTED! DOUBLE QUICK! to sell JOE HOWARD'S LIFE OF BEECHER. Infinitely the most valuable because so closely from the family circle and by a master hand engaged in a "Labor of Love." Richly Illus'd. Selling immensely. Quick is the word. $25 to $50 a week. Freight paid. Circulars free. Outfit 50c. HUBBARD BROS., Pubs., Cincinnati, Ohio.

"The Volunteer Soldier of America" Is the title of the great work completed before his death by General LOGAN. It will be sold by subscription only. Agents wanted. Send early to secure choice of territory. R. S. PEALE & CO., Publishers, CHICAGO.

21,929,850 Tansill's Punch Cigars

were shipped during the past two years, without a drummer in our employ. No other house in the world can truthfully make such a showing. One agent (dealer only) wanted in each town. SOLD BY LEADING DRUGGISTS. R. W. TANSILL & CO., 55 State St. Chicago.

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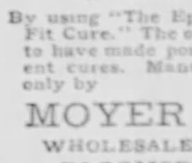

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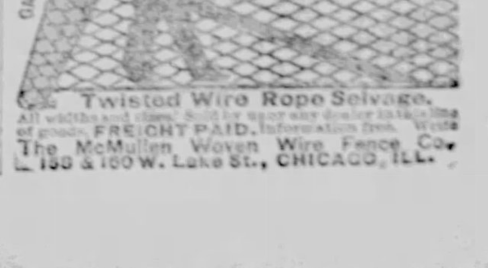

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THE DUTY OF THE HOUR IN MICHIGAN.

There seems to be no doubt but that the Prohibition amendment in Michigan was lost by fraud. The exact methods of the scoundrels who, in the interest of Rum, nullified the will of a majority of the people and reversed the true verdict at the polls, have not been revealed. But enough has been disclosed to make the fact clear to every candid mind that the amendment was in reality carried by a small majority, and that the conspiracy of the minions of the Rum Power succeeded in burying that majority by fraud, by methods which they knew so well how to use. No more striking illustration of the debasing influence of Rum on the purity of the ballot, of the grave dangers it presents to the rule of the people, was ever exhibited in this country.

These frauds were chiefly perpetrated in the city of Detroit and in certain counties of the Upper Peninsula, notably Gogebic. In Detroit the evidences of corrupt practice are overwhelming. In precinct after precinct it is already shown by the formal attestations of men who voted "yes" on the amendment, that the official returns are false. In one precinct, three votes were returned for the amendment, and ten voters have certified that they voted for it. This is but a single illustration of the manner in which the enormous majority which Detroit gave against Prohibition can be accounted for. There was an organized scheme of fraud in the city, and in all probability enough ballots were changed from "Yes" to "No" in Detroit alone to overcome the 2,500 votes which it was necessary to change to bring the alleged majority against the amendment up to 5,000, which is about the figure the returns will show.

Gogebic is a new county, set off from Ontonagon county by the present legislature during the past winter. At the November election last year, Ontonagon county, then embracing the present Gogebic county, cast only 1,589 votes in all. Yet on the amendment the vote of one single township in Gogebic was larger than that! An attorney of the Amendment Campaign committee was not allowed to examine the registration books nor poll lists, as the fraud would have been detected at once. There is also not one iota of doubt that there were sufficient fraudulent ballots counted in Gogebic county to defeat the amendment. In view of these revelations, is it not plain that there was a rascally conspiracy to defeat Prohibition, engineered by the Rum interest, and carried out by scoundrels in the employ of the Rum Power?

There is but one line of action for the friends of Prohibition in Michigan, and that is to organize in every county, every township, every school district, and keep up the organization until the legislature again submits the question. Keep up the fight against Rum until another vote can be had. Then see that there is no chance for fraud, no opportunity for the scoundrels to repeat their vile work. An honest canvass of the state to-day would show a majority—probably a small one, but still a majority—in favor of Prohibition. Keep up the work, and see to it that the majority the next time is too great to be stolen, even if fraud is attempted.

Meanwhile, keep up harassing the enemy. Local option, higher taxation, will help the work of convincing the skeptical that Prohibition is a good thing. Every saloon that is closed by their means is one less primary school for drunkards. Every dollar that is paid in taxes by the saloonists is that much of a burden upon the Rum Power. Every county won from Rum through local option will convince hundreds that Prohibition is possible, and that it will not ruin the prosperity of the state. If the snake cannot be killed at once, cripple it, injure it, wound it, through high taxation and local option.

That Prohibition, both state and national, is bound to come in this country, is clear. Every succeeding year shows an increase in the strength of the Prohibition movement, and substantial ground gained by its friends. Texas will declare for Prohibition in a few months. Local option is rescuing county after county all over the South, and a cheering sign of strength is found in the fact that when the people give Prohibition a fair trial, they will not go back, and deliver themselves over to the Rum Power. The dominion of the latter is lessening year by year, and there are no reprisals. The situation is full of hope. Organize, make the facts known, and add to the strength everywhere of the movement to

Pulverize the Rum Power!

THE new liquor law of the state of Maine is most sweeping in its provisions. The chief points are the inhibitions upon druggists who are allowed to use liquor in the compounding of prescriptions, but are not allowed to sell any wine, brandy or other liquors clear, for any purpose whatsoever—not even alcohol. The new law holds that payment of a United States special tax as liquor seller is *prima facie* evidence that the person paying said tax is a common seller, and his premises a common nuisance. If a person is found intoxicated in the street he is fined $10 and costs, or imprisoned for thirty days for the first offense and for each subsequent offense imprisoned for thirty days. The provision making the payments of the United States tax full evidence against the seller has already led to a conflict with the federal authorities. A state court endeavored to compel the production of the records of a collector of internal revenue in a case brought before it. The collector refused, on the ground that to do so would be to reduce the business of the internal revenue bureau, and that this was contrary to his instructions. The commissioner of internal revenue was appealed to, who says that his office has no disposition to interpose any obstacles to the enforcement of the state laws; that the question at issue has been raised several times in other states, but never settled, and that it is desired to obtain a judicial decision for future guidance in the numerous cases likely to arise.

THE Detroit *Tribune* sizes up the political situation in Michigan as follows:

> The Democratic party depends upon the "saloon in politics" for its victory in 1888! What, then, is the duty of the Republican party? It can win without the saloon. If it can't, let it be defeated. But it will not be defeated if the Republican party will stand boldly up for the right and declare that the saloon shall not rule this country.

The saloon must go, and if the Democratic party goes with it, so much the better for the country.

THE New York *World* sorrowfully concludes that New Jersey will go Republican in 1888. Just so. And so will New York.

JUDGE KELLEY ON PROTECTION AND THE PRESIDENCY IN 1888.

Hon. W. D. KELLEY, of Pennsylvania, the one Congressman who has been longest in public service, his career as Representative covering the past 26 years, is now on a Southern trip. He had a talk with a newspaper representative a few days ago, at Anniston, Alabama, in which he expressed the decided opinion that the Solid South, the former stronghold of free trade ideas, will be broken up by the spread of the protective idea. The development of the industrial South will bring about the change. He finds a remarkable interest taken in the principles of protection, and an eager desire to understand the common-sense ideas upon which a protective policy is based. The planters are beginning to see that protection helps them just as much as it benefits the manufacturer, and that all classes are injured by free trade.

The one thing which the American farmer needs is a home market for his products. We are undergoing a transition period, which begin with the civil war. That struggle came upon us and found us chiefly an agricultural people. We were the producers of raw material, and of food products alone. We had to create manufactures, and it was done by the Morrill tariff of 1861. Since that date we have been extending our industries, and bringing into existence a great consuming class, the supply of whose wants created a home market for our agricultural population. When our mills and factories, our furnaces and mines, were busy, and the industrial classes well paid, the United States consumed nine-tenths of all the grain we produced, leaving but one-tenth for export. A protective policy enlarges our industries, and increases the number of the wage-workers—the great consuming class. It can not be long before our consumption will rise to a point at which it will equal our agricultural production, and the farmer will be absolutely independent of the foreign market.

There is another solid argument in favor of a protective policy advanced by Judge KELLEY which should be carefully considered, not only by the farmers, but by every taxpayer. It is, that the tariff relieves the people of direct taxation. Abolish the custom houses, and the government will levy an annual direct tax of $200,000,000. In 1886 the tariff produced a revenue much beyond that figure. To distribute this tax directly would treble the present rate. A farmer with $20,000 would pay nearly $200 a year, a sum equal to his grocery bill for a year. The people in the South are beginning to see that free trade would be a curse to the growing industries of the states so long devoted mainly to agriculture.

Not the least interesting feature of Judge KELLEY'S talk was that devoted to the Presidential question. He frankly expressed the opinion that Mr. BLAINE can not receive the Republican nomination next year. He believes there has been a change of public sentiment, and that the sober second thought of the best element of the Republican party is against again making BLAINE the standard-bearer in the battle of 1888. He said:

> If Blaine is nominated next year I shall support him as I did in 1884, but I shall do it without hope. He is certainly weaker than he was then, and I know of nothing by which he will gain over his first vote.
>
> Besides the Protestant Irish in Philadelphia will not vote for any man whose relatives belong to the Catholic church, and whose son marries into a Catholic family. Nor do they want to vote for a man whose election is prevented by the foolish reflections of an old preacher upon the Irish Catholics of New York.

However, Judge KELLEY does not believe that Mr. BLAINE will be a candidate, but that, through the strong friendship that the Republicans have for him he will probably be enabled to name the candidate—who, in that case, will be ALLISON, of Iowa.

TWO IMPORTANT TEMPERANCE DOCUMENTS.

We call attention to an announcement in the Publisher's Department, fifth page, of two very important Temperance documents, which we have just issued. One is upon the result of Thirty Years of Prohibition in Maine, and the other the testimony of Ten Eminent Physicians as to the effect of Lager Beer upon the Human System. These pamphlets, by D. R. Locke, should be scattered broadcast. They should be circulated by the million. See terms and order at once.

THE authorship of the papers appearing in the *North American Review* over the pseudonym "ARTHUR RICHMOND," has puzzled a good many people, they being powerful and caustic political criticisms. So severe were they that an attempt has been made to socially boycott ALLEN THORNDYKE RICE, the editor of the periodical, for inserting them. The Democrats got up a theory that they were written by GAIL HAMILTON, and she being a woman, their organs in the East began to abuse her shamefully. Now it transpires that the articles were all from different pens. The attack on CLEVELAND was written by WILLIAM HENRY HURLBURT; of the others, one was written by Mr. RICE himself, one by Sen. INGALLS, and the fierce attack on JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL by no less a formidable antagonist than Gen. B. F. BUTLER.

WE always distrust the Ohio Democratic gang when they begin to talk honesty. Hence, when we are told that the Ohio Democrats are "going back to the old methods, when no money was used, but there was a long and thorough canvass," we become suspicious that the elaboration of some extraordinarily scoundrelly bit of deviltry is in progress. We would have more faith in professions of repentance if the gang would turn in and give up the scoundrels who perpetrated the Columbus election frauds, and expose the inside villainy of the rascally scheme to railroad Prosecutor HULING into the penitentiary for doing his official duty in endeavoring to ferret out the villains who were concerned in the tally-sheet frauds.

SEN. MORRILL, of Vermont, who is chairman of the Senate Finance committee, has come to the conclusion that there is no need of an extra session of Congress, at least as regards the finances. He thinks that the secretary of the Treasury can dispose of the surplus that will accumulate from the time the 3 per cents. are all paid off until Congress meets, by going on the market, purchasing bonds and retiring them. Of course a premium will have to be paid, but the government will be really saving money by cutting off the interest till maturity, which would greater than the ruling premium.

GOV. LARRABEE, of Iowa, writes to the Texas Prohibitory campaign committee that complete Prohibition is enforced in 80 of the 99 counties of the state, and in the remainder it is partially effective. The picture he draws of the results to the people and upon business is a most interesting one. The people are benefited in every way, and morality and industry are promoted. No property has been depreciated in value through the operation of Prohibition, but the saloons make room for legitimate business firms.

THE South is getting its eyes opened to the benefits of protection. Listen to the following from the Mobile *Register:*

> Would there be nearly half a million more men employed in our industries than in 1882 if those industries had not been protected? Would wages paid laborers have increased during the past five years if the whole country had been groaning under the oppression of the "robber barons?" Granting that the tariff needs revision so as to reduce the revenue of the nation, now too large, still has not the protective system as a system been beneficial?

IT really seems as if events are shaping themselves to bring Nova Scotia into the American Union. More unlikely things than that have happened.

THE INTER-STATE COMMERCE LAW.

We believe the commission has made a mess of it in suspending the long and short haul clause of the inter-state commerce law, at the request of an association of Southern lines. In the first place, we are of the opinion that the commissioners exceeded their powers in doing it. But we do not think that the law has been in operation long enough for any one to judge intelligently of its full effect; and certainly the commissioners have not had an opportunity yet to so thoroughly inform themselves as to the multitudinous appeals pressing upon them for a hearing to enable them to do effective work. Our own idea is that they should at once rescind their suspension of the long and short haul clause, and let the law operate without restriction or interference for a time. Let the people see its full effect, so that they may be able to judge of it intelligently.

The commissioners themselves, in their long decision published on the 18th, show that they are getting upon solid ground. They declare that they have no power under the law to define its scope or interpret its meaning. They can render no decisions until actual cases of its violation or alleged violation are brought before them, in the manner prescribed in the law itself. They cannot deal in abstract opinions, but only with concrete cases. We quote a paragraph from the decision referred to:

> Congress has not taken the management of the railroads out of the hands of the railroad companies. It has simply established certain general principles under which inter-state commerce must be conducted. It has enacted in section 1, that all charges for inter-state transportation "shall be reasonable and just;" has prohibited, in section 2, all manner of unjust discriminations; has forbidden, in section 3, all undue and unreasonable preferences and advantages; has required, in the same section, reasonable and equal facilities for the interchange of traffic, and has prohibited, in section 5, the pooling of freights. That, in substance, is the inter-state commerce law.
>
> There is nothing novel in these provisions. They simply bring back the business of the common carriers to the well-settled principles of the common law. Yet no one can deny that there was urgent need of their statutory formulation. Alleged difficulties in putting them in operation only disclose examples of the extent to which they have been violated in the past.
>
> These sections of the act are expressed in plain words. A construction must be given to them in the first instance by the carriers and their patrons. When a course of conduct has been adopted, of which complaint is made that it violates the law, the decision of the question will rest with the courts, or with the commission, as the complaining party may elect. This is the orderly method, in which all legislation is administered and applied, and the statute in question presents no exception.

The long and short haul clause is the vital point in the law. There is no doubt at all that the intent of the law is to protect the short haul, and prevent under-discrimination in favor of the long haul. The through business of the railways of the United States averages but about 20 per cent. of the whole. The railways have chosen to even up their rates by adding to the cost of the long haul, so as to bring it up to the short-haul rate, instead of reducing the latter to the basis of the long-haul rate. They had the power to do this, and they did it. It was probably part of the manifest effort to make the law as unpopular as possible, for there is no doubt that very many persons jumped at the conclusion that local rates would be reduced to the through-rate standard. So far as the effect of the law has made itself visible, local business is not particularly affected, though through business is.

But what did the people expect? For years a cry has gone up against the railways of the country because of discriminations. The inter-state commerce law was the result of this, and it prevents discrimination. The whole tendency of the former policy of the railroads has been to build up business at the terminals, at the expense of intermediate points. Could the injustice of years be corrected without hurting somebody? And was it not certain that the injured parties would be those in whose interests these discriminations were made? Most certainly. And the yelling against the law comes from that class. The public can safely pay no attention to their frantic cries. Let us give the law a fair trial, and disregard the hubbub raised by interested parties. If the cities which have enjoyed for so long the advantages of the low rates accorded to through traffic are deprived of them, and are placed on the same level with the rest of the country, we fail to see that the net result will be anything but beneficial to the nation at large.

THE Washington correspondent of the St Louis *Republican* stated that the President, in conversation recently with a prominent Democratic Western Senator, declared in positive and explicit terms that he neither wished nor would he accept a renomination for the Presidency. The publication of this has stirred up a small hornet's nest at the White House. It is believed by many that Sen. VEST is at the bottom of the publication, which was a shrewd scheme to compel a declaration from the President of his intentions. If he let the statement go uncontradicted, it would be assumed that it was made by authority, and the Democrats would go to hunting a candidate. If contradicted, it would compel a declaration. DAN LAMONT has guardedly denied the authenticity of the declaration of the "Western Senator," and the inference is that the present incumbent of the executive chair wishes to hold his seat four years longer if he can.

THE labor political movement threatens to paralyze the Democratic party next year. Sen. MCPHERSON, of New Jersey, who is a sagacious Democratic politician, despondingly remarks:

> The indications are that the labor party will nominate a separate national ticket in 1888. If they do it will make Democratic success extremely doubtful in New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Indiana, West Virginia and Virginia. I must say that the outlook for Democratic success next year is not as bright as some of my friends think and as I should like to see. I doubt if any Democrat, in the face of a regular labor candidate next year, could hold any considerable portion of the labor vote.

SEC. BAYARD favors the plan of having appointments in the diplomatic service made for life. This would create an office-holding aristocracy, and is repugnant to the American idea; but that is the dream of the Democratic aristocrats, of whom BAYARD is a shining specimen. We should favor an official term of four years for all governmental positions, with a proviso that no federal office-holder, at the end of his term, shall be eligible for any other appointive office during the ensuing four years. Let the offices go round.

WHILE Sec. WHITNEY is to be commended for the policy he has pursued in regard to the contract for gun steel and ship armor with the Bethlehem company, it should not be forgotten that in February, 1884, Sec. CHANDLER strenuously urged upon Congress that steps be taken to do the very thing which Sec. WHITNEY has done. The Democratic administration finds its best hold in carrying out Republican ideas and following Republican governmental policy.

UP to date 5,243,000 trade dollars have been redeemed under the recent act of Congress. The inference is, from the extreme slowness with which these coins come in, that a very large amount of the total issue has been worked up in the arts, or been exported to other countries, and will never appear for redemption.

IN regard to the alleged threat of England to seize the island of Tortugas from Hayti, it is now said that the British government never thought of such a thing, and, if it did, the island is not worth seizing, being entirely without harbors, and almost valueless.

THE Rum Power of the nation has decided to take a hand against the Prohibition amendment in Texas. Let this sort of thing go on. It makes converts to Prohibition in vast numbers.

OUR PORTRAIT OF LOGAN.

Our portrait of the lamented LOGAN is finished, and being mailed. It is a splendid work of art, and will be highly prized by those who secure it.

And speaking of our series of portraits of the great generals of the late war, there is one point to which we wish to call attention. These portraits are engraved from photographs taken from life, and were furnished us by the Generals themselves, at our request, as being the view of the face and the expression they desired to be remembered by. Two, Gen. GRANT and Gen. SHERMAN, sat expressly for us, and SHERIDAN and LOGAN sent us those that they preferred.

In a very few years the BLADE portraits of the great Generals will have an increased value from this fact. They are not only works of art, but they are faithful, absolute likenesses.

We send them to any address at 25 cents each, singly, or 65 cents for the four. The four great religious heroes, the two WESLEYS, CALVIN and LUTHER, at the same price, the whole eight for $1.15. Order at once.

THE PAPACY.

The health of the present "successor to ST. PETER," LEO XIII., is so precarious that the question of his successor is being largely discussed in Europe. A French writer in the *Nouvelle Revue* has devoted a paper to the subject, in which he enumerates three elements in the College of Cardinals which are vital factors in the matter of the succession to the papacy, as the Pope is elected by the college. These three elements are: First, the purely Roman element surrounding the Pope, dependent upon him alone; second, the Italian element—the archbishops and bishops of Italy, who are as much dependent upon the King of Italy as upon the Pope; and third, the foreign element—the foreign cardinals, who are archbishops or bishops of other countries.

Numerically, these stand as follows: The Romans make up a little more than half of the sacred college—that is, about 40 out of the 70 cardinals. All of these, however, are not Italians. Of those resident in Rome, four are Germans, one Russian, one Austrian, one English, one Pole, two French, the German element predominating. The Italian cardinals are nine in number. All of them, except the Archbishop of Palermo, who is wholly independent of the Italian government, naturally feel kindly towards the power which supports them. Seven of these are known to be in favor of a reconciliation between the Vatican and the Quirinal, and it is from these, of course, that the Italian government will select the candidate which it will support. The non-resident cardinals number 25, of whom five are Austrians, four English or American, while 16 belong to Latin nations other than Italy. These could exert a very powerful influence, if they would act together, but of this there is little or no probability.

Since the fall of the temporal power of the papacy, and the city of Rome became the capital of the kingdom of Italy, there has been a strong disposition in Italy to view the political power of the pope in the affairs of other nations as having gone by forever. But the recent papal meddling in the German election shows that popes may still take a hand in electioneering with more or less effect, and that it is still worth the while of states containing a considerable Catholic population to bring influence to bear on the conclave. If BISMARCK feels that he has really owed something to the pope's support in the recent canvass, there is little doubt that he or his successor will try to have a German candidate for the place of LEO XIII., and push him by any of the means which have hitherto been successful in helping the cardinals to a choice.

According to the reviewer above quoted, the efforts of the papacy to secure the repeal of the "May laws" against the Catholic priests in Germany have been viewed in Italy as an attempt to establish a claim in Germany for aid in restoring the temporal power in case the next European convulsion affords an opportunity. It is absolutely certain that the Italians would never restore Rome to the Pope until they had expended their last man and last dollar in defending it, and certain, too, that if the Pope had it to-morrow he could only reign in it as before 1870, with the aid of a foreign army. His pertinacity in claiming it, therefore, has always had an air of absurdity to Italian eyes, but his appealing once more for foreign armies to aid him in obtaining it is more than absurd. It rouses both the best and worst passions of the Italian nature, and certainly helps to loosen further the hold of the church on the Italian people. It can but have the effect also of giving the Italian government a keen interest in the next papal election and make it more improbable than ever that such election will be left to the control of purely spiritual influences.

THE iron boom is on in earnest. The furnaces turned out 1,668,000 tons in the first quarter of the year ended March 31, which represents an annual rate of 6,672,144 tons, or about a million tons more than were produced in 1886. But every month shows a rising average, and the annual rate will be helped along very materially later on by new furnaces now building if the trade conditions hold, and the year's product will probably foot up more than the unparalleled total of 7,000,000 tons. Iron is under almost unprecedented requirements, however, and if business conditions, including public confidence, keep their footing, it may all pass with more or less readiness into use.

IT seems that the strike in the stove foundries of the country is welcomed just now by the employers. There was a labor dispute in a St. Louis foundry, which put the patterns of that foundry under the ban of the union, pending a settlement. Various foundry masters, hearing of this, were at once seized with an insatiable craving for the patterns of that particular foundry, and they were ordered into the stove-works of a half dozen big cities. Result—a stoppage of production, with stoves in plenty and iron high. And the workmen don't see, apparently, that the strike in St. Louis was seized upon, and a pretext given them to strike, in order to stop production for awhile.

"DEACON" RICHARD SMITH, of the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette*, says that WHITELAW REID, of the New York *Tribune*, will decline to boom any particular candidate for the Republican nomination next year, but will be for the nominee of the national convention, whoever he may be. We never had the slightest idea that the *Tribune* would adopt any other course. The question of success or defeat to the Republican party depends upon the nomination made, and no loyal Republican paper will place personol opinion above the collective judgment of the party in national convention assembled.

SEN. COKE, of Texas, does not go so far as SEN. REAGAN on the question of Prohibition. He has written an open letter in which he protests against the Democratic party taking sides on the Prohibition question in that state. REAGAN feels that the Democracy will lose if they do not support the amendment; COKE feels that they will lose if they either support or oppose it.

FROM far Dakota comes the news that there will be an enormous wheat yield. The recent heavy rains have thoroughly soaked the ground, thus insuring a rapid growth of the plant, and the acreage sown will be from 10 to 25 per cent. larger than last year.

THE IMMIGRATION PROBLEM.

Foreign immigration has taken a decided boom, and an enormous number of Europeans are coming to this country. The word has gone across the water that the United States is prosperous, that work is plenty and wages high. The natural result follows and and every vessel from Europe is crowded with people anxious to better their condition.

Public sentiment in the United States is undergoing a radical change upon the subject of foreign immigration. The great West is being filled up so rapidly that the time can easily be reckoned at which we will have no more public land; and there are plenty of thinking men who prefer that what remains shall be held for the overflow of our own people from the older states.

Then, too, the fact is noted that a large number of those who come fill every avenue of skilled and unskilled labor in our cities, and that their coming is a factor of much potency in keeping the rate of wages in the trades at a lower point than otherwise. High wages with an overcrowded labor market are impossible. So long as there are more workingmen than there are places, the rate will not advance. This is a most serious phase of the labor question, but one that has not yet engaged the attention of political leaders. But it must be taken up, and be discussed, and be settled by legislation. To have a policy which protects the products of American labor yet which allows free trade in labor itself, is an anomalous condition of things.

The worst phase of foreign immigration is the practice of making the United States the dumping-ground for all the worst elements of European society. We have too many of the ignorant classes of our own population, and do not need any additions from abroad. There are thousands coming across the sea every year who can never make safe citizens, because they are hopelessly ignorant and degraded. Their presence is a positive menace. Congress has been neglectful of its duty that it has not stopped it long ago. The whole matter of foreign immigration, and its effect upon our institutions and the welfare of our laboring classes, needs public discussion and Congressional action.

TO THOSE NOT SUBSCRIBERS WHO RECEIVE THIS NUMBER OF THE BLADE.

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THE BOOK-BORROWING PEST.

The greatest pest existing to a person who loves books and buys them wherewith to feed his mind, is the book-borrower. Whatever reason there may have been in the past for his being, there is none now, as books, and in fact all literature, are so cheap. The book-borrower has the same free and easy views of the law of *meum* and *tuum* that are held by his companion fiend, the umbrella borrower. He never thinks of returning the borrowed volume until he is asked to do so; and when he does, its condition as to cleanliness and integrity of binding generally shows that it has been tumbling about in bad company.

And there is a lower deep even than this. When you open the volume, you are delighted (!) to find that its pages are marked and underscored, and enriched with marginal references. This is especially the case if the book-borrower be of the female persuasion. The trouble, however, is that the really good passages are unmarked, and the pencil has been used upon the morbidly sentimental ones, or those which can only be characterized as flapdoodle. Now, who wants a book with all the twaddle underscored, and the margins penciled with crude and gushing remarks that only betray the idiocy of the writer thereof? There is a strong impulse on the part of the unlucky owner, to throw the book into the fire, and send a bill for it to the silly borrower or marker.

But why should any one, in these days of public libraries and cheap publications, borrow a book at all? We don't think of borrowing a friend's handkerchiefs, or his arm-chair, or his watch, or the pictures on his walls. Why then borrow his books? It would be an excellent idea to require a book-borrower to make a deposit of the retail price of the book, as a surety for its return in good order; and it would not be one whit more impertinent for the owner to make this demand, than for the borrower to request the loan of the volume. It is a bit of cheeky imposition to borrow a book, and it is adding injury to insult to deface the volume with conceited marking and silly comments upon the subject matter of striking passages.

THE state legislatures still in session have wakened to a realization of the fact that the increase in railway rates made by the roads of the country upon the going into effect of the inter-state commerce bill is a legitimate matter of legislation, and are taking steps to curb the railway kings in their wild career. Bills have been introduced in the Illinois Senate to fix the price of sleeping-car berths at $1.50 per twenty-four hours, and fixing railroad passenger rates at two cents per mile, while bills against discrimination in freight and passenger traffic and granting free passes to public officials and delegates to political conventions have been introduced in the West Virginia House.

THERE is a belief in well-informed circles of London that the Commercial Cable company will shortly be forced into the pool, in which event there will be a marked increase in the price of cablegrams. This is bad news to the business public. The Commercial company should be sustained in its battle against the pool.

THE activity in real estate and great building enterprise extends all over the country. New York city has plans for at least $22,500,000 of building in the next three months alone. At the same rate throughout the cities of the land there would be a total of $1,400,000 of building within that period.

THE Texas legislature has passed a law punishing illegal voting with confinement in the penitentiary for not less than two years. It need not be said that the enforcement of this law would largely reduce Democratic majorities in Texas. But will it be enforced? We trow not to any great extent.

THE Boston *Traveller* announces that "spring wild flowers along the Atlantic coast are at least ten days behind time." As there is no market demand for spring wild flowers, the information is not of a nature to shake the financial centers of the country.

THE latest reports from the Indian wheat crop makes it tolerably certain that there will be a falling off of 25 to 35 per cent. in the quantity of wheat available for shipment to Europe. This means a wide market for our own farmers in disposing of our surplus.

THERE have been 79 entries for the individual drill and 98 for the rifle practice in the coming national drill contests at Washington, D. C. The military organizations entered come from 31 states and territories.

SENATOR HOAR'S SPEECH.

The Massachusetts club, of Boston, entertained the Republican representative in Congress from that state a few days ago. The leading Republicans of the state were present. The feature of the occasion was the speech of SEN. HOAR. It contained facts that should be remembered and considered by every voter in the land. The Senator called attention to the fact that since 1874 the Democrats have held the House of Representatives for every Congress but one, and in that Congress the majority in the Senate depended on DAVID DAVIS, nominally an Independent, but really an aspirant for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency. Yet this fact is constantly forgotten. Mr. HOAR went on to say:

> How often, when we complain of the election methods by which majorities in great states are overthrown, are we met by the argument, "You had the power for 25 years and did not cure the evil." When we admit that in the course of time and changes of business there are details in the tariff that need mending, they say, "You have been in power all this time; why haven't you changed it?"
>
> On the other hand, you occasionally hear some simple-minded person say, "The Democratic party has been in power for two years, and we do not see that any very evil consequences have happened." The Republican party is responsible for the legislation and administration from 1861 to 1875, except for the official conduct of Andrew Johnson. Since then we have had for eight years a Republican President and Senate unable to accomplish by legislation anything to which a Democratic House would not agree; for four years a Republican President with a Democratic House and a Democratic or an evenly divided Senate, and for two years a Democratic President and House with a Republican Senate.
>
> Now it is clear that for the last twelve years the Republican party can be held responsible, so far as legislation is concerned, for its attempts, or its failures to attempt, and not for its failure to legislate; and that, on the other hand, the Democratic party is to have credit or blame only as it has prevented or attempted good legislation, where the constitution gave it the power. For the executive administration we are responsible from '61 to '65 and from '79 to '85; they from '85 to '87.
>
> Referring to the power of the Democratic caucus, he said that under the cumbrous and artificial system of rules certain important measures can not be brought before the House. But during the Congress which has just closed a new pretension has been set up, utterly unknown before, which in England or in any preceding generation here would have been deemed ground for a revolution. The speaker claims the right to refuse to put the question or to recognize a member for a motion according as he shall or shall not approve the legislation which is proposed. Such an exercise of arbitrary power would have hurled from his seat Henry Clay in the height of his dominion, of Mr. Blaine in the height of his popularity.
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> It is notorious that measure after measure well known to be favored by a majority, two-thirds or three-quarters of the House, died with the session because the member having them in charge could not get recognition. The rule requires the member first rising to be recognized. Where the members rise together, it has been the custom for the Speaker to prefer that member whose motion was supposed to be most in accordance with the desire and convenience of the House. But it never was heard of before that the Speaker undertook to refuse hearing to members of the body because of his opinion of the expediency of the measures they had to propose.
>
> The constitution of the United States declares the right of the majority of the people, acting through the majority of their lawfully chosen representatives, to make laws within the constitution, with the concurrence of the executive and a majority of the representatives of the states. But here we have this triple fetter, which manacles the limbs of the American people:
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> First—A House chosen by a minority through the suppression of lawful elections.
>
> Second—The will of the majority of that House hindered and baffled by the confederation of a few leaders under its artificial system of rules.
>
> Third—The usurpation by one man of a veto power on legislation greater than that of the President himself, unless that legislation shall have been first approved by a majority of a Democratic caucus, though that majority be a large minority of the whole enlightened body.

SPECIMEN COPIES.

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NATIONAL BANK TAXATION.

An act of Congress, which declares that state taxation of national bank shares "shall not be at a greater rate than is assessed upon other moneyed capital in the hands of individual citizens," was passed several years ago. The United States Supreme court has lately rendered an opinion giving a new meaning to this language. In a case decided two years ago, coming up from Pennsylvania, the same court held that national bank notes can not legally

> Be subjected to local taxation where a very material part, relatively, of other moneyed capital in the hands of individual citizens within the same jurisdiction is exempted from such taxation.

And that where other moneyed capital in the hands of individuals was taxed at a lower rate than national bank shares there was a case of inequality repugnant to the law of Congress. That was generally regarded as a sweeping decision, and one which if adhered to would call for a radical revision of the existing system of taxation in nearly every state. Naturally, therefore, national banks in various states joined in movements looking to either a reduction of or an exemption from the tax imposed upon their shares.

The case just decided at Washington was treated as a test case for New York, and the decision establishes a general rule which must govern in every state. The principle now laid down by the court is as follows:

> The main purpose of Congress in fixing limits to state taxation on investments in the shares of national banks was to render it impossible for the state in levying such a tax to create and foster an unequal competition unfriendly to their success by favoring institutions or individuals carrying on a similar business and operations and investments of a like character.

The court expressly says that the prohibition does not extend to the taxation of shares of railroad, mining, manufacturing and certain other corporations, nor to the taxation of trust companies, nor to the exemption of savings bank deposits. Just what is to be regarded as "moneyed capital in the hands of individual citizens" within the meaning of the act of Congress as now interpreted by the court, it is not easy to define. But there is no doubt but that there is a very large amount of such capital which this decision leaves a state free to tax as it pleases. In an opinion rendered last year the New York court of Appeals laid down this guiding rule, which is now affirmed by the Supreme court:

> The obvious intent of the federal statute was to prevent discrimination against investments in National bank shares and put them upon terms of equality as to taxation with similar institutions and investments in the several states.

This appears to be a suitable interpretation of the act of Congress and one that is least likely to disturb existing systems of taxation in the several states.

THE National council of Administration of the Grand Army of the Republic has adopted resolutions approving of the order of Gen. FAIRCHILD requesting Grand Army posts not to make an official expression of opinion on the subject of pension legislation by Congress. It is true that the Grand Army is a non-partisan organization, and we never wish to see it otherwise; but is it "partisan" for the members to express, by a vote, their individual views as to the action of Congress concerning pensions? We cannot see that it is. We know of no reason why a man, because he is a member thereof, should waive his right to express his opinion, if he so desires, on any topic of interest. And we do not consider pension legislation as being of a "partisan" nature.

THE St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* sees it in the same light as does the BLADE. It says:

> In the next Republican national convention every other consideration will give way, as it should, to the supreme duty of placing at the head of the ticket the man who can command the most votes.

THE latest from the front in the fisheries war reports a dispatch from the British government offering to revert to the old condition of affairs which existed before the Washington treaty.

PROFIT-SHARING WITH EMPLOYES.

A most interesting experiment is to be tried by the Toledo, Ann Arbor & Northern Michigan Railway company—a plan of profit-sharing, of which the employes of the road shall be the beneficiaries. The details of the scheme were worked out by Pres. ASHLEY, and his annual report to the company was accompanied by a pamphlet in which it is explained. The stockholders discussed it at their meeting on April 20, and it was unanimously adopted by them. Hence Toledo will have a fair trial of this plan of harmonizing the interests of employer and employe, and the practical workings of it will be watched with much interest.

The benefits of the plan are to be extended to all officials and employes (except the president) of the company who have been continuously in its service for five years or more. Each beneficiary is to receive, in any year in which a dividend is declared by the company, a dividend on the sum total of his salary for the year preceding, the same as if that salary were capital stock of the company.

Every officer or employe who shall voluntarily retire from the company's employ with an honorable discharge, after twenty years' continuous service, shall receive a certificate of full paid-up capital stock, at its par value, equal to the total of his wages for the last year of his service.

Any officer or employe who shall be so disabled when in the line of active duty, so as to be unable to resume his place for a period of six months or more, shall receive a certificate of paid-up stock, equal in amount to the total of his wages for the year preceding his disability. In case of loss of life in the line of active duty, his wife or legal representative shall receive a similar certificate for five times his last year's wages, with the proviso that this shall not apply if a claim for damages is made in the courts.

In his discussion of this plan, Pres. ASHLEY says:

> The bonus which it is proposed to pay to each officer and employe is to be paid out of the additional earnings and savings of the company, which savings and earnings it is believed will be materially increased by the activity, economy and fidelity of officials and employes alike, and by a watchfulness which must result in decreasing accidents, and in securing a better understanding of the responsibilities and duties of each, as also a more perfect co-operation between all who are in the service of the company.
>
> In the practical administration of great corporate trusts, especially in the case of a railroad company, one soon learns, as he cannot learn elsewhere, how absolutely inseparable are the true interests of capital and labor.
>
> This plan of allotment is proposed in the confident belief that it will largely increase the net earnings of the company, and promote zeal, economy and general efficiency; that it will also prove itself to be a valuable educator, and teach the necessity of sobriety and fidelity; and that mutual confidence and good will is better for all than contentions and strikes.
>
> It is expected that the entire dividend paid by the company in any one year to its officers and employes, will be more than earned by savings from loss and waste. And when each officer and employe is properly educated, he will understand that when he permits or causes a useless waste, or by negligence or disobedience of orders an accident results, that he always brings upon himself and his associate employes, a loss proportionately corresponding to that suffered by the company.
>
> As a rule, the temperate, saving man is a better workman and more reliable than one who is intemperate and improvident. Successful economy on the part of an employe, brings stability and contentment. Every intelligent, competent railroad manager estimates such a man at his actual worth, and desires to increase his wages in proportion to the amount which he saves or earns for the company, and nothing can be more gratifying to such a manager than to see his workmen securing homes of their own, and laying up something for a rainy day.

The views above enunciated must meet with the assent of every thinking man, employer or employe. The interests of the two should be identical, and a plan of profit-sharing gives to the employe as great a proportional interest in the successful running of the business as has the employer. The basis of Pres. ASHLEY'S plan is eminently practical. It rates the labor of the employe as capital, expressed in its annual value in wages, and gives it exactly the same per cent of profit as the capital of the employer. We shall look with great interest for the practical outcome of this plan. That it will be an advantage to the company as well as to the employes, does not admit of a doubt, and we believe it will prove to be one of the best moves ever made by a railway corporation.

MORE LIVE STOCK AND CORN—LESS WHEAT AND TOBACCO.

The Louisville *Courier-Journal*, one of the wildest shriekers for free trade among the Democratic newspapers of the country, has an editorial article strongly advising the farmers of the tobacco districts to plant 40 per cent. less tobacco than usual, and add that to corn and live stock. Regarding the tobacco market, the *Courier-Journal* says:

> The markets of the world have been latterly more glutted with over-supply than ever before in modern times, and prices have been dragging lower than at any previous time in a quarter of a century. This does not mean at all that the world has gone back on tobacco. Tobacco was never more popular and never was the outside world more dependent on the American supply; but it simply means that tobacco is suffering a temporary eclipse from overproduction. Nothing can cure the tobacco market but the opposite of what produced its sickness—overproduction must be cured by underproduction.

Here is sound common sense. There is too much tobacco produced; the result is, the price is so low that the farmer receives a poor return for his crop. There is overproduction. The sensible remedy is to plant less, so that the production will not be greater than the demand, in order that the price may go up to a paying figure.

Now, why not apply the same sound reasoning to the overproduction of wheat? The price is so low that it is not a remunerative crop to farmers, especially those living far distant from the commercial centers. There is a decided overproduction. The world raises more grain than is necessary to make the bread he eats. More money could be made by raising live stock and corn. The same paper states the case regarding these as follows:

> Hogs are selling $3 to $3.50 per head above the average of the last three years at this season, the supply in the West having been reduced 6 per cent. by disease, and still more by close marketing; the cattle supply west of the Mississippi river, including the immense stock of range cattle, is fully one-third smaller than the average of the last three years, and, while prices are not high just now, the cause of the failure to advance has been the very large forced marketing of the poor, thin and half-starved and half-matured cattle which survived, but in a very damaged condition, the hardships in the ranges, which destroyed so many thousands, but the ultimate effect of this must necessarily be strongly in favor of cattle prices; the supply of corn in the country at large is estimated to be reduced very materially below an average; the prices of wool and mutton are 20 to 25 per cent. higher than the averages of late years, etc. We might continue the contrast, but this is certainly enough to show that there are far greater inducements to cultivate grain and live stock very largely in 1887 than have been known in a number of years.

We agree fully with all our Kentucky contemporary says, and believe the course indicated is not only advisable for tobacco planters but for the farmers of the West and Northwest who devote much attention to wheat-growing. We cannot forbear, however, expressing our surprise that our free trade contemporary gives such sensible advice. It departs entirely from the teachings of the free traders. With the latter, the remedy for the low price of wheat is to remove the tariff. True, it is impossible to see how this would cause the people of the world to eat more bread than they do; but that is the approved free trade trade remedy for over-production. The *Courier-Journal* should at once advocate the removal of the duty on tobacco, for the relief of the Kentucky tobacco growers. But that paper knows better. It knows that such a course would be the ruin of the tobacco industry in America, and hence departs from its free trade foolishness long enough to talk some sense upon this matter.

THE Democratic primary elections for delegates to the state convention in Kentucky show that Gen. BUCKNER, who surrendered to GRANT at Ft. Donelson, will be the Bourbon nominee for governor.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Sec. Lamar is said to be suffering with hay fever.

Prof. Tyndall has resigned from the Royal Institute.

A little briarwood pipe adds much to Gen. Sherman's happiness.

Moody will continue preaching daily in Chicago for some time longer.

The Emperor of Japan has just completed a tour of the chief cities in his kingdom.

The Mexican government has pensioned a mother who "owns up" to 28 living children.

Henry George gets $200 for an hour's talk. And it's no "great shakes" of talk at that.

Dr. Norvin Green, president of the Western Union Telegraph company, is in poor health.

Mr. Pulitzer is said to be preparing to issue a Philadelphia annex to the New York *World*.

Ex-Gov. Raul, of Colorado, says that the days of fancy cattle-growing in the far West has gone by.

William Walter Phelps has given $25,000 to Yale College to encourage the study of political economy.

The Astors, of New York, own about 7,000 houses and keep several architects in constant employment.

Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, who is now on a concert tour, is requesting the ladies in her audiences to remove their hats.

Count Von Moltke is the oldest member of the German Reichstag, though 24 of his colleagues are more than 70 years old.

Sen. Reagan and ex-Sen. Maxey have taken the stump for Prohibition in Texas. An excited campaign has already begun.

Gen. Noyagagama of the Japanese army is doing Niagara Falls with a party of his countrymen. The guides call him "Nag" for short.

Pennsylvania has employed the first woman as a railroad official, and in the important capacity of treasurer. Women are "getting there."

David Matthews, the engineer who ran the first passenger train in America on the Mohawk & Hudson railroad in 1831, is still living in California.

Col. Noah E. Smith, who died at Laconia, N. H., the other day, will be remembered for his services in piloting Gen. Scott's army into the City of Mexico.

A Western man who foretold the nominations of Hayes, Garfield, Hancock and Blaine, says that Sherman will be the Republican nominee in 1888.

The English residents of Brussels will mark the Queen's jubilee by raising a monument to the memory of the English soldiers who fell at Waterloo.

Judge McConnell, the new chief justice of Montana, is an aggressive temperance man. He closed up every saloon in his judicial circuit in Tennessee.

A Boston girl who discovered that exercise in the gymnasium caused her hand to require a glove one size larger was never seen in the gymnasium again.

Lieut. Henn, who commanded the Galatea in the yacht race last summer, predicts that the Mayflower will beat the new Scotch yacht, Thistle, this season.

The queen of Servia has separated from King Milan, her husband, and has returned to her family in Russia, on account of political and domestic differences.

John W. Bookwalter, the millionaire Democratic politician of Ohio, is reported about to marry a Democratic lady. He has been a widower for twenty years.

Patti, it is said, never lets any liquid other than cold cream touch her face. Then any school girl, fresh from a morning ablution in cold water, need not envy Patti.

Ruskin advises students, after they have learned all they want, to learn "wholesomely to hold their tongues," a piece of advice singularly at variance with his own practice.

The latest Washington fad is to speak English with a French accent. Some of these times perhaps the latest fad will be to speak English with an American accent.

Queen Victoria's jubilee gifts would fill a storehouse as large as Windsor Castle. It is said that she has given many of them away for want of a proper place to put them.

The Woman's *Journal*, of Boston, says that "some of the best men in this country are journalists." And who knows a good man when she sees him better than a good woman?

Rev. Joseph Parker, of London, has consented to deliver the Beecher eulogy at Brooklyn June 24, and will thriftily improve his visit to this country by the inevitable lecture tour.

Queen Ranavalona III. of Madagascar, is a brave young woman, only 25 years of age, and is said to be a sincere Christian. About 400,000 of her people also profess the Christian religion.

That E. P. Roe should have made $7,000 from his novel, "He Fell In Love With His Wife," is not remarkable in this age, when the sensational and improbable is the popular basis for fiction.

Abraham Lincoln once said: "When a man once gets the taste of the Presidency in his mouth it is right hard to spit it out." It is not believed that Mr. Cleveland is trying very hard to spit it out.

Baron Von Tavera, the new Austrian minister at Washington, is a bachelor about 40 years of age, who speaks English fluently. The baron is in imminent danger of capturing an American wife.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox's husband is a natty drummer for a Connecticut silverware house, the nephew of a millionaire uncle. All the money that Ella takes in from her poetry is devoted to charity.

Mr. C. H. Spurgeon, the London preacher, was recently invited to come over and address the North Carolina Teachers' assembly, but declined, saying that he is "chained to the oar" in his work at home.

George W. Childs has an income of $1,000 a day, and a friend who once saw his account book says it showed that in one month of thirty days, the philanthropist gave away $28,000 for charity.

George W. Cable, the novelist, is said to have remarkable success as a Sunday-school teacher. Some other novelists might atone for the evil they do six days in the week by this kind of work on Sunday.

John A. Pearson, of Indianapolis, has a silver dollar of the 1804 coinage, for which John T. Raymond once offered him $800. He has received other very flattering offers for the coin, which is now very rare.

Congressman Randall is a good fighter, but his gout is getting the best of him. He has given up the country place near Philadelphia, which he hired for several years, and will go where he can take mineral baths.

George Bancroft, the venerable historian, visited Lookout Mountain the other day, and said it was the grandest view his eyes ever saw. In all his travels he had never seen any scenes to exceed its sublime grandeur.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Carleton made their recent Southern trip largely to find, if possible, the grave of his eldest brother, who died at Selma, Ala., soon after his release from a rebel prison-pen. In this search they were not successful.

The receipts from the rental of the premises in the city of New York used for the sale of liquors amounts to $5,000,000 a year. The high-license law will cut this down and give the other lines of business a chance in Gotham.

S. B. Elkins now claims West Virginia as his place of residence, and if the state should be carried by the Republicans it is thought Elkins would be its United States Senator. When there are any plums of that kind to be gathered Mr. Elkins will at least have a hand in shaking them down.

M. J. Ezekiel, the Cincinnati sculptor in Rome, who was recently knighted by the King of Italy, has received from his Royal Highness, the Grand Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, the cavalier's cross of merit for art and science with the diploma belonging to it, and a notable autograph letter.

Mrs. Mary Savage, of Greenwood, Mass., is 84 years old and has a daughter aged 56, a granddaughter aged 36, a great-granddaughter aged 17 and a great-great granddaughter aged 8 months. It is an unbroken line of females of five generations.

Ohio has been the mother of artists. Among her sons who have won fame with the brush or knife are Thomas Cole, Hiram Powers, James H. Beard, W. H. Powell, Worthington Whittridge, J. Q. A. Ward, A. S. Wynant, W. L. Sontag, John J. Einekin, the late B. F. Reinhart and the late J. S. Wales.

A correspondent who claims to speak by the card says that the President will go to St. Louis in the autumn, then to Birmingham, and from there to Atlanta, where he will remain a week or more. Sec. Lamar will accompany him. Mrs. Cleveland will not go, owing to her aversion to long-distance traveling.

Literary people do not all starve in these days. Howells gets $15,000 from the Harpers, and Gilder $10,000 from the *Century*. Will Carleton makes $10,000 out of his poems and lectures, and Mrs. Burnett's stories bring her a snug $8,000 a year. The sales of Lew Wallace's "Ben Hur" have reached 165,000 copies, and his royalties afford him an assured income.

Sec. Whitney has established a complete system of espionage over his employes. He has a day-book and ledger kept by one of his private secretaries, in which is recorded the daily work of each clerk in the department. The time they arrive in the morning, leave in the evening, and the amount of time they are absent from their posts during the day are all noted in the books.

Mrs. James K. Polk gave the historian Bancroft a public reception at her home near Nashville Monday, which was one of the most brilliant social events of the season in that city. Mrs. Polk said: "It so reminded me of the receptions at the White House when Mrs. Bancroft and I received together. He is the only member of Mr. Polk's Cabinet living." Mr. Bancroft is finding many objects of interest in and around Nashville.

Birdie Fair, the only daughter of California's bonanza senator, was 11 years old recently, and had a fancy dress party in honor of the event. The supper table contained a representation of the ocean with a mermaid driving a team of four crabs through the waves. An immense pie was placed before Miss Birdie, which, when she had cut round the edge and lifted the top crust, two dozen live canary birds flew out of it. The whole gorgeous affair was like a dream from the Arabian Nights.

THE NEW YORK INSANE ASYLUM

To be Thoroughly Investigated—Shocking Stories of Cruelty and Ill-Treatment Told by Former Patients.

BUFFALO, N. Y., April 25.—The grand jury of the Supreme court will, to-day, inquire as to the death of Charles W. Brown at the state asylum for the insane. Four of his ribs were broken, and three of his attendants have been charged with manslaughter for inflicting the injuries. One of the witnesses will be Mary Grant, who, yesterday, made a sworn statement of her experiences while an inmate of the asylum. She was placed there on May 1, 1885, after having been brutally treated by her husband. She says:

"The first night I was in the asylum I was given some kind of disagreeble medicine, which stupefied me. I refused to take it, but one of the attendants took me by the throat and the other caught me by the hair and forced the medicine down my throat. That night I was frightened almost to death by seeing two attendants in night-gowns holding dark lanterns, which they thrust into my face. I became deathly sick, and for a number of weeks was prostrated in bed, scarcely eating any food. I requested them to send for the priest, as I believed I would never get out of bed alive. I was in the 'disturbed' female ward. I could not rest for hearing dreadful language and seeing awful sights."

Mrs. Grant says that she was placed in an iron crib like a prison, and her horror was so great that she wondered it did not drive her crazy. She prayed that death would relieve her. In her affidavit she also says:

"I saw a lady patient ill-treated one morning in the dining-room. While sitting at the breakfast table she refused to eat, when the attendant, Miss Lewis, blew a whistle and a half dozen attendants came running into the room, knocked her down and stamped upon her. There was no reason for such harsh treatment, as the poor thing was not violent. It was done to terrify the rest of us.

"I saw another terrible scene in the laundry, when a patient was sent there to work. As soon as she entered the door she ran toward the steam mangle and put her arm between the metal rollers and the bones were crushed into jelly and I could smell the burned flesh and blood. Her cries were heart-rending.

"I also saw a 'disturbed' patient jump from the bath-room window, and as she was going through the attendant caught her by the hair, which came out in a handful. The poor thing fell three or four stories, and I heard that she broke her arm. I looked out and saw her in the snow. I don't know whether she received any other injuries or not.

"We did not hear much about what was going on. Those affairs which I described I saw myself. I was detained there longer than was necessary because I was thought to be a hard working patient for the laundry. I have been out of the asylum over two years,and have since supported myself and my boy."

Abram White, of Perry, who says his ribs were broken is also to be a witness. He says that the cruelties practiced at the asylum are terrible. Supt. Andrews says that he wants a thorough investigation, and the district attorney intends to make it.

THE DUSKY QUEEN

Will Visit Washington, Boston and New York During Her Stay in America—Her Personal Appearance.

NEW YORK, April 25.—The approaching visit of the queen of Hawaii to Washington will not be any public ceremonial, although she travels under her full title and with suite. She will probably rest for some days in San Francisco in order to overcome the effects of her sea voyage, and then proceed to the capital city without delay to pay her respects to the President, as required by diplomatic etiquette.

After her call upon Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland and their response, it is possible that a reception may be given in her honor at the White House, invitations being limited to official society and a few prominent persons outside of it. This, however, is not settled. After a visit of four or five days in Washington the queen will go to Boston and New York and then embark for Liverpool, her movements being somewhat hurried by the fact that she is to be one of the royal guests at Queen Victoria's jubilee birthday celebration on the 24th of May.

The Queen is described as a fine-looking woman, several shades lighter in color than her husband, who is uncommonly dark for a Hawaiian. He sprang from the line known in the traditions of the kingdom as the "black family." She is a daughter of one of the great chiefs, and was the widow of another even more celebrated, when she was raised to the throne. She speaks no language except the native tongue, and will have to hold all communication with her American and English entertainers through an interpreter. She is of the most amiable character, much beloved by Christian missionaries in the islands, and devotes e great deal of her attention to charitable works. At home the king's sisters have always borne a more conspicuous share in the court ceremonials than she, and one who is still living, and who accompanies her on the present journey, is quite an accomplished linguist.

BLAINE AND SHERMAN.

The Former Will Sail For Europe in June and the Latter will not Discuss Politics—That Cuban Story a Hoax.

NEW YORK, April 25.—Friends of Mr. Blaine in New York have received dispatches from him, in which he says he is recovering strength steadily and feels much improved.

In one dispatch he said that it was his wish and intention to go from Chicago directly through to Boston, without stopping in New York. The death of his brother, Maj. Blaine, at Hot Springs, Ark., has changed somewhat his plans for the summer. He was to sail for Europe on May 22, but it is now understood that he will not sail until the middle of June. In the meantime he will rest quietly at Augusta.

Sen. Sherman, who is at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, has come from Washington with his daughter, Miss Mamie Sherman, to remain until the wedding of her friend, Miss Florence Hoyt, daughter of Alfred Hoyt. The wedding will occur on Wednesday and Miss Sherman will be one of the bridesmaids.

The Senator was found on Saturday listening to the narration of war stories by his brother, Gen. Sherman, who was entertaining three or four friends in the senator's room. The senator was not inclined to discuss public questions, because, he says, undue prominence is given to whatever is published as coming from him, and he prefers to remain quiet. The story of an attempt to kidnap him in Cuba, he pronounced a huge joke. There was nothing in his experience in Cuba to give the slightest foundation to the story.

HORRIBLE AFFAIR.

Terrible Deed of a Crazed Negro—An Almost Incredible Statement.

TEXAS, April 26.—Caleb Foster, a negro living near the south line of Harrison county, suddenly became crazed a few days ago, snatched his three-year-old child by the legs and dashed its brains out against a tree and ran with the body to the creek bottom, where he was ineffectually followed by his family. Assistance was procured and he was finally captured.

When found, Foster was rending the child's body with his teeth, spitting flesh on the ground and all the time jabbering to himself. Upon being captured he was conveyed to his home and closely guarded. Three days after, recovering his normal condition and not seeing his little son playing around his bed, he inquired for him. The truth was not told him and a strict investigation showed conclusively he retained no remembrance of the awful tragedy in which he had been the chief actor.

CHANGE IN LABOR RANKS.

The Glass Workers Effecting a Strong Organization—Will Leave the Knights of Labor.

PITTSBURG, April 25.—The glass packers will again apply for admission to the Flint Glass Workers' union at the convention to be held by that organization in July. Application was made at the last convention, but it was refused because of the packers in the East were not organized.

Organizers were accordingly sent out, and the whole trade, East and West, is now in the Knights of Labor. The proposal to leave the order and join the union is expected to meet with strong resistence from other Knights of Labor, but it will be carried out. This change will carry over to the Flint Glass Workers' union between 1,400 and 1,500 men already thoroughly organized.

It Hurts the Stone Quarries, Too.

KEENE, N. H., April 26.—The inter-state commerce law has had an unfortunate effect upon the stone quarries at Marlborough. Six thousand tons of paving blocks are standing beside the railroad tracks waiting for some modification in the law. Large contracts had been made for paving blocks to be shipped to Cincinnati at a former profit of 15 cents per yard. The new tariff to Cincinnati increases the rate 50c per yard. Recently an order for 1,000 cars, or 60,000 tons, was necessarily refused under the increased rates.

FIGHTING SHILOH OVER AGAIN.

Jeff. Davis Shows How the Battle Was Nearly Won for the Confederates and Then Was Lost—A Slap at Beauregard.

NEW ORLEANS, April 25.—Jefferson Davis has replied to the communication of Gen. Beauregard, printed Sunday, animadverting on the remarks of the former delivered at the time of the unveiling of the bronze equestrian statue of Albert Sidney Johnston, at Metairie cemetery, in this county, April 6. The president of the late confederacy says:

"My remarks were unpremeditated, and under the circumstances it would have been very difficult, if not impossible, to make an exact report. It seems, however, to have been sufficiently clear to be understood by the writer of the communication, who undertakes to reduce a quotation to plain language, and then in a quibbling explanation of his plain language shows that he knew the true meaning of my remarks.

"If he did not I will aid his understanding by specially stating that in my opinion the only mistake of Gen. Johnston in relation to the battle of Shiloh was in not personally making the order of march from Corinth towards Pittsburg Landing, for which his large experience in the movement of troops peculiarly qualified him, instead of intrusting that duty to Gen. Beauregard, his second in command, and who had seen comparatively little service with troops in the field. If in this way, as appears by contemporaneous statements, a day was needlessly spent on the march, it was a mistake with serious consequences.

"He follows with the bold assertion that I was mistaken in supposing the telegraphic dispatch had been lost in which Gen. Johnston explained to me his plan of battle. To prove my mistake the emphatic announcement is made it is not lost. One might reasonably expect, after such a declaration, that the dispatch described by me would be produced, but instead thereof there is given a dispatch reciting the order of march from Corinth and the assignment to positions on the field, and this is offered as the telegram now occupying our attention. A poor fulfillment of the hope suggested by the round assertion that the dispatch referred to by me had not been lost.

"In regard to the last dispatch I stated nothing new in my remarks the 6th inst. Both dispatches were lost, but the one published was supplied from the original in the possession of W. P. Johnston. It gave the order of march and the general disposition of battle. The other, as stated, was in a cipher agreed upon between Gen. Johnston and myself and only used on special occasions. The original, for obvious reasons, was not, therefore, to be found in his letter-book.

"I shall not notice in detail the self-laudation of the long communication under review, but will merely say that if Gen. Beauregard was the author of the plan of battle; if he was present throughout with the troops who fought it; if he was on the field when Johnston fell; if the enemy had not been driven from point to point, and if Gen. Beauregard throughout the whole day before, as well as after the death of Gen. Johnston, did direct the general movements of our forces, and did after the fall of his chief actively press the attack so that the right center of the enemy began to give way in confusion after Gen. Beauregard had assumed command, and if the order to retire was not given until after an attempt to make a concerted onslaught had been made, but, which, as he states, was desultory, without spirit or ardor, and failed in effect, and if it was not until just before sunset that he ordered a cessation of hostilities—then many eye-witnesses of good repute have greatly missed the important fact in regard to the battle of Shiloh, and especially as to how a victory was well-nigh won and how it was forfeited.

"Mere assertion will not rebut that mass of weighty evidence which has been adduced. I have no disposition to enter into this controversy, and did not mention Gen. Beauregard either by name or official designation in my remarks the 6th inst. He undertook to make plain as a reference to himself what might have been generally supposed to belong to some staff officer, but he knew the rightful owner, and claimed his own and proved that it could not refer to anything which happened on the field of Shiloh. It would have been more pertinent if he had shown that the order of march had been the cause of delay in the arrival of the troops at the point of junction."

ALL ON ACCOUNT OF A GHOST.

A Well-to-do Merchant Commits Suicide Because He was Haunted—Three People Saw the Vision.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., April 26.—Charles L. Beecher, who committed suicide Sunday, is now believed by many to have been driven to his death by a belief that he was haunted by the ghost of his wife. The fact that he took so much pains in preparing for his death is thought to indicate that his mind had given away. He first shot his pet dog and then seated himself in an easy-chair and took aim through the medium of a hand-mirror and put a bullet through his head.

He had previously told some of his neighbors that he could not live in the house owing to the frequent appearance of the spirit of his wife, who died about three months ago. He said that her figure, increased to twice its natural size, appeared to him on the wall of his room very often. The vision always seemed to be carrying a babe in its arms and this, he said, was the figure of an infant that his wife had lost.

Corroboration of the ghost story was given by a sixteen-year-old girl named Collar, who lives in the house adjoining the one occupied by Beecher. This girl, together with a servant employed in the house of L. L. Camp, near by, went into Beecher's house one evening at his invitation to see the ghost. Miss Collar says that a huge figure like a shadow did appear on the wall carrying a babe in its arms. Beecher sat in his chair and pointed to the apparition, exclaiming: "There she is, there's my wife."

Miss Collar says that she ran up to the wall and slapped the vision, but when she did so it moved off to another portion of the wall, and when she repeated the slapping operation the same thing took place. The servant girl, who was with her, says that she too saw the figure. Beecher has been seen moving things out of the house of late. Some say he did not treat his wife well towards the end of her life. When she died, one of the neighbors went to Medical Examiner White and told him that the case would bear investigation, but nothing ever came of it. Beecher was once a very well-to-do boot and shoe dealer here.

SEPARATION FROM CANADA.

The Question That Is Still Agitating Nova Scotia—Some Strong Resolutions.

NEW YORK, April 21.—A Halifax special says that the secession issue has again come within the range of practical politics. It was thought that when Nova Scotia returned fourteen out of 21 Unionists at the recent elections for the Canadian parliament, thus reversing the previous secession majority, that the question had been finally set at rest. In the legislature, yesterday, however, Premier Fielding brought down a long series of resolutions reiterating the alleged grievances which Nova Scotia suffers from the confederation with Canada, and concluding as follows:

Resolved, That this House strongly reaffirms her declaration of the last House that Nova Scotia suffers great disadvantages, and declares its opinion that unless material changes take place in the financial affairs and commercial relations, whereby the position of the province is improved, the discontent in Nova Scotia will continue and increase, and it will be necessary again to submit the question of separation from Canada to the people of this province for their decision.

The resolution will be discussed to-day, and, it is understood, another general election will take place early in the summer.

NOVA SCOTIA AND THE UNION.

A Move Looking to Unrestricted Commercial Intercourse.

HALIFAX, N. S., April 26.—In the provincial assembly last evening Attorney General Longley gave notice of a resolution which he intended to introduce on a future day, expressing the desirability of unrestricted commercial intercourse between Nova Scotia and the United States.

The resolution refers favorably to the propositions contained in the Butterworth bill introduced into Congress at the last session. Mr. Longly, in giving this notice, stated that his resolution must be understood to embody the opinions of the Provincial government, as he took the responsibility of introducing it, and wished an expression of the views of the house.

Barb Wire Infringements.

DES MOINES, Ia., April 20.—The Iowa Barb Wire manufacturing company of Marshalltown, through R. E. Sears, president, has begun suit in the Federal court here against Washburn & Moen for $1,250,000 damages for infringement of patents used in their business. Some time ago the Marshalltown company came into possession of the Burnell patents, whose distinctive features were sustained and protected by a decision of the Federal court at St. Louis a few weeks ago. Mr. Sears claims Washburn & Moen have continued to use machines that infringed on the Burnell patents, notwithstanding the order of the court.

Interesting Bible Statistics.

The following statistics are worthy of preservation:

The books of the Old Testament, 39.

The chapters in the Old Testament, 929.

Verses in the Old Testament, 23,241.

Words in the Old Testament, 592,430.

Letters in the Old Testament, 2,728,100.

The books in the New Testament, 27.

The chapters in the New Testament, 260.

Verses in the New Testament, 7,959.

Words in the New Testament, 181,253.

Letters in the New Testament, 838,380.

The Apocrypha has chapters, 183.

The Apocrypha has verses, 7,081.

The Apocrypha has words, 152,185.

The middle chapter and shortest in the Bible is Psalm, cxvii.

The middle verse is the 8th of Psalm, cxvii.

The word "and" occurs in the Old Testament 36,543 times.

The word "Jehovah" occurs 6,865 times.

The word "and" occurs in the New Testament 10,604 times.

The middle book of the Old Testament is Proverbs.

The middle chapter of the Old Testament is Job, 29.

The middle verse of the Old Testament is II. Chronicles, xxi. 17.

The shortest verse of the Old Testament is I. Chronicles, 1., 25.

The longest verse in the Old Testament is Ester, viii. 9.

The middle book of the New Testament is II. Thessalonians.

The middle chapters of the New Testament are Romans, xiii. and xiv.

The middle verse of the New Testament is Acts, xvii. 17.

The shortest verse in the New Testament is John xi. 35.

Verse 22, chapter 7, of Ezra has all the letters of the alphubet except j.

Chapter 19 of II. Kings and chapter 37 of Isaiah are alike.

A Real Estate Boom.

Mary had a little lot, and thought she'd better sell; she placed it on the market, and the way that lot did—well, it sold four times within a week, and every time it went, the lucky man who bought it cleared 99 per cent. "What makes town lots go flying so?" the eager buyers cry. "Toledo's on a boom, you know," the agents do reply. And so the owners mark them up, yet buyers do not squeal, but run impatiently about for fear they'll lose a deal.

How Kissing as Introduced.

The story runs that kissing was introduced into England by Rowena, the daughter of Hengist, the Saxon. At a banquet which was given by the British monarch in honor of his allies, the Princess, after pressing the brimming beaker to her lips, saluted the astonished and delighted Vortigern with a little kiss, after the manner of her own people.—*Highlander.*

A Business oman.

"And is this to be the end of all?" said O'Reilly DeVere, as he seized the girl's hand.

"This is about the size of it," she replied coldly. "You tell me that your employer has refused to raise your salary!"

"Yes," cried the youth, eagerly, "but next year—"

"Excuse me," she interrupted, with arctic frigidity, "but I'm not investing in futures—not this week."—*Tid-Bits.*

Rough on the Babies.

It is very evident that Cleveland does not think much of the coming generation, and especially of that portion bearing his name. He told Mrs. Cleveland that so many babies had been named after him that he is afraid in twenty years that the penitentiaries will be full of Grover Clevelands. Our President must think there is no longer any luck in his name.

Cut It Short.

The secret of good talking is to have something to say, say it well, cut it short, and be ready to listen. The best talker who will not listen is a bore and a nuisance, and so the verdict is given against him every time. To know how to be silent in many languages is a great accomplishment, possessed by few.—*Wheeling Intelligencer.*

Complicated Anger.

Gilhooly—"You say your wife is in bad humor?"

Pennybunker—"Yes, you bet she is."

"What is she mad about?"

"In the first place, she got mad at the servant girl, then she got mad at me because I didn't get mad at the servant girl, and now she is mad at herself because she got mad at the servant girl. Do you understand?"

Fine and Costly Gowns.

Every inch of the dress her majesty will don on the occasion of her forthcoming jubilee will cost more than all the coronation robes and combs and swords used by her predecessors up to the middle of the seventeenth century. This again wil show what changes time has wrought in its steam-like course.—*London Letter.*

A Continuous Lie.

A clerical gentleman recently met a couple of legal friends looking on at the erection of the new court-house. The clergyman inquired: "Have you come, in accordance with the old invitation, to 'view the ground where ye shall shortly lie?'" Immediately one of the lawyers replied: "Not 'shortly,' but continuously and at great length."

An Appropriate Costume.

The Paris Press club is to give a soiree soon, and the ladies' costumes must represent a newspaper in some shape or other. Says an editor to his wife: "We shall have the paper represented by la petite Zelie." "But what costume will she wear?" "To represent a newspaper she shall of course go as a page."—*New York Herald.*

Right From Headquarters.

Wife (to late husband)—Where have you been, John?

Husband (conscious that prevarication would futile)—T' tell truth m' dear, I (hic) stop'd in s'loon t' get glass beer.

Wife—John, you never accomplished thaat load in a saloon. You've been to a brewery.

It ould Knock Her Out.

The Empress of Germany gives a golden cross to every servant in the empire who remains 40 years in one situation. If her majesty would come to America and make that offer to every girl who had 40 places in one year, she could go into total bankruptcy with no assets in one week.—*Burdette.*

Too Robust for the Dish.

Mrs. Hendricks, the landlady (complacently)—Yes; it is an exquisite butter-dish, I think. Pure crystal, and so delicate that I am in constant torments for fear the servants may break it. It was a present.

Dumley—I should think you would be afraid to put this butter in it.—*Puck.*

Attend Church at Last.

"On next Sunday," said Father Maguire to his congregation, "the funeral of A. B. will be held in this church. I shal preach a funeral sermon on the occasion, and the man himself will be here—the first time in twenty years."—*Chicago Living Church.*

he Old Mother ill Re [illegible]

A careful canvass appears to show that Virginia, "the mother of presidents," will be opposed to Pres. Cleveland in 1888. This is natural, as there aren't many mugwumps in Virginia, while there are a great many Democrats.—*New York Tribune.*

For Two Cents.

Journalists get more free advice than any other class of people, and it is not strange that newspapers have advice left over which they can afford to give away.

In Deep Water All the Time.

The official title of the governor of Rhode Island is captain general of Rhode Island and Providence plantations. The title runs out of the state into deep water.

Accommodating.

Deacon—It pains me, Mr. Beggs, to see you coming out of a barroom.

Mr. Beggs—All right, deacon! Anything to save your feelin's. I'll go right in again.—*Judge.*

It Falls on the Stove.

Who takes care of the Kansas baby while the ma, pa, and the hired girl are at the polls?—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

SOUTH BEND CHILLED PLOW CO.,
SOUTH BEND, IND., March 1, 1887.

H. W. JOHNS M'F'G. CO.,
87 Maiden Lane, New York.

Gentlemen:—We have in use over Fifty Thousand feet of your Asbestos Roofing, some of it for eight years. In fact, the largest part of our mammoth Plow Works is covered with it, and we shall want more. Very respectfully,

J. C. KNOBLOCK, President.

Samples and Descriptive Price-Lists free.

FACTS ABOUT PEOPLE.

W. W. Corcoran, the Washington philanthropist, is said to pay taxes on $1,900,000 worth of property.

The President and Mrs. Cleveland have gone into summer quarters at Oak View, sometimes called Red Top.

Gens. Rosecrans and Fullerton will contribute to the May *Century* articles on military operations about Chattanooga.

The Kings county (New York) Republican General committee has appropriated $250 toward the Beecher monument fund.

Sen. Morrill, of Vermont, is 78 years old and in good health. We shall have some Gladstones, Bismarcks and Von Moltkes in this country after awhile.

King M'wanga, of Africa, is opposed to single blessedness. He is 18 years old and has 1,000 wives. A family jar in his household is suggestive of an earthquake.

The recent visit of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone to Windsor, when they dined and slept at the castle, was their first experience of the sort. Mr. Gladstone has only been a guest there before in an official capacity, when he was in the cabinet.

It is funny that Mark Twain should laugh outright in church when the preacher says something which he doesn't believe, but the funniest thing is that Mark Twain should be in church at all.

Thomas Wight of Otisfield, "the most eccentric man in Maine," died recently at the age of 90, having never in his life been ill a day. He is said to have eaten a half pint of ashes every day for many years, but this is probably a concentrated lie.

Mrs. Dinah Mulock Craik thinks that women united to bad husbands ought for their children's sake to leave them; not by divorce, which only enables the bad men to make other women unhappy, but by judicial separation.

Gen. Greely, chief of the Signal Service, finds its difficult to get acclimated at Washington, and is obliged to leave that city every few weeks to recuperate. But how well the climate seems to agree with Attorney-General Garland!

Edward Stokes, the slayer of Jim Fisk, has prospered in worldly affairs. Besides running the Hoffman House, he owns the Merchants and Bankers' Telegraph company and is the manager of "Bonanza" Mackey's telegraph interests.

Senator Hearst's paper, the San Francisco *Examiner*, recently devoted an entire page to the vigorous booming of William T. Coleman, the San Francisco twenty-millionaire, who has erected a golden-tipped lightning-rod in the vain hope that it may be struck by the Presidential lightning.

Doorkeeper Donelson, of the House of Representatives, is said to be the handsomest man in Washington. He is six feet tall, with iron-grey hair, curling mustache, a clear complexion and brilliant steel-blue eyes. Col. Donelson is so extremely pretty that no one is willing to run against him for the place he now holds.

Rev. D. H. Webster, who is now a preacher in Illinois, is the author of the famous song, "Lorena." It was sung everywhere on its appearance years ago, and became the "Annie Laurie" of the Union army during the civil war. Its origin lay in the rejection by Miss Blocksom, of Zanesville, O., of Webster's addresses. Miss Blocksom afterwards married the late Judge Johnson, of the Ohio Supreme court.

George W. Childs has two maxims which stand him in good stead. They are: "Do the best and leave the rest," and "What can't be cured must be endured." These bits of philosophy and the habit of taking long walks keep Mr. Childs in a state of unruffled temper. He is a great pedestrian. He will not go anywhere in a vehicle if he can travel on foot. He walks from his town house to his office and back every day.

A Very Remarkable Man Who is Doing a Very Remarkable Work.

Extract from a Letter from Hot Springs, Ark.

* * * I met and made the acquaintance of a very remarkable man who is well worth more study than I had time to give him, namely, C. D. Keep, of New York. Mr. Keep is a man of perhaps 40 years of age, who went to New York 11 years ago to "seek his fortune."

He had had some journalistic experience, and, after the regular ups and downs on the press of New York, became financial editor of the *Times*. Mixing and mingling with Wall street and its operations, he, of course, became an operator in a small way, which operations were increased in extent and magnitude as he learned the street and its magnates. He was for some years the righthand man of the heaviest operators on the street, and had opportunities for making money enjoyed by but few. But nothing could keep him from his first love, journalism, though his tastes were such that whatever paper he controlled must have a Wall street flavor. He established the *Wall Street News* which, in a very short time, by sheer honesty and truth-telling, regardless of fear and favor, became the one paper devoted to finance, or that branch of it represented by stock and bonds, in which everybody had absolute confidence. He continued to operate, as well as edit and publish his paper, and the two made him a very wealthy man.

Now you can imagine the surprise of Wall street to see a level-headed broker, and an equally level-headed editor and publisher, branch suddenly out into a proprietory medicine.

It took the street by surprise, as it did his correspondents all over the United States. But, all the same, last November the city of New York was electrified by a new remedy for coughs, colds, bronchitis, catarrh, etc., under the exceedingly singular title of "K-Wren." Whether it was the singularity of the name, or the singularity of the proprietorship will never be known, but certainly K-Wren sprang into a popularity at once that was something astounding in the annals of proprietory remedies.

There was nothing singular in the extent of its first sale, for Mr. Keep's proprietership and the name itself gave it a send-off. Its continuance is proof positive of absolute merit. The whole list of singers, headed by Patti, use it for their throats, the great actors from Booth down, including Langtry, all testify to its merits in cases of throat troubles, and put their commendations in writing over their own signatures. Statesmen like Blaine, clergymen like Collier, in fact, every distinguished person, almost, in the United States using it has found benefit in it and has endorsed it.

The sales amount to something over $3,000 per day. Mr. Keep has erected a large factory in New Jersey for its manufacture, and it bids fair within a year from its beginning to be the most extensively used article of the kind in the world. It does exactly what is is recommended to do. It will stop a cough instanter, and its continued use has proved its certainty in desperate cases of lung diseases and the most offensive cases of catarrh.

This article is prepared in two forms under the same name. One is in the form of a balsam which is retailed at 50c and $1.00 per bottle, according to the size, and the other, which is in the most common use, is in the form of a troche, which is sold at 10, 15 and 25 cents per box. It has spread all over the United States, and every one who uses it once becomes its votary ever afterwards.

Mr. Keep's principal office is 49 Exchange Place, New York city, and those who cannot procure the article at their drug store can get either the troche or balsam by remitting the price to the above address.

There is no question as to its value—that has already been proved by too many, and among the rest by myself. It is in general use here—the resident physicians all prescribing it. Mr. Keep bids fair to make a greater success with this famous preparation than he did with his newspaper or stock operations, brilliant as they were.

J. G. D.

IMPRESSIONS OF GOTHAM.

There is an advantage to a stranger visiting New York city for the first time, in reaching the metropolis by one of the railway ferries. When you pass the great doors of the ferry-house, you find yourself at once in the midst of the whirl and rush of the great city. You are dazed and excited, and feel a sort of wild desire to rush forward at a headlong rate with a confused impression that there is danger of being left if you stand still. At least that was the experience of the present writer under the above circumstances, and it was with a sense of relief that the offer of a friendly arm was accepted to aid in threading the the hurrying crowd until a Broadway car could be reached.

That first trip up Broadway on one of Jacob Sharp's street cars was a thing never to be forgotten. The sense of confusion and hurry continued, and there was a feeling that everything new, or novel, or interesting, must be seen at once, and that nothing could safely be allowed to escape notice. I felt for the time being that it would be an advantage to be Argus-eyed, and then I could not have seen half I imagined that I was to see. But this sense of bewildered delight, this feeling of rush and hurry, soon passed away, and by the time the long ride up town was finished, I had to confess to a feeling of slight disappointment, and admit that there was nothing more wonderful on Broadway than upon the great streets in other large cities.

What did I expect? After reading and hearing graphic descriptions of the place, and allowing the imagination full sway on the subject, it is no wonder the realization for a while was not equal to the expectation. The wonder and vastness of it all has to grow upon one. It dawned upon me slowly but surely that I was in the midst of the greatest center of enterprise and industry in America. And the people? As Shakespeare says,

"What is the city but the people?
True, the people are the city."

To stand in some place where you can obtain a good view of the crowds upon the streets will give the impression that the people of New York are the most industrious and prosperous of any community in the world. To go from street to street, past block after block of stately buildings, will confirm that impression. It is here that genius and talent are welcomed and lifted to their proper level, with an unselfishness that none but a truly metropolitan community would be able to display.

The best illustration of this hospitable reception by the metropolis of all those who are worthy, is the Ohio society of New York. Its membership of over two hundred is made up of Ohioans who have gone on a pilgrimage to this modern Mecca, and pitched their tents within her gates. Among their number may be found some of the bravest of the veterans whom Ohio sent to the front in the "late unpleasantness," long since returned to the arts of peace,and filling distinguished and honored places in the metropolis. Its membership is represented in the New York bar, in the ranks of journalism, and in the business world; and the "Ohio man," with his proverbial push and ability, has made the name of his native state honored in all walks of active life.

You meet in the crowded streets representative men from every section, and people of every race that goes to make up our complex nationality. In this respect it is truly metropolitan. It is true also that these representative people are the best specimens of each race, class or section. In walking on the business streets, or riding in any of the elevated railway cars, one meets with every phase of character. If any one has an interest in the study of human nature, a few weeks spent in New York are equal to a lifetime anywhere else.

If there is anything in rushing ahead, attending to one's own business, and in driving like mad until pulled up by a policeman, then New York people lead the rest of the country all the time. The hurry and energy are infectious. You can not stroll the busy streets without unconsciously adopting the universal drive; and you find yourself rushing along at your most rapid gait, as if you had an appointment to keep, or a bill to meet, and only a half minute to accomplish it. It is impossible to take things leisurely. You feel as if you were being left behind in the race of life, if you do not adopt the universal rush.

To me, Wall street and the locality immediately surrounding it is, during business hours, the very heart and focus of this resistless energy. The enormous business blocks are perfect hives of industry. They are colonies of offices, real cities within a city. I may say, too, in passing, that I was struck by the fact that the bustling, driving New Yorkers are luxurious even in their business habits. The great buildings of this section are magnificent structures in themselves, and the offices are furnished in luxurious keeping. Everything is elegant, and each building, from the ground to the topmost story, is in harmony, evincing a refined taste and luxurious habits, carried even into the daily business surroundings. This is true of offices and business quarters generally, with the single exception of the editorial rooms of the great newspapers. They are the same dismal, dreary, comfortless barracks which editors and reporters inhabit the country over.

Of course the chief center of interest to the sight-seer in Wall street is the Stock Exchange, where "bulls and bears" play an endless game of see-saw in their struggle for the mastery of the market. From the visitor's gallery, the floor below presents a very animated scene. There is a phase of human character exhibited there which is seen in hardly any other place. In the midst of this fierce struggle for wealth, these men are gay and light-hearted, and punctuate the battle for gold with practical jokes upon one another. There are few pursuits, so far as my experience goes, in which business and fun are intermingled to the extent they are on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange.

One thing that impressed me strikingly in the business men generally of New York, was the great frequency of bright-eyed, youthful faces, but crowned with gray hair. I will not attempt to account for the phenomenon, nor yet to decide whether the faces are remarkably well preserved, or the hair prematurely gray, or whether both things are measurably true. Whichever it be, the fact is worth recording in this brief chronicle of "impressions." They are a bright, active and youthful-looking body of men, save for the gray hairs; and when you meet them you find them also to be genial and sociable, generous and hospitable, and lovers of their wives and sweethearts—a combination of taste that marks the gentleman the world over.

This geniality and good nature, and the ready recognition of merit, which are noticeable traits of the typical New Yorker, are strikingly seen in the theaters. To one accustomed to the cold and lifeless audiences in our Toledo play-houses, the generous and hearty appreciation of good acting, in any first-class New York theater is most refreshing. The people go simply for amusement and entertainment, and not to coldly criticise. It seems to be an understood fact there (if not in Toledo) that a play is not to be judged by an arbitrary and unreal standard, but rather by its power to amuse. It is judged according to its class, not by a general standard of merit. Hence a new play is at once a success or a failure. It it pleases, it is a success. If it does not, it is withdrawn, and another substituted.

And last, but certainly not least, the women! They are bright, breezy and intelligent—at least the greater number of those the writer was fortunate enough to meet. They are unlike the proverbial Boston woman, inasmuch as they can combine true womanliness with intellectual pursuits, and do it so graciously and with so much tact that you feel the charm of both, without being awed at any exhibition of blue-stocking attainments. But to judge the New York woman by the standard of beauty of face and figure alone, without reference to mental endowments, the prettiest of them are to be found behind the counters of the stores. I do not know whether the shop-girls there are selected for their good looks or not, but the simple fact is that nowhere did I find so many lovely faces as among them.

S. M. K.

The Last Railroad Land Grant

In Iowa has been opened up to the public by the final settlement of the co-proprietorship of the companies. Fifty thousand acres of the most excellent agricultural land are now brought in the market by the enterprising Chicago land firm, FREDERIKSEN & Co. One large body, about 15,000 acres, is situated in Dickinson county, and a still larger one, about 20,000 acres, in Lyon county. The latter comprises a great number of improved farms.

The Metric System.

An argument for the teaching of the metric system of weights and measures may be found in the facts that from two-thirds to three-fourths of all commodities imported into the United States come weighed, measured and invoiced in the metric denominations. The advantages of the system are as obvious as those of the decimal system of currency over the clumsy English system of pounds, shillings and pence. But the difficulties in the way of effecting a change in this free country are enormous.

Icebergs Ahead.

The Prohibitionists are organizing for an active campaign down in North Carolina. We can clearly foresee that the end of this will be that the governor of North Carolina and the governor of South Carolina will not speak as they pass by. And there will be an end to gubernatorial oratory in this land.—*Burdette.*

★ A STRUGGLE FOR LIFE ★

It is my pleasure, if not, indeed, my absolute duty toward those who are struggling for very life against the deadly diseases of the Kidneys, to add my testimony to the already weighty evidence of the marvelous efficacy of Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. My wife was a hopeless case, abandoned by the physicians. Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy of Rondout, N. Y., was resorted to; not because any

HOPE WAS PLACED IN

it, but because nothing else remained. All means and medicines had been tested and all without avail. The effect was a little short of a miracle. At the second bottle she had regained strength, and continuing the treatment has fully recovered. You are certainly deserving of the unqualified gratitude of mankind for placing within reach a remedy which is destined to be such a boon to the afflicted. JAY SWEET, Albany, N. Y.

DR. D. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY,

Rondout, N. Y. All Druggists. $1; 6 for $5.

Publishers' Column.

TO TEMPERANCE WORKERS.

Important and Effective Helps—Two Indispensable Documents.

At the request of thousands of Temperance organizations, we have printed and have ready for delivery, the following important documents:

1. **Does Prohibition Prohibit? Being the truthful result of a tour through Maine, by D. R. Locke, Editor of the Blade. An impartial, truthful presentation of the subject, and every line a fact.**
2. **The Effect of Beer upon the Human System, being the testimony of Ten of the Most Eminent Physicians of Toledo, Ohio, as to the effect of Lager Beer, showing how the use of the stuff affects the various organs of the Human body.**

These documents are printed in eight large pages each, and should be circulated everywhere in the United States. No more telling matter was ever printed, and no more useful help was ever devised in the great work of "Pulverizing the Rum Power."

Prohibition Committees, Temperance organizations, open and secret, should spread them by the million.

We furnish them at cost of printing, posting, and packing, as follows:

10,000 lots	$30 00
1,000 lots	5 00
500 lots	4 00
100 lots	1 00

Sample dozen, by mail, post-paid, 25 cents. Single copies each, 5 cents.

Order at once and spread the light. If you want your neighbor to know exactly what Prohibition has done for Maine send for the leaflet on that subject, and if you want him to know what Beer is doing for the world send for the other. Both should be circulated by the million.

Address, (enclosing cash,) BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

The Most Liberal Offer Ever Made.

A Good Watch for an Hour's Work.

Any person—man, woman, boy or girl—who will raise a club of TEN for the WEEKLY BLADE, at its lowest and only price, One Dollar each, will receive a warranted Waterbury Watch, free, by mail.

To secure this valuable premium, the ten names must be sent in at one time, with the price, $10. No other terms will be regarded.

Any one can raise a club of Ten for the WEEKLY BLADE anywhere, in a very little time. It is easy to get subscribers for the BLADE, for everybody ought to have it, and 200,000 families will have it this winter.

Take hold at once and get your watch We will mail them, in every case, the day we receive the club.

We warrant every watch we send. There is no way in which a reliable time-piece can be so easily obtained.

A warranted watch for Ten yearly subscribers to the WEEKLY BLADE.

IN THE MATTER OF SEWING MACHINES.

Thousands of the readers of the BLADE will buy a sewing machine this winter. What one will you buy? There are many good ones and many bad ones, some excellent for certain kinds of work, and good for nothing else, and so on. But all of them are sold at a high price, higher than they should be, and in most cases too high for the purse of the average woman.

The cause of these high prices is easily understood. It results from the method of selling. The manufacturer makes a state agent for his machine, who opens an expensive office in a large city, and he must have an enormous salary or large commissions to live at all. The state agent makes district agents, the district agents make county agents, and so between the manufacturer and the farmer's wife there are three commissions or profits, all of which the farmer's wife pays. This is why the cheapest machine, sold on that plan, cannot be sold for less than $35.

The BLADE does business in quite another way. The BLADE manufactures the best machine on the market. It is a machine built upon an entirely new principle, and well built. There is no trouble about the quality of the machine. Thousands of them are in use, and they give absolute satisfaction. (Read the two statements in advertisement on 5th page.) Now, this splendid machine, better for work and better in finish, than any now sold, the BLADE now sells for $18, and throws in the WEEKLY BLADE for one year. How can it be done? As easily as falling off a log. The BLADE Company employs no agents, but the machine passes directly from its own factory to the house of the purchaser. There are no agents between us and you, who have to be paid; there are no leeches to take the blood out of you. We want a small profit and get it, and you have all the rest.

Now what we want to say is this. If you want a machine that you may depend upon, and want it at a price that you can afford, send $18 to the BLADE, Toledo, Ohio, and you will receive one as soon as steam can carry it, and you will receive in addition, the BLADE one year. Moreover, if you want one this winter, make your order now. We shall be overrun next month with orders, and you may be delayed.

Remit now, and get your machine in time.

Address all letters to "BLADE," Toledo, Ohio.

Temperance Cartoons—To Temperance Workers and Organizations.

We have published for as near gratuitous circulation as possible, five striking cartoons, illustrating the working of Rum as opposed to Temperance, of which millions have been sold all over the United States. They are intended to instruct the people through the eye. They are as follows:

No. 1.—Do you see any good coming out of it?

No. 2.—Which way would you have your Boy Go?

No. 3.—Which way would you have your Girl Go?

No. 4.—In which village would you bring up your Children?

No. 5.—This Farmer never drank Whisky. This Farmer drinks all he can get.

These pictures are the most effective instructors that have ever been published. They contrast the life of the drunkard and sober man, in property, wife and children, so sharply that he who runs may read, and understand as well. Millions of them have been pasted up in shops, on fences and dead walls, where they may be seen of men, and millions more should be.

We have made a price on these cartoons, which barely covers the cost of paper and postage:

Three copies of either	6 cents.
Six copies	10 cents.
Twenty-five copies	30 cents.
One Hundred copies	One dollar.

This gives no profit, the price covering only cost of printing, paper and postage. We contribute wrapping-paper and labor.

Send in your orders immediately, and paste them up where they will do the most good.

BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

This magnificent steel engraving has sold more than any picture we have published. It is a magnificent work of art, and worthy any home. It is a steel engraving, engraved by John Andrew for the New England Congregational Society, at a cost of $20,000. It is a complete illustration of Bunyan's immortal work, representing 100 of the scenes therein. The picture was originally sold at $1,000, and cannot be bought in art stores to-day for less. We send it to any address securely packed and post-paid for $1.25, or the picture and the BLADE one year for $2.00. It is a splendid work of art and should be in every home.

THE BLADE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

We have published seven different portraits, which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

MILITARY HEROES—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Logan.

RELIGIOUS HEROES—John Wesley, Charles Wesley, Martin Luther and John Calvin.

These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices:

Any one portrait	$ 25
The four divines	65
The four generals	65
The entire set of eight	1 15

Agents can do a good thing for themselves selling these pictures. Special rates made known upon application. Address

BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

Something More About Sewing Machines!

READ THIS CAREFULLY!

The Blade Sewing Machine

Is winning new laurels every day, and is making its way into public favor with a rapidity that no previous Machine every did. Why?

Because it is the best Machine on the market, a Machine built upon entirely new principles, and one which will do more kinds of work than any Machine made, and do it as well as the best, and better than most.

Because it is the Handsomest Machine made. Because it is the CHEAPEST. You have been paying from $35 to $45 for machines not so good nd not so Handsome.

You Get the Blade Machine and the Weekly Blade One Year for $18.

Which is less than half the price of the monopoly machines. Because it is a new machine, and not an old one re-built.

And mind you it is a HIGH ARM MACHINE, enabling you to handle your work easily, and is furnished with a complete set of Attachments, withou extra charge. AND IT IS WARRANTED BY THE BLADE COMPANY.

Now read these testimonials, and bear in mind we have thousands just as strong:

DODGE CITY, Kas.

The machine came in due time and in good order, and the freight bill to this place (Dodge City, Kas.,) was $1.99. It is every way perfectly satisfactory. The machine is first class in all its parts. Wife says it is as good a machine as she ever sewed on. It is simple, durable and light-running, and is a much finer-looking machine than we expected for the price. The Blade Co. is rendering a great service to housekeepers all over the land by producing so good a machine at so small a price. It is a daisy, and we take pride in recommending it to every body. You may publish this if you wish to.

W. J. ELLIOTT,
South West Kas. Con. M. E. Church.

YOUNG HICKORY, O.

Blade Company:

I received my sewing machine in good order and can say it far exceeds my expectations. It runs very light, and as far as sewing is concerned I have tried it until I am satisfied that it can't be beat, makes a beautiful stitch, as good, if not better than any I have ever sewed on, and I have used a number of first class machines. Can recommend it to any one that wants a good sewing machine for little money. I can use all the attachments save one and that is "foot hemmer and feller combined." There are instructions for using it, but I haven't got it. I would like you to send it to me.

VELLA WILSON.

If you want a machine order it at once. You should get in your order very soon.

Remember the Blade Sewing Machine and the Weekly Blade One Year for $18.

The Machine is the best in the world. It is a new machine, upon an entirely new principle, and manufactured by ourselves in our own factory.

FULL SET OF ATTACHMENTS.

ADDRESS

BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

THE TOLEDO
ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS
UNDER CHARGE OF
Prof. E. H. OSTHAUS
AND
MISS AMY R. KIRKPATRICK.
NEW BLADE BUILDING, Toledo, O.

The best facilities for an Art Education in the United States.

A Collection of over 1,000 Paintings for the use of Students.

ALSO THE FINEST ART GALLERY OF OIL PAINTINGS IN THE WEST.

For Particulars, address
D. Knight Carter, Actuary
TOLEDO, O.

A valuable pamphlet on Art Education sent free on application.

THE WATERBURY
"Nasby Watch,"

During the past year we have mailed a great many thousands of the famous

WATERBURY WATCHES

to our patrons, and they have almost u niversally given satisfaction.

Out of the enormous number mailed only a very small percentage have been found faulty, and as those were immediately sent back to us and either put in order or new ones sent, there has been practically no complaint.

The Waterbury Company warrant to us every watch we send; and therefore if one here and there does not perform according to guarantee, it is immediately replaced by one that will.

In making 1,500 a day of course there will be occasionally one that gets injured in going through the mails, but these are immediately made good.

There is less complaint about the Waterbury Watch than there is of any watch in the world.

As the manufacturers warrant them to us, we warrant them to our patrons. Every faulty watch is made good as soon as it can be got around in the mails.

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1 GRAND PRIZE OF	20,000	20,000
2 LARGE PRIZES OF	10,000	20,000
4 LARGE PRIZES OF	5,000	20,000
20 PRIZES OF	1,000	20,000
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100 "	300	30,000
200 "	200	40,000
500 "	100	50,000
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The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON - - - - EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

MISTRESS EMERGENCY.

V.—(Continued.)

The effort must be made to restore heat to the body as soon as possible. Various means may be used for this purpose, such as wrapping in hot woolen blankets, placing hot sand bags, or bottles filled with hot water, to the feet and under the arm pits, and keeping them there until somewhere near normal conditions are obtained. When the patient is sufficiently revived to swallow, hot tea or milk should be administered, or milk punch, and the inhaling of ammonia is also a good thing. Later on, you will have to vary your treatment according to the constitution of your patient. Some revive from such a shock very quickly, and can resume their usual habits almost immediately, while others require as careful nursing as if just recovering from a severe fit of sickness. In every case, though, sleep and rest, when convalescing, are very important. In fact that is a law which you must remember in all accidents where the system has been under a severe strain, or great pain has been experienced. I think I have told you this before," she said, turning to me, "but it is so important, that it will bear repeating, and I want Jenny to realize its necessity. I shall give her a list of articles which she will need for her emergency drawer, and among them will be an anodyne."

"How long may a person be under the water and yet be revived?" I asked a moment later. Mrs. Dent turned a quick look upon her cousin, and an almost agonized earnestness came into her eyes.

"That is a question very hard to answer," she responded, "for there is such a wide difference of opinion among medical authorities. Persons may be in the water for some little time, and yet not be entirely submerged, as you know they come to the surface two or three times at least, but it is not thought that life can be restored after the body has been entirely under the water longer than from three to five minutes."

"Thank God," ejeculated Mrs. Dent, as her cousin finished speaking, and she hurriedly left the room, the tears streaming down her face."

"Poor Jenny!" my friend said as the door closed. "I had no idea that she was reproaching herself for little Harry's death, but evidently she has done so, or what I have said would not be such a relief."

"How was it?" I asked.

"An old story," was the answer; "an open cistern, left without a guard of any kind, and a frolicsome child who went too near the edge and fell in. Jenny was the only one in the house beside the ignorant servant, a young girl who first discovered that he had fallen. Had the latter possessed the sense to at once throw herself down close to the edge, she could probably have reached and saved him before he sank, but instead of that, she ran screaming through the house for Jenny, and by the time the latter came to the place, the little fellow was out of sight. Aid arrived in a few moments, but when he was taken out no one knew what to do until the doctor came, and then it was too late. Probably her exclamation was caused by the conviction brought by what I said that even had she known what to do, and possessed the presence of mind to set at work immediately, it would have been of no avail. It is better, perhaps, that she should think so now, else it would be a life-long horror. But I am glad she desires to learn how best to guard against the evil results of accidents, for she can care for her little ones so much better."

At this moment Mrs. Dent returned, having resumed her usual manner, though there were yet traces of agitation in her face. I looked at her with very different feelings, since she had shown that she really possessed a heart and conscience, a thing I had doubted before. It seems to be one of the defects inherent to human nature to be most decided in our judgments when they condemn, rather than when they approve, and I am no exception to the rule. Meaning to be charitable and merciful, yet we find ourselves more ready to see the shadowed side of the character than to discern the illuminated. It is true, though, that Mrs. Dent had managed to show me her weakest points, and had made them so prominent that I had looked for no others. Doubtless, on her part, it came partly from that feeling of self-condemnation which leads to a sort of recklessness as to what other people think.

"Now that you have told us about drowning," she said, after she had settled herself comfortably again in her easy-chair, "there is something else I want to ask about while it occurs to me. Last winter a neighbor of ours came very near dying from the effects of coal gas. When found, she was entirely insensible, and I was told that it was a long time before she could be revived. They came for me to go to her at the very first, but I was not at home, and indeed I was very glad that I was not, for I should not have known what to do for her. What would you have done, had you been there?

"Just about what I have described as best in drowning. There was, in both cases, asphyxia from the lack of oxygen and an overplus of carbonic gas in the blood, and it was necessary to supply the former and get the machinery in motion again by its influence. If a person has not taken enough of the gas to lose the senses but only to feel heavy and incapable of motion, the best way is to go directly out into the open air, and remain there as long as possible. I knew a lady who was poisoned in this way in the night, and though she had not herself the power to put on her clothes and go forth, she succeeded in making some one near her understand what she wanted, and after being warmly wrapped, she was taken out and walked up and down in the fresh air. It was about 3 o'clock in the morning, and from that time until daylight she kept in motion until the heaviness began, in a measure, to pass away. It was a narrow escape though, for insensibility would have soon come on, and then the chances of being restored are not many. One thing remember. In asphyxia from gas and in drowning, do not become discouraged and cease the treatment until it has been tried at least two or three hours. I repeat this, because I think there is no question but life might be saved sometimes when it is not simply because there seems no sign of a revival after what appears a sufficiently long period of working. This artificial respiration which must precede the setting in motion of the currents of life is often a long and wearisome process before even a gleam of a hope of final success appears."

Just here our "Know-all" as we dubbed her, was called out of the room, and our talk ended for that day.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

To be continued.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

Lamp Shades.—Now that lamps are so much used in all houses, lamp shades become a very important consideration, and they are made in a great variety of ways. Where the shade itself is very handsome, a simple fall of lace around the edge is quite popular. Get the kind which looks like Valenciennes, about eight inches wide, or have the lace narrower and sewed upon the edge of a bright-colored ribbon, then put a drawing string in the other side, which will gather it up sufficiently to have it fall over the edge gracefully. Instead of putting the lace upon ribbon, a fringe is sometimes knitted into the edge of the lace, in order to make it the required depth of eight inches. The whole shade may be made by substituting for the narrow ribbon, one broad enough to run up to the neck of the porcelain or glass shade, and either gathered close upon an elastic, or upon a ribbon, which is then tied in a pretty bow at the side. Such decorations are only used during the day time.

Home Decoration has the following which suggests an important thing with regard to the care of the lamp:

The chimney tops of the lamps are generally covered during the day-time, to prevent the dust from getting into the wicks, and so putting a stop to their burning brightly. Caps to fit the chimney are well used. Sometimes they are in the shape of sailor hats made of glazed muslin, with a ribbon, upon which is painted the name of a favorite yacht. A large artificial flower with its leaves is sometimes placed upon the chimney. A pretty little fez, is made by taking an ordinary visiting card and twisting it into a circle. This should be covered with a piece of red ribbon, one end of which has a drawing thread run through; this is drawn up and forms the top of the cap. A large tassel of black silk, finishes off the top, and is allowed to hang over the edge. A turban can be made in the same way, but should have a heavy roll of muslin twisted around it. Little paper caps to look like a grandmother's mob caps, are sometimes twisted up by clever fingers, but the prettiest of the chimney caps are the little glass hats, which are just placed on top, and make an odd little finish of their own.—ED.

Decorative Work On Fabrics.—So many convenient methods of executing the various kinds of work known as "Decorative fabric art" are now offered, that the amateur artist finds little or no difficulty in producing beautiful results.

Painting is cheaper and really more attractive than embroidery; it can be executed in much less time, which is another argument in its favor. The fabrics which combine the most use and beauty are billiard cloth, satin and plush. These, after the design is stamped or transferred to them, must be sized. To do this, dissolve a small quantity of isinglass and the same amount of powdered alum, in nearly boiling rain water. With this mixture brush rapidly over the entire surface.

This will dry rapidly, then the work of laying on the first coat may be begun.

The first coat on fabrics is painted white; silver or kremnitz white being used.

For piano covers or square table covers, designs painted heavily are used.

A deep wine cloth shows up to advantage, a design in which there are rich creamy tints.

A border of pond lilies, oranges and plums is a fine design for a brown table cover.

The brushes known as stubs are useful for this kind of work. One red sable brush No. 6, is also a requisite of the work.

Where the work is intended to have a raised up and heavy appearance, mix the colors with megilp. If desired to have a lighter effect, use turpentine for the plush, and pale drying oil for the satin or cloth.

If the design of "plums and pond lilies and oranges" is to be used on the brown cloth or felt for table cover, the following colors will be required after the white coat is laid on: Cobalt blue, permanent blue, rose madder, Remmitz white, madeer lake, chrome yellow No. 1, cadimuim No. 1, zinnobar green, emerald green, chrome green, burnt sienna, lemon yellow. Retouch the pond lilies with white, giving on some petals an occasional touch of rose madder.

This should be very delicate, as only a flush is wanted. The calyxes and stems of the pond lilies should be painted for the second coat in chrome green, shading in a little burnt sienna. For the second coat on plums make up on your palette three different shades of purple:

To permanent blue add one-third the quantity of rose madder and white, this is for one shade. For another shade take two-thirds madder lake and one of cobalt blue; for another shade, more madder lake and less blue. Some plums must be made lighter than others. A good study of plums would be a great help in painting this design. Be very careful to soften and blend all shades carefully together. This can be done by stippling, which is an up and down motion of the brush.

Paint the leaves surrounding plums in three shades of green. Make up these shades from the chrome, zinnober and emerald, using different proportions of the chrome. A few touches of lemon yellow may be used for shading on the leaves and stems of the plums. The design looks well with an occasional green one. Lighten the chrome green with Kremmitz white and add a touch of permanent blue for the greenish-blue ones.

For the oranges, use chrome and cadmium in about equal parts; for lighter tints on same, add lemon yellow. This design, if properly treated, is very handsome. The pattern is No. 375.

Woodbine Designs for Piano Covers.—This design, No. 1493, has a corner and reverse stripe, and is five inches deep. Cream-colored billiard cloth will be suitable material if the design is painted in autumn tints. Stamp it with black powder, then press the stamping, over which you have placed a piece of perfectly clean, soft paper. Use a moderately hot iron for this pressing.

Paint the entire design first white, when this is dry the rich tints of autumn foliage may be laid.

Orange chrome, vermillion, lemon yellow, scarlet lake, cinnabar green, chrome green, brown madder, and burnt sienna will make a fine variety of shades. Paint some of the leaves with orange chrome, shading them with touches of burnt sienna and brown madder. Others may be painted with lemon yellow and vermillion; others with burnt sienna, shaded with scarlet lake, and touches of chrome green. Others painted in the Cinnabar green and brown madder.

The veining on leaves must be done in contrasting color. The taste will suggest this part of the work.

The work must be laid on heavily, if richness of effect is desired. Questions answered, if accompanied by stamped envelope for reply.—E. S. L. THOMPSON, Winchester, Ind.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st., crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c. short crochet.

Diamond Lace.—Cast on 34 stitches. Knit across plain. 1st row—k 3—o—n—o—n—k 5—n—o—k 1—o—n—k 5—n—o—k 1—o—n—o—n—o t—k 5; 2nd row—k 6—p 27—k 3: 3rd row—k 3—o—k 3 tog—o—n—k 3—n—o—k 3—o—n—k 3—n—o—k 3—o—n—o—n—o t—k 6; 4th row—k 7—p 27—k 3; 5th row—k 3—o—k 3 tog—o—n—k 1—n—o—k 5—o—n—k 1—n—o—k 5—o—n—o—n—o t—k 7; 6th row—k 8—p 27—k 3; 7th row—k 3—o—k 3 tog—o—k 3 tog—o—k 7—o—k 3 tog—o—k 7—o—n—o—n—o t—k 8; 8th row—c o 5—k 3—p 27—k 3; 9th row—k 3—o—k 3 tog—o—k 1—o—n—k 5—n—o—k 1—o—n—k 5—n—k 4; 10th row—k 5—p 27—k 3; 11th row—k 3—o—n—o—k 3—o—n—k 3—n—o—k 3—o—n—k 3—n—o—n—o—n—o t—k 6; 12th row—k 7—p 27—k 3; 13th row—k 3—o—n—o—k 5—o—n—k 1—n—o—k 5—o—n—k 1—n—o—n—o—n—o—k 8; 14th row—k 8—p 27—k 3; 15th row—k 3—o—n—o—k 7—o—k 3 tog—o—k 7—o—k 3 tog—o—n—o—n—o t—n—k 7; 16th row—c o 5—k 3—p 27—k 3. Repeat from first row. Knit this pattern over twice, and you will then say it is pretty, and it looks better after it is washed once or twice.

Gentlemen's Knitted Suspenders.—These suspenders are worked with knitted silk in any desirable shade, and with knitting needles No. 17. The middle is worked crosswise in an open-work design, and the tabs are worked lengthwise, all knit plain. Begin on the front edge of one suspender with a foundation of 29 stitches, and going back and forth, work as follows:

First round—all knit plain. Second round—s 1, 14 times alternately—t t o—k together. Third round—s 1, 14 times alternately—t t o—s the next—t t o in the preceding round (inserting the needle from the front to the back)—k 1 plain, and draw the slipped t t o over the latter.

Like this round, work all the following rounds until the suspender is of the length required, not including the tabs (200 rounds in the original), and then cast off the stitches, always knitting the t t o and stitch off together.

Knit each tab separately, working the two for the back on a foundation of 50 stitches 20 rounds wide, going back and forth; but for the lower pointed end, widen 1 stitch each at the corresponding point in the 3d, 5th and 7th rounds, and narrow 1 stitch each in the 9th, 11th and 13th rounds. In the middle 2 of these 20 rounds form two buttonholes 10 stitches apart, and 10 stitches from the under edge; to do this, cast off 10 stitches in the 10th round, and cast on anew the same number of stitches above the buttonhole in the 11th round. The four tabs in front are worked in a similar manner, each on a foundation of 50 stitches 16 rounds broad, and are then joined with the suspenders. The back tabs are likewise joined to the suspenders. This will make a very elastic and strong suspender.

Correspondence.

CHICKEN CHAT.—No. 3.—In the Question Bureau of the BLADE for April 7, some one asked how to pack eggs for hatching so that they could be safely shipped to a distance. The answer there given was too brief and vague to be of any benefit, so I will give the desired information here.

In the first place, never use a box of any kind, not even one that is provided with rubber springs and separate compartment for each egg. Baskets are the best. Boxes, no matter if they are marked "Handle with care," will be thrown carelessly about by expressmen, but some way it comes natural like for them to take the basket by the handle; and the handle also prevents other articles from being set in on top of the basket with a "dull thud," which certainly would jar the eggs inside. Of course baskets containing eggs may sometimes get tossed about and handled a little carelessly, considering their contents, but a basket will "give" some, consequently the eggs are not so liable to suffer injury as when in an unyielding wooden box. Baskets made expressly for shipping eggs for hatching are kept by nearly all dealers in poultry supplies, and cost but a few cents apiece when purchased by the dozen, those holding one setting of eggs selling for $1 or $1.25 per dozen; those hold two sittings about $1.50 per dozen. Most of these baskets are made so that the handles can be turned down on the side, and the baskets nested together for shipping, making a light and convenient package, upon which the freight charges will be light. Before they are used the handles should be fastened in an upright position by means of a carpet tack.

For packing material use chaff, cut-straw or wheat bran. Put a layer of the packing in the bottom of the basket, then a layer of eggs, each egg being wrapped separately in a piece of newspaper. Stand the eggs on end. Put on packing enough to cover the layer of eggs, pressing it well down around the sides of the basket. Put in the rest of the eggs, and cover with a liberal quantity of packing—enough to round it up well on top—and do not be afraid to press it down carefully but pretty firmly. Cover the packing with a piece of stout cotton cloth cut large enough to tuck in neatly all around. Sew this cover to the top of the basket, using a darning needle and twine. Sew the card or shipping tag on the cover, and be sure that the address is plainly written, or with pen and ink, or an indelible pencil you can mark the address directly on the white cloth cover. The legend, "Eggs for hatching," should also be plainly marked on the cover. Fresh, fertile eggs packed this way in baskets, will go safely from one end of the country to the other and hatch reasonably well afterwards.

When bran is used for packing the basket should first be lined with paper in order to prevent the bran from sifting out. FANNY FIELD.

PANSIES.—Several of the BLADE readers have written me to tell them through the BLADE how I grow large pansies. Pansies are my favorite flowers and I take great pride in them. Early in April, as soon as the frost is out of the ground, I have it prepared for the pansy bed. Compost is thickly strewn over the soil and then spaded under. Then it is raked fine and seeds sown, then watered with a fine sprinkler and the whole bed covered with matting or old carpet.

Every night I remove the covering and put it back on in the morning, as I think it better than leaving the bed covered all the time. As soon as the seed begins to start remove the covering and keep the bed well watered until the plants are growing well. Thin the plants out giving each plant not less than six inches, all around it, and it will soon cover the ground.

Pansies delight in a cool rich soil. Here it is a black sand but where it is clay it should be well mixed with fine compost and when sand can be obtained mix the clay with sand.

Pansies are always the nicest during the spring and fall months, but if shaded and kept well watered they will bloom all summer. The first blooms are never as large as those produced after the plants are large and strong. I have often had pansies produce blooms at first no larger than a violet but when the same plants were large and strong the blooms were larger than a silver dollar. I sent the editor a pressed bloom last fall, which, when I picked it I placed a silver doller in the center, and the pansy showed a half-inch larger, and that was the size of the most of them. Seeds sown this spring will produce flowers during the fall months, and if the plants are protected during the winter they will produce the largest and most flowers during the spring and summer months. I took first prize on my pansies at our county fair last fall. I sow seed every spring, so I always have plenty of the flowers.

We have little very warm warm weather here during the summer, and the nights are always cool, making just the place to grow pansies. Although the winters are very cold there is always a thick covering of snow, so they do not winter kill.—FRANCES B., Box 126, West Branch, Ogemaw Co., Mich.

SEVERAL THINGS.—It has been many, many weeks since I have communicated with the loved sisters of the HOUSEHOLD. I have been quite content to avail myself of all the good things given by others, and will now endeavor to make a slight return. Truth is, I have been so much interested in the lace patterns I could hardly find time to contribute my mite. To-night I just laid aside my "Pineapple" crotcheting and will endeavor to tell you some things worth knowing. First of all, I will repeat some lines from a well known poet, that have haunted me all the day. It is this:

> Spring time is coming o'er vale and hill,
> Leaving old winter so cold and chill,
> Bringing soft showers of sunny rain,
> Clothing the meadows with green again.

How I love the spring time, but with it comes the long days of house cleaning and all other things incident to a farmers' wife. To her the long quiet winter evenings undisturbed by callers are a vocation. It is almost all the time she ever gets for study and for fancy work. And, though I may be glad to see the spring again, it seems as though winter has been a delightful play-day.

One thing I have learned, I will mention here, and that is to pour boiling hot water over frozen eggs instead of cold (as our grandmothers did.) You will find them just as good as fresh eggs, the yolk will not be bad as by the old way. Incredulous one, try this. I have also been experimenting in darning woolen stockings with a crochet hook. This is my experience; small holes can be best darned with a needle, large ones done in double crochet, or if the heels are out, cut them out as if to heel them, ravel and take stitches upon a hook and do the heel in Afghan stitch. It is very durable and looks almost as though knit on needles.

I have recently learned how to make a rug of old woolen stockings and woolen knit underwear. First they should be quite stout and firm and all wool. Cut them in strips of about three inches wide, cut them lengthwise and fringe by raveling nearly half way on each side, leaving an eighth of an inch through the center to sew on by. When ready, it is a long piece with a crinkly fringe on both edges. After all is prepared, you should get something for foundation, coffee sacking is good, stamp some pretty but simple design, and sew fringe upon it with stout linen thread, arranging colors as they come in the design.

I make all my own patterns, with the aid of a drafting instrument, which enlarges from small pictures. By the way, I have just completed a pillow sham design which is beautiful, but a friend advises me not to make them saying that shams are going out of date. Now, can the editor or any one who is authority on such things kindly inform me as to this.

Well, I have tried the kerosene washing, and didn't like it, so I thought I would put some in my soap when I made it. This I did, and after some trouble and vexation I succeeded, and have used it all winter with excellent results. I think it saves one-half the ordinary rubbing process. The soap was made with concentrated lye.

I have a lot of bunch pinks. It occurred to me one day, after a severe fit of sickness, while I was yet unable to work, to save the seed that had been wasted heretofore to give to the sisters of the HOUSEHOLD. I will send seed of the brightest scarlet pink you ever saw, Scot free, to any one who asks for it. I will, say, however, for those who are prone to trespass upon human kindness, that a stamped and self-addressed envelope will insure their getting the flower seed. This is no advertisement. Please set it down.—MRS. DIANA M., P. O. Box 53, Ellington, Chautauqua Co., N. Y.

Inquiries

I have a valuable book bound in light cloth which, by coming in contact with some one's dirty fingers, has been nearly ruined. Will some one please tell me what will remove the spots without injuring the binding or causing it to warp?

I should be much pleased if some one would give me a sure cure for the annoying habit of "biting finger nails." Also, how to make a pretty and inexpensive easel for cabinet photos.—MINNEHAHA, Oswego, Kan.

Will some members of the HOUSEHOLD, residing in Oregon or Washington Territory send me the address of some paper published there, or sample copies of them? Have written, but have been unable to procure them as yet. We wish to have such papers as will give full information about the country. Will pay all postage.

If the lady desiring information about making waves will send me the formula for making flat watch chains I will send directions for making waves. It would be too long for the BLADE.—MRS. J. W. EASTMAN, Alpena, Jesauld Co., Dak.

Will someone tell me about trimming children's eye lashes to make them grow long; how often? And is there a certain time in the moon? When I was a little girl I remember seeing a lady trim her little boy's lashes, and the last time I saw him he had lovely, long eyelashes, but I do not know if she had any rule for it. Will some of the HOUSEHOLD tell me something about the treatment of young turkeys and when is the best time to set turkey eggs?—NORTH WEST.

I would like to know if any of the BLADE readers afflicted with catarrh tried the remedy given by the BLADE doctor last year for that complaint, and if so, would they please tell through the HOUSEHOLD whether it cured them.—SUFFERER.

Will someone give the proportion in which salicylic acid is used in preserving fruits, and if it is cooked with it or added after it is cooked?—SUBSCRIBER.

I would like to correspond with some woman with reference to coming to San Diego, California, to work for good wages and in a small family. Woman about 40 years of age. Address MRS. SINKS, Box 376, San Diego.

Please give a good recipe for making blackberry wine for medical purposes.—MRS. A. E. B., Burton, Ohio.

Will some one please send me the song "Palms of Victory," that the late Rev. John Inskip used to sing when he was holding revival meetings? It will be a great accommodation, and I will be glad to return the favor in any way I can. Address Lock Box 95, Prairie du Chien, Wis.

Will some of the readers of the BLADE tell me how to make cheese? I used to see my mother make it years ago when I was a little girl, but do not remember just how she did it. We have a number of cows, and butter is so cheap it does not pay to make it, so I wish to try cheese if I can find out how. Also, will some one tell me how to sour vinegar? We have some cider that has been in the cellar for three years, and it is just soured cider, but not strong enough for vinegar. I should much like to hear an answer to both questions. This is my first question to the HOUSEHOLD, though I have read both questions and answers with much interest for some time.—L. V. P.

The woy to make cheese was given in the HOUSEHOLD a few weeks ago.—ED.

Answers to Inquiries.

In reply to the query: "Is there pay in silk culture?" an old lady who experimented with the business three years to know if it was a helpful industry for females, more suitable than to be lawyers, doctors, sheriffs, or steamboat captains, gives it as her opinion it does not pay much of any profit, on first trial, but for young folks studying entomology and the habits of the most wonderful and useful insect God has made, it is a very interesting employment if not profitable. Any one can raise them who has plenty of mulberry or osage orange leaves. Twenty-five cents worth of eggs will hatch a thousand that can be raised on boards or tables at little expense and have plenty of eggs for another year—and pierced cocoons make beautiful roses and give a small profit. Now, Congress has made an appropriation to have silk mills in Washington, it may be more profitable in future.—MRS. C. H. PRICE, Lexington, Ky.

Mrs. L., Covington, Ky.—"Social Etiquette" can be had by sending $1 to the Locke Publishing Co., Toledo, O. It will help you in the matters you speak of.

"Fancy Work and House Decoration" will be sent you on receipt of 25 cents by Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O.—ED.

Will the editor please tell me where I can get Mrs. Miller's article on dress reform?—FANNY.

Mrs. Miller lectured, and only portions of her lecture were published in the papers. We do not know that she has ever had it brought out in book form.—ED.

Can you inform me where I can get a book with embroidery work described so that it would be plain to work?—MRS. W. M. BELL.

Write to the "Art Interchange" Co., New York City. They may possibly have something of the kind among their pamphlet publications.—ED.

I wish to ask the readers of the HOUSEHOLD what will give relief to the palpitation of the heart. Chest all filled up, hard work to breathe, and no ambition to do any work, pain in toe, small of the back and between shoulders. A remedy will be thankfully received.—J. P.

You have dyspepsia and need to diet carefully, and take a good deal of exercise in the open air. If you would follow out the directions given in "Health and Beauty," you could probably cure yourself.—ED.

If a lady receives an invitation from a friend to ask a gentleman to take her for an evening call, would it be proper for her to ask him, or should the invitation always come from the gentleman.—ELMA.

If the gentleman is a friend of yours and not of hers, it would be perfectly proper for you to invite him to go and make the call with you. If she knows him well, it would be the polite way for her to ask him to accompany you to call upon her, and the invitation should proceed from him.—ED.

If E. C. will try cinnamon vine (Chinese yam) for her windows, I think she will be well pleased with it. It is a very hardy vine, and will live in the soil year after year, and is very desirable where shade is wanted every year; as once planted it needs no care, only to furnish supports for it to climb over.—FRANCES B., West Branch, Michigan.

Recipes.

Beef Tea for Invalids.—Take 1 lb. of juicy, lean beef and mince it. Put it, with its juice, in an earthen vessel, in 1 pt. of tepid water. Let it stand 1 hour. Slowly heat to boiling point. Let boil 3 minutes, strain through a colander and stir in a little salt.

Dried Apple Cake.—Take 1 cupful dried apples and soak them over night in water, then cut them up fine and simmer slowly for 2 hours in 1 cupful molasses. When cool add cupful sugar, 1 cupful sour milk, 2 eggs well beaten, a piece of butter the size of an egg, 1 teaspoonful soda, a tablespoonful cinnamon, 1 tablespoonful cloves, and 4 cupfuls flour. Bake in two cakes.—MRS. A. YOHNS, Ludlow, Mo.

Green Peas Salad.—Well boil a tin of preserved green peas with a pat of butter and piece of mint. Put in the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs, with a teaspoonful of mustard, pepper and salt and 1½ tablespoonfuls of oil; work the mixture quite smooth, adding 3 tablespoonfuls of oil and two of tarragon vinegar, a little tarragon and mint. Mix with the cold peas.

Tomato Toast.—Pare, slice and cook green tomatoes until quite tender; add sweet cream, season with pepper, salt and butter. Have the bread, delicately toasted, placed in a dish, with the contents of the frying pan poured over.

Thin Ginger Wafers.—Pounded ginger, 1 oz.; butter, 4 ozs.; flour, 4 ozs.; golden syrup, 4 ozs.; stir in the flour and ginger; roll out thin and bake for 15 minutes in a slow oven; roll like wafers whilst warm.—MRS. L. A.

Chocolate Cake.—Bake cake in layers, after any good recipe, and put together with the following: Melt with 1 teaspoonful of water nearly ⅓ of a cake of chocolate; add the white of 1 egg and 4 teaspoonfuls of water and pulverized sugar, to make it as thick as iceing. Put between and on top of cake. Try it.—MRS. G. H. S.

Cure for Itch.—I send "Mrs. K." the best itch remedy I ever knew. I have given it to persons who have had the itch for years and doctored all the time, and it would cure them entirely in a few days. It is not necessary to wash heavy bedclothes. If you have any place to hang them to let them air well. Beat up your feather-beds as nicely as possible when you make them, covering them only with a sheet when not in use. There is no danger of taking the disease if you sleep with one who has it, if you simply rub every joint on the outside with the salve given below. Never apply the medicine to the inside of a joint, as it frequently brings the itch to the outside so thickly that on the inside of the arm for instance, it might cause soreness for several days. I think any one trying this medicine will never want any other.

It is as follows:

Take 1 lb. fresh butter, 2 ozs. Burgundy pitch, 2 ozs. spirits of turpentine. Boil until dissolved. Let it cool. Stir in 2 ozs. acid precipitate. Apply two or three times a day. Please report.—MRS. L. A. GARVER, Argenta, Ill.

Epilepsy.—I saw an inquiry not long ago whether epileptic fits could be cured or not. The following remedy will not cure, but it may relieve as I have known it to: Once a month, or oftener if it seems necessary, rub the length of the spine with a coarse cloth wet with vinegar until it is almost raw. Then apply a salve made of 1 part calomel to 2 parts lard. Rub it well.—H. S.

Uncooked Egg.—Break egg; beat thoroughly; add 1 teaspoonful sugar and 1 or 2 teaspoonfuls brandy; beat well; add as much rich milk, or omit brandy and flavor with any kind of spice.—A SUBSCRIBER'S SISTER

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

FULTON CO., O.: Jennie Todd.

NO PLACE GIVEN: Clara Hedges, Andrew Hedges, Libbie Miller, Essie Miller, Everett Miller, Ned Sedgwick, Bert Sedgwick, Harry Tallman, Roy Tallman, Lillian Hellman, Nellie Draper, Effie McCone, Jennie Beebe, Minnie Romahn, Lottie Sweeney, Minnie Kuchel, Grace McElvain, Drusy Bailey, Lucy Hogle, Maggie Weaver, Mary Hern, Hones Kahl, Claude Romahn, Daniel Colman, Glenn Anthony, Edwin Cady, Maude Finney, Ida M Dannatt, Nettie Dannatt, Ebert J Dannatt, Bennie Benham, Frank Smith, Birdie Hitchcock, Kittie Stiff, Rob Anthony, May Nissly, Morris Anthony.

INDEPENDENCE, KAN.: Bessie Jones, Annie Gilleard, Estella Taber, Edna Williams, Walter Woodf'rd, Addie Baugh, Nellie Walls, Leora Crawford, Blanche Dalby, Anna Robinson, Kate Bates, Viola Sharits, Chas Rity, Bessie Reed, Nellie Watts.

THOMPSON, W. VA.: W B Mathews, E F Hornbrook, John H Brantner, Webster Addis, Jas D Robbins, Harry M Dunlap, R L Hornbrook, M E Miner.

CHERRY VALLEY, O.: Mary Barrett, Mabel Barrett, Nettie Beals, Fertie Robes, Georgia Bellard, Jennie Mellinger, Nellie Gray, Bertie Phelps, Millie Phelps.

NEVADA CITY, CAL.: Ella Ledyard.

DEVIZES, KAN.: Sophia Railsback, Nellie Marvin, Ida Marvin, Lily Miller, Ruth Oathout, Myrtle Daniels, Minnie Simmons, Hadley Railsb'ck, Lowell Marvin, Willie Oathout, W W Smith, Byron Simmons, Oscar Simmons, Rena Dopps, Freddy Miller, Ralph Daniels, Josie Marvin, Albert Bronson, Wm Witt.

BUTLER, MO.: Horton Lister, Daniel Trigg, Agnes Williams, Lily Conard, Levi Williams, Della Bowman, Fannie Clark, Rosa Lister, Sadie Lister, Mary Williams, Bessie Concklin, Josie Warnock.

CREWSVILLE, IND.: Scott Wolfinger.

GREELEY CENTER, KAN.: Chas W Mayne.

Names this week, 104. Total, 19,598.

The above embraces all names received up to April 21.

POOR LITTLE TEDDY AND RICH LITTLE TOM.

EMILY BAKER SMALLE.

Poor little Teddy! On Christmas day
They gave him a cap and a muffler gay,
A box of tools, with skates and sled,
And high-topped boots whose tops were red.
But what was that? 'twas nothing at all
When he wanted a big rubber ball.
Poor little Teddy!

He wanted pie for dinner one day;
They were going to have it, he heard 'em say;
But pudding with plums is what he had.
O, poor little Ted! now wasn't it sad?
His red lips grew to a terrible pout,
He didn't want that, so he went without.
Poor little Teddy!

He wanted to try his bran-new sled,
One day after school, O, poor little Ted!
But his mother sent him off to the store—
This poor little boy! and his grief was sore,
O, how he hated to mind his mother;
To help her, and play with his little brother.
O poor little Ted!

Rich little Tommy! On Christmas day
Only one present came in his way:
A pair of mittens his mother had knit,
A fiery scarlet, and *just the fit!*
Weren't they nice? he asked his brother;
And hadn't he got the dearest mother?
Rich little Tommy!

Sometimes he didn't have dinner enough;
And you may think that he called it rough;
But he didn't, not he—this rich little boy—
Sometimes he had plenty, and that was joy.
And he loved to help his tired mother;
He loved to play with his little brother.
O rich little Tom!

In summer or winter, fall or spring,
He was just as happy as any king.
In winter, 'tis true, he had no sled,
But he slid down hill on a board instead.
When the snow was hard and glazed with ice
He could steer it "lovely"—'twas "just as nice!"
Rich little Tommy!

Tommy and Teddy will both be men.
Will there be a difference between them then?
Ah, yes! there must be, my little lad,
One will be happy and one will be sad.
Look over these lines, eyes black and blue,
And see which one is the most like you,
Of these two little T's.

—*Our Little Men and Women.*

SHANGHAI BILL'S COLLAGE.

BY ELEANOR KIRKE.

The "Collage" was a rickety old room in the neighborhood of the Five Points, and Shanghai Bill was the one-legged President to it.

The mate to his leg had been left on the battle-field of Fair Oaks, and no soldier was ever more proud of his stump than this one. As he forcibly put it, "Any man that wouldn't be willing to leave the hull of his mortal carkiss in a high old fight like that 'ere one, didn't desarve the name of a man."

It will be seen from this *verbatim* report that Shanghai Bill's knowledge of grammar and rhetoric was limited; but as there was no particular demand for either of these sciences in his exceedingly original institution, it made little difference.

His pupils were all newsboys, varying in age from seven to fifteen years, and were taught by Bill to read the heads of the sensational columns which it was their business to cry to the outside world. Aritfimetic was the president's stronghold.

"I'm your huckleberry in everything but fraeshings," he had been heard to say; "but when you come to splitting two-thirds into nineteen-seventeenths and an eighth, and squaring the hippotumus, I should lie if I said I was there."

At the time of our story, Shanghai Bill had twenty pupils. They paid five cents a week for their tuition, and when any of the number happened to be hard-pushed, as was not often the case, the President cheerfully chalked it down, and waited for better circumstances.

It was a cold, drizzly night in early October when Shanghai Bill placed his tallow-dip in a home-made wooden candlestick in the center of the home-made wooden table which served for desks for the class. There was a straw bed, minus a bedstead, in one corner, upon which the master's ungainly form reposed at night. Eight perilous stools, also home-made, upon which the scholars took turns in sitting, and a small, ancient and very rusty cooking-stove, completed the college furniture.

The first to enter was Pete the Wide-Awake, followed by Short Jack and Blue Tim, so called on account of a grief-stricken aspect, which never left him in the moments of the greatest social hilarity.

Pete had just opened his mouth to speak, when the rest of the students came trooping in. Most of them were bare-footed, many were jacketless and almost trouserless, but all were in excellent spirits, evidently looking forward with the greatest pleasure to the evening's work.

"You aint heerd the news nor nothin' I s'pose, boss?" began Pete the Wide-Awake, as soon as he could make himself heard.

"Didn't we give it to her, though?" broke in Hookey Post,—so called from once having stolen several copies of the paper of that name from a fellow-peddler.

"Who did you give it to?" asked the President, raising his voice above the din, which was just then ear-splitting. "Now shet up, the hull of ye, and let Hookey tell what's to pay. 'Nuther one of your cock-and-bull stories, I s'pose; but drive ahead, Hookey, so'e we can get to business some time in the course of the night."

"Well, boss," said Hookey, with great deliberation, "it's a gal wot we give it to."

"A gal!" exclaimed Bill, looking around upon the little company. "You don't mean to tell me, boys, that any of you has been and gone and struck a gal, do ye? Let me tell you what the great Mr Shakespeare says on that subject. Any feller that ever gits up his muscle to give it to a woman, or a gal, which means the same thing, is fit for treason, strategy and spiles. That's what he says. You know what treason is, boys, for I told you t'other night."

"Short Jack punched her a little, because she wouldn't give up the papers," continued Hookey. "You see, the fust thing we knowed, this gal was a-hollerin' '*Herald, Sun* and *Times*' jis like an old hand. We couldn't stan' by an' let a gal take our work away from us, could we, boss?"

"That alters the case," said the president, thoughtfully; "but you'd no business to a' punched her, Jack. That's going a little too fur. Take your places now, and I'll see who knows the most about the multiplication table. We can't waste our time talking about gals."

Nothing could be more unique that that recitation.

The boys gathered about the table, eight of them occupying the stools, the rest standing until Shanghai Bill should give the work to change.

There was always good order in the college. Ignorant and uncouth though the teacher was, there was yet a subtle something which compelled obedience—a sort of irresistable magnetism which held the unruly boys in an iron grip.

So on this, as on every other occasion, everything went on decorously. No vulgar or profane language was allowed in the college, and no tobacco, and this school had been found a means of grace and deliverance to many a benighted newsboy. Many were the moral lectures delivered by the earnest president, and not one of them ever failed to interest.

So the multiplication table passed around from mouth to mouth, suffering a good deal as it went, but showing an unruffled front when they were all through with it.

When the boys' enthusiasm and good-natured rivalry had reached their height, a sudden interruption occurred which effectually banished the multiplication table for that evening.

Shanghai Bill's College was situated on the fifth floor of a building once used as a brewery, but now condemned as unsafe, and consequently abandoned by every one but Bill, who was determined to remain till he was "druv out by the law."

No such step had been taken, and Bill remained unmolested.

The boys had been so thoroughly engrossed by their occupation that they had not heard the door open, nor had they noticed that a stranger had entered the room. Short Jack was the first one made aware of the intruder, and this by a smart slap on the ear, which brought him to his feet, too much surprised to utter a word.

The president pushed his glasses on to his forehead, rose, and looked about him.

"That was the blackguard that struck me this morning, and I've give it back to him," said the new-comer, in clear tones.

By this time the boys had recovered from their consternation, and cries of "Put her out! put her out!" came from all sides.

"Shet up, will ye?" said the president, in authoritative tones, interposing his long right arm to keep Short Jack from returning the blow. "Hold on now," he continued, "till I get at the right of this yarn. You're the gal that tried to get the boys' honest business away from 'em, aint ye?"

"I'm the gal that's tryin' to do an honest business for myself," replied the stranger, folding her arms and looking scornfully about her. There she stood—a girl of 14, perhaps, tall and slight, ragged and most inefficiently clad, but scrupulously clean.

Her eyes were large and, in the light of the flickering candle, black as night. Her hair was dark and very long, apparently worn flowing for the sake of the warmth it afforded. Indeed her hair seemed the only comfortable article of toilet.

"It aint a gal's work to sell papers," said the schoolmaster, trying to bolster his tottering prejudices under the fire of those flashing eyes.

"Then give me some work that is," was the immediate response. "I aint particular about selling papers, but gals have to eat as well as boys, too. The fat gentleman that keeps the restaurant down on the Bow—he's the one that set me up in business—said that you was a good man, and so I've come up here to have you settle it."

This was an unlooked-for crisis, and one for which the good president was unprepared.

"I dunno as anybody wants to see a gal starve," put in Short Jack, with his hand to his smarting ear.

The young girl gave a quick glance at the maker of this remark, and seemed about to speak; but she folded her arms again and looked straight at the schoolmaster.

"What is your name" he asked, in a tone a full octave lower than than in which he had spoken before.

"Mag," she replied. "There's been folks that's called me Sassy Mag, but I don't allow that 'cept they're my friends. Then there's another thing, schoolmaster," she went on; "I want you tell me how 'tis that these boys can come here to school to you when there aint no room for me.

"My gentleman said they paid five cents a week. I've got twenty to pay you a month ahead, and there 'tis," advancing and placing her money on the table. "Now I want to know why a gal's money aint as good as a boy's money."

At that moment it was quite plain that the worthy president of this worthy institution was in considerable doubt as to which he was most inclined to do—laugh or cry.

As it was, he compromised the matter by a sniff and a chuckle which astonished the boys quite as much as anything that had happened.

"Twenty cents is twenty cents," he replied, after a short pause; "it don't make no difference who it comes from; but I aint never had no gals in my school, and I dunno as the boys would like it. But what do you say? Take this stool and set down, Mag, while I put it to a vote. There aint no harm done to talk it over, you know."

It did not detract in the least from the kindness of the act that Shanghai Bill did not rise to give the girl the stool, but kicked it along with his foot.

She took the offered seat immediately, and waited in silence to see what would be done next.

"When I was in the army," said Bill, very slowly, and fingering his spectacles a good deal more than seemed necessary, "afore I got the wound that druv me to one leg, I was struck in the shoulder and left for dead. They said the breath of life was knocked clean out of me. I s'pose 'twas, for awhile, but 'taint so easy to kill some folks."

"That's so!" came in suppressed tones from every part of the room.

"Wall, the fust thing I knew, a queer little figger sot side of me. Mind ye, everybody else had gone about their business, for I wasn't nothing but a poor private. And this little figger said, soft and tender, like a mother might speak to her dying baby, 'Here comrade, drink this,' and she lifted my head, and put her canteen to my mouth, and I drank, boys, blessing the little critter with every swallow I took.

"Then she looked after my wound, and when I felt a little better, she ran as fast as she could go for the ambulance, and bless your hearts, boys, that gal never left me till I was safe in camp.

"She was the daughter of the regiment, and never a day has passed over my head when I have said my prayers, that I haven't asked the Lord to bless her.

"This gal looks more like her than any gal I've ever seen since, and what do you say, boys, to—letting her sell her papers, and—letting her come here to school, and—taking a little care on her, and helping her out if she gets into trouble? Seems to me you aint got no call to make war on that helpless gal."

Then Short Jack tossed his poor little skull-cap to the ceiling, and the boys set up three lusty cheers for the teacher, and three more for Mag, and the business was settled.

The girl arose, and going over to the old soldier, said, simply, "He told me true. You are a good man and I much obliged to you. I'll come to school to-morrow night." Then halting a second as she passed Short Jack, she said, "You've been good to me, and I'm sorry I made your ear ache, but I owed you a debt and I had to pay it."

Without another word the girl opened the door and passed down the rickety old stairs, out into the the wet, chilly night—a child, alone, unprotected, cold and friendless.

"Say, boss, you brought the briny to my eyes a spell ago," said Hookey Post, as the excitement of the girl's sudden disappearance had subsided.

"And I never came so nigh to blubbering in my life," said Short Jack.

Away over in the dark of the furthest corner stood Blue Tim, his battered old hat over his eyes, and for the first time the boys forgot to laugh at him.—*Youth's Companion.*

LIKE TO LIKE.

He was a pretty little fellow, but it was his manners, not his looks, that attracted everybody—clerks in the stores, people in the horse-cars, men, women and children. A boy four years old, who, if anybody said to him, "How do you do?" answered "I am well, thanks," and if he had a request to make, be it of friend or stranger, began it with "Please." And the beauty of it was that the "Thanks" and "Please" were so much a matter of course to the child that he never knew he was doing anything at all noticeable.

"How cunning it is," said a showy woman to his mother, as they sat at dinner at the public table of a hotel one day, "to hear that child thank the waiters, and say 'please' when he wants anything. I never saw anything so sweet. *My* children have to be constantly told if I want them to thank people. How well you must have taught him, that he never forgets."

"He has always been accustomed to it," said the mother. "We have always said 'Please' to him when we wished him to do anything, and have thanked him. He knows no other way."

The showy woman looked as if she did not need any further explanation of the way in which habits are formed.

Probably you do not.—Amanda B. Harris, in April *Wide Awake.*

—Young or middle-aged men suffering from nervous debility, loss of memory, premature old age, as the result of bad habits, should send 10 cents in stamps for large illustrated treatise suggesting unfailing cure. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Who Can Tell?

Three married sisters. One of them has a Jew for a husband, another a Protestant, and the third a Roman Catholic. They met by appointment at the residence of the latter in Madison avenue on Easter Sunday night. The Jewess, presiding at the piano, sang the touching Methodist hymn, "Shall we know each other there?"—*N. Y. Times.*

The Sunday School.

The Child Moses.

LESSON 6, SUNDAY, MAY 8, 1887.

Golden Text.—The Lord is thy keeper,—Psa. 121; 5.

LESSON TEXT.

Exod. 2: 1-10.

1. And there went a man of the house of Levi, and took to wife a daughter of Levi.

2. And the woman conceived, and bare a son: and when she saw him that he was a goodly child, she hid him three months.

3. And when she could not longer hide him, she took for him an ark of bulrushes, and daubed it with slime and with pitch, and put the child therein. and she laid it in the flags by the river's brink,

4. And his sister stood afar off, to wit what would be done to him.

5. And the daughter of Pharaoh came down to wash herself at the river; and her maidens walked along by the river's side; and when she saw the ark among the flags, she sent her maid to fetch it.

6. And when she had opened it, she saw the child; and, behold, the babe wept. And she had compassion on him, and said, This is one of the Hebrews' children.

7. Then said his sister to Pharaoh's daughter, shall I go and call to thee a nurse of the Hebrew women, that she may nurse the child for thee?

8. And Pharaoh's daughter said to her, Go. And the maid went and called the child's mother.

9. And Pharaoh's daughter said unto her Take this child away, and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages. And the woman took the child, and nursed it.

10. And the child grew, and she brought him unto Pharaoh's daughter, and he became her son. And she called his name Moses, and she said, because I drew him out of the water.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

There went a man of the house of Levi, and took to wife a daughter of Levi (v. 1.) On an incident that is as natural as it is simple, what consequences to the human race are pivoted! The simple marriage of the young couple, Amram and Jochebed, seemed, at the time of it, of no more importance than any other marriage; yet that was the beginning of a series of influences which should change the whole face of the world's history; and now after wellnigh forty centuries, the result of that marriage are, in ever-increasing sweep and power, to the glory of God and to the good of mankind. Those parents lived to a purpose, in the union which gave Moses, the man of God, to the world. And in view of such a lesson as this, there is a solemn sacredness in every event of a human life, with its unknown possibilities of good to the race. The choice of a wife, or the acceptance of a husband, is not a matter to be looked upon with lightness. Nor is any step in the path of duty to be taken, without a sense of its responsibilities in the plan of God.

When she could no longer hide him, she took for him an ark of bulrushes; and she put the child therein, and laid it in the flags by the river's brink (v. 3.) So long as we have the power to do anything for an object of our special charge, we are in duty bound to do it. But when we are at our wits' end, we may be sure that God is not in the same perplexity. Then it is that we can commit our charge to God's care, even though we can see no way by which God can give relief. It is at such times as this that our faith is really tested. If it is a child of ours who seems in hopeless peril; if it is our business affairs which seem inextricably involved; if it is our personal relations with others which seem disturbed beyond any possibility of accord—whatever the case may be, there is still left for us the privilege of floating our trouble into the realm of God's protection, and trusting him for the issue.

His sister stood afar off, to know what would be done with him (v. 4.) Even when a cause of trouble is committed to the Lord we are not relieved from the responsibility of watching, in order to know what the Lord is to do for us, or is to have for us to do for him. Watching is as important as praying, while waiting on the Lord. And when we are no longer privileged to work for, nor yet to come near to, the object of loving interest, we can at all events stand afar off and watch—while we pray and trust.

The daughter of Pharaoh came down to bathe herself at the river (v. 5.) The Egyptians thought bathing was a religious duty; and they were not so far out of the way in that. They thought that it was better to bathe in the Nile than anywhere else. There they were mistaken. The daughter of Pharaoh was doing what she thought was her simple duty when she went to bathe in the river. Then it was that God gave her a chance of doing a great work for him. There is no way of being in the line of a blessing from God, like being in the line of duty toward God. Pharaoh's daughter came into God's special plans for the whole race of man by going to the river to bathe. Her foster-son Moses, saw the light of God's presence, and had a call from God while he was feeding sheep in the back side of the desert of Sinai. David was sent to be anointed king while he was feeding sheep in the field of Bethlehem. Saul, on the other hand, was called to the kingdom while he was hunting his father's asses. And Elisha was summoned to be a prophet's helper and successor while plowing with an ox team. If you would know what God would have you do by and by, go straight at your present duty. Whether it be washing or plowing, feeding sheep or hunting asses, attend to it, as if you had nothing else to live for just now. If God hasn't any special message for you there, he isn't likely to have any special message for you anywhere.

The babe wept. And she had compassion on him (v. 6.) A child's crying has an important mission in the world. It means a great deal to the child, and not a little to those who hear it. It has something to do with the training of a young mother; and hardly less to the training of a young father, or an old one. The neighbors, too, come in for their share in its lessons, occasionally. The daughter of Pharaoh had compassion on a crying babe. That is to her credit. The man or woman who hears a babe cry without having compassion on it, whether at home or in a sleeping-car, has a heart harder than that of Pharaoh's daughter, if not harder than Pharaoh's heart. A babe never cries without a reason for crying. But a great many persons—parents as well as neighbors—find fault with a crying babe without either reason or compassion. When you hear a babe cry again—anywhere—remember how large results to the race have hinged on such a cry. Consider what the mission of that cry may be to you. If you cannot do anything else, at least have compassion on the babe. Pharaoh's daughter did as well as that.

Shall I go and call thee a nurse? (v. 7.) Moses' sister didn't wait to be called on for help. She proffered it before it was asked for. It is as much a duty to speak before you are spoken to, in some cases, as to wait until you are spoken to in other cases. When you know of anything you can do to help another, or to further God's cause, out with it. Don't dodge responsibility by saying that nobody asked you to do it. If you see a boy or a girl who ought to be in Sunday school, or a young man or woman who ought to go to church, ask them if you shall find them a seat there. And those new comers in your church or neighborhood, ask them if you can do anything for them, without waiting for them to call on you for aid. There may be some about you who need counsel or warning which they are not likely to ask you for. Unless you proffer it unasked, you are a great deal less faithful than the sister of Moses.

And called the child's mother (v. 8.) And what better could she have done? There's no such nurse as a good mother. A poor woman who is a child's mother is a better nurse for that child than a rich and royal woman who isn't the child's mother. Pharaoh's daughter had compassion on the babe Moses. Moses' mother had other feelings than compassion towards that child; most mothers have toward their children. Moses had a great deal to be thankful for, but for nothing in this world more than for his mother. Who can be compared to a mother? The Bible gives the first place to a mother's joy and to a mother's grief; and the Bible is as true in this as in everything. "I don't see how any one can live without a mother!" says a young daughter who, while herself a mother, has a daughter's sense of dependence on her mother. And life is always darker in this world, and is always lonelier, when one's mother is dead. If your mother is still living, love her, and show your love for her, as for one whom you never saw the like of, and never will find equalled, in her place.

Take this child away, and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages (v. 9.) "The laborer is worthy of his hire." Whoever does a good service in this world is entitled to be paid for it. The better the service, the better the pay, ought to be the rule of wages everywhere; but it is not so in every case. In nursing children, however, this rule peculiarly holds good. The highest wages in the world are earned by good mothers. Those mothers deserve their pay, and they get it. It is not always "cash down," but it is "sure pay" in the long run. There are some mothers who shirk their work, and so forfeit their pay; but the mother who does an honest day's work, week in and week out, in faithful and faith-filled care of her children, is on a large salary, and she will be rich sooner or later. And the father, and the teacher, and the pastor, and the employer, comes in for good pay in wise ministry to children. Whenever a child is put into our care by the providence of God, God says—and God's word is truer than the word of Pharaoh's daughter—"Take this child and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages."—*H. Clay Trumbull, in Sunday School Times.*

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FACTS AND FIGURES.

The use of domestic raisins, made from fine Muscat grapes, is considerably affecting the foreign trade.

The amount of chocolate annually consumed is 80,000,000 pounds, the market list being headed by France.

It cost about 1½ cents per pound to manufacture "sugarine" by the secret formula which is in use.

It is agreed that the finest pork made in the world is that of the Madeira Islands, where the swine live principally on nuts.

The annual production of steel pens is estimated at $4,000,000, but the value created with these remains to be calculated.

Among the things cheapened by dishonest tricks is "skimmed" oil of peppermint, by which is meant the oil deprived of its menthol.

The message of the governor of Minnesota is printed in ten languages, representing the linguistic capacity of that interesting state.

Oil of birch takes almost entirely the place of oil of wintergreen. The forest fires have destroyed long tracts of birch. Look out for something new.

It is not enough that the sugar refineries in the United States have a total refining capacity of about 1,000,000 barrels per month, but we must have imitation butter.

The importation of almonds into the United States amounts to about 3,500,000 pounds annually. California imports no almonds, but she raises about 2,000,000 pounds in her own gardens.

A glass bird cage which has been invented, having the sides of glass while the top is of wire caging in the ordinary way with the air freely admitted by this open dome, is likely to be popular.

He is a wise doctor in his generation who recommends getting the materials of health from the grocer rather than from the druggist, and to begin the spring morning meal with an extra allowance of fruit.

—In large sections of the country physicians find most of their work in fighting Malaria, because nearly every disorder of the system has its beginning in the presence of this subtle poison in the blood. Dr. Shallenberger's Pills never fail to eradicate every vestige of it, and never do harm. Use them and save time, much suffering and a doctor's bill.

The Echo of a Bugle Blast.

Chaplain Jones, a warm-hearted ex confederate, enthusiastically republishes the speech of Hon. D. W. Voorhees in 1860, when he declared that "if the time ever came when the soil of Virginia should be invaded by the armed hosts of abolitionism, he would head a band of 100,000 Indianians and come to the rescue." Now we don't want to rake up old issues, but we do think the editors of the *Century* are making the mistake of their lives if they fail to publish an illustrated account of the "March of the Hundred Thousand," written by Gen. Voorhees. Perhaps less is really known of this expedition than of any movement of equal magnitude in the war.—*Burdette.*

Awful Destitution.

There had been such a long period of silence and inaction, that it seemed really a wicked waste of time. At that period of the world's history there was not so bashful a man as George, perhaps, above ground. "George," said Rebecca, presently, "do you know we are very poor?" George, inexpressibly shocked had heard nothing of it. "Oh, yes," she said, "we are beggars; I am forced to solicit alms for my own support." It took George about four minutes to analyze this but he headed the subscription when he did, and Rebecca might have gone into a dime museum for the rest of the session if a four-armed girl wasn't too common these days to pass for a freak.—*Burdette.*

Bring Out Your Old Opals.

The Princess of Wales has been wearing opals with a red satin court dress. This may, perhaps, do something to restore one of the most beautiful of gems to popularity. It is rather humiliating to find that people with enough money to buy gems, and therefore presumably people of education, should be weak enough in this age of science to be influenced by superstition—a superstition which has not even the merit of antiquity, for it used to be held that the opal, having the colors of all the other stones glowing in its heart, concentrated likewise all their mystic virtues.

Breaking It Gently.

John, the footman, having been told to break the news of his master's death gently to his mistress, enters with a broad grin.

Mistress—"What's the matter, John?"

John—"Nothing worth mentioning; only the master died about an hour ago."—*German Joke.*

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It cannot be asserted that every case of Consumption may be cured by this medicine, but it is true that thousands of lives will be saved if they do not delay too long.

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CONSUMPTION

Why did the Women

of this country use over *thirteen million* cakes of Procter & Gamble's Lenox Soap in 1886?

Buy a cake of Lenox and you will soon understand why.

Sold Everywhere.

The Farm.

Information Wanted.

C. P. E., Kansas—Your chicks are too fat. You should not give them too much whole corn, as it is heating. Those that have died were very likely affected with apoplexy.—Ed.]

Melons.—What is the best way, in your opinion, to raise melons on heavy soil?—D. A. Piper, Buckingham county, N. H. [The best land for melons is a rich, warm, sandy loam, with a southern exposure. Heavy soil must be well manured and thoroughly broken. Put on the soil about 50 bushels of wood ashes and at least 15 loads of well rotted manure (30 bushels to the load) per acre. Plant in hills eight feet apart, each way. A couple of shovelfuls of well-rotted manure should be well worked in the soil of each hill. Five seeds to a hill are sufficient. Plow in the fall or early in the spring and cross plow early in May. Then harrow well. Plant in hills two inches above the surface, two feet broad and flat.—Ed.]

Roup—Cholera—Elma N. Russell, Pork county, Indiana: [Your small chickens have roup. Wash their heads with moderately warm water; then wipe dry and rub a little coal oil on their heads. Put a couple of drops down their throats. When you see a chicken with symptoms of roup, remove it at once from the rest of the flock. They must be kept in a dry place. For cholera, feed on warm rice and warm barley meal. Give this medicine: Five grains of powdered chalk, five grains of rhubarb, three grains of cayenne pepper, and half a grain of opium. Make into pills and give two a day.—Ed.]

Subscriber, Illinois: Peach seedlings should be ready for budding in August. Bud before early frosts, last of August or first of September.—Ed.]

Brown Leghorns.—Will you be so kind as to give me, through the Blade Farm, the origin and history of the Leghorn chickens, the brown Leghorn.—E. T., Mountain City, Tenn. [The Leghorn fowl was originally imported from the Mediterranean. It is a non-sitter. Mr. Felch, in his work "Poultry Culture," says the first importation of brown Leghorns into America was in 1853. This importation was bred along the Mystic river Conn, at which time they were called red Leghorns. "These fowls were much shorter in leg, red in ear-lobe and very small in size. The modern acquisitions of white ear lobes, long legs, and not more than five points in the comb, the dark brown color and greater weight has been the result of the following crosses known to the writer: Spanish sires bred on black, red game hens, and the progeny bred to brown Leghorn cocks, and this progeny inbred to sire; again, black red game sire upon black Spanish dams, and the progeny bred to brown Leghorn cocks and inbred as before, and black Spanish hens bred to brown Leghorn cocks, and the progeny inbred." They are unlike the birds imported in many respects, and are considered even by foreign poultry fanciers, an American-bred fowl.—Ed.]

A Reader, Bloomington, Ind.—Chicks hatched in an incubator break the shell about the twenty-first day. The heat should be kept up to between 99 and 105 degrees. We cannot recommend any incubator. Some are good, others bad. The leading bee journals are: American Bee Journal, $1 a year, weekly, Chicago; The Bee Keepers' Magazine, 25 cents a year, monthly, Barrytown-on-Hudson, N. Y.; Gleanings in Bee Culture, Medina, O., $1 a year. Books on the culture are: Bees and Honey, $1, A. B. C. of Bee Culture, $1, Bee Keepers' Handy Book, $1.10. To be had any first class book store.—Ed.]

R. Slosson, Huntingdon Co., Pa.:—A good thing for strains or swelling in a horse is: Strong vinegar, saturated with common salt, and applied hot.—Ed.]

Thomas Nestor, Michigan: Mexican mustang liniment is said to be composed petroleum, olive oil and carbonate of ammonia, of each equal parts. Mix well.—Ed.]

P. R. D., Trumbull county, O: The white-fruited egg plant is not used much for cooking purposes. It is more ornamental than useful, as it is not very productive.—Ed.]

R. L. Deatson, Iowa.—To make a bed of asparagus, lay out a bed in the warmest, mellowest part of your garden. Throw out all the soil to a depth of two feet; then throw in a layer of well rotted compost, and then a layer of the soil, forking the two over in the trench. When filled a little above the level, mark rows across the bed one inch deep and twelve inches apart. When the plants are two or three inches high, thin them out to nine inches apart in the rows. In the fall cut off the stalks and add six inches of compost, half manure and half soil. Add another dressing in the spring. No plants should be cut off the first three years. Salt should be put on when the bed is made and with each spring dressing.—Ed.

Burdin W. Quincy, Iowa: We think from what you say in your letter that your horse is suffering from lameness in the shoulder, although this is not perfectly clear, as the trouble may result from navicular disease, or corns. Feel of his hoof and see if there is any fever; also, examine for corns. If the disease is located in the shoulder, and we judge it is, the horse must have rest. Then rub the shoulder with this: Spirits of camphor, one ounce; vinegar, four ounces; water, one pint. After the inflammation is gone, apply this: Mercurial ointment, two ounces; camphor, one drachm; oil of tar and linseed oil, of each four ounces. Rub in well on the shoulder and down to the elbow. Use this diligently and your horse will likely come around in good shape. You let it run too long, and a cure will be slow. Remember, give him a good, long rest.—Ed.

Practical Remedies for Orchard Pests.

Spraying the trees with a solution containing arsenic in the right proportions is the sovereign remedy for the canker worm, codlin moth, caterpiller and their companion pests. Either pure arsenic, paris green, london purple or slug shot may be used. This has proved effectual wherever tried. It is inexpensive. If care is taken there is no danger from the poison. It is to be applied when the leaves are quite small, or as soon as (or before) the canker worm or caterpillar make their appearance. One thorough spraying will usually be enough, especially if no rain follows for several days. For the codlin moth, spray again when the fruit is the size of a pea or twice as large; in fact, any time until the apples begin to droop; for after that the poison, instead of being caught in the calyx end where the egg is laid, lodges in the upturned stem end and many remain there to injuriously affect consumers. So perfectly satisfactory is this treatment of orchard pests, costing as it does only 5 to 10 cents per tree, that we shall not occupy space in citing any of the numberless instances in which it has been used. We will only notice the very thoroughly practical and scientific work of the past two years of Prof. S. A. Forbes, entomologist of Illinois, who says this treatment will save 70 per cent of the loss by these insects.

Care should be taken to mark "POISON" all vessels employed in this work. It is well to exclude stock from the orchard until two or more rains have washed into the ground what poison may fall upon the grass. Be carefull not to breathe the dust or fumes of the poisons, keep on the windward side when spraying, apply early in the season so that months of rainy weather will wash off the last trace of poison before harvesting, and in other ways take every precaution against poisoning.

Arsenic.—The vorious poisons used owe their virtue as insecticides to the arsenic they contain. Therefore, Prof. J. L. Budd, the Iowa horticulturist advocates the use of pure arsenic rather than compounds whose composition may vary. He dissolves 2 lbs of white arsenic by boiling in water in a covered kettle, and dilutes the solution in 200 gallons of water (enough for 200 ordinary apple trees.) This will not clog the nozzle as paris green, etc., does. Sprinkle the trees evenly, so that a little of the spray will drop from the foliage, but use no more force than is necessary to reach the desired point, or the mixture will be forced into the leaves and burn them. This practice is adopted by some progressive western horticulturists. White arsenic retails in Springfield for 30c per pound.

Paris green.—This material is often adulterated, but when of standard quality, 1 lb of it to 100 gallons of water is the usual formula. The poison may first be dissolved to a paste in boiling water. The barrel of poisoned water should be stirred to keep the paris green in suspension. Paris green can usually be had at all country stores or druggists', and is kept by all dealers in agricultural supplies. Some farmers use ¼ lb of the paris green to 32 gallons of water; or a "large tablespoonful to a common barrelful of water." The retail price of paris green in Springfield is 25c per lb.

London Purple.—This arsenical poison is proving very popular for spraying trees. It is lighter than paris green and therefore does not settle in the water as quickly as the green, does not require as much stirring nor is it so apt to clog the nozzle. * * * * * * * It can usually be had at country and at all agricultural stores. One pound of London purple to 100 gallons of water is the usual formula, the purple to be made into a thin paste with warm water before being added to the water. For fruit trees, Prof. A. J. Cook uses 1 lb. of the purple to 50 gallons of water, and in California 1 lb. to 40 gallons of water is used. A. R. Whitney, the Illinois fruit-grower, who has a 150-acre orchard, has tried white or pure arsenic, Paris green and London purple, and prefers the purple—1 lb. to 100 gallons of water. Not the least of its advantages is that, its color being different from green, there is less danger of poison. Moreover, and very important, it adheres to the leaf, which Paris Green does not do. The purple is also cheaper, and the "London Purple" brand is uniform in quality. It retails in Springfield for 20 to 25 cents per lb.—*N. E. Homestead.*

The Codling Moth.

Editor Blade Farm:—Nearly a year ago I promised you if I was successful in heading off the codling moth, I would write you and give an account of my plan.

Well, sir, it has proved a grand success, and I wish to make it public, that others may profit by it.

Now, in the first place, get all the oyster and fruit cans that you can find; heat the ends a little, and you can knock out the ends; then gently heat the seams, and you can spread them out straight. Then take a thin piece of board or shingle, take a pair of compasses, (and if for trees that are from eight to ten inches in diameter,) set them at nine inches, and strike a section of a circle on the shingle; then enlarge the compass one and a half or two inches, and from the same center strike another circle; then square the ends from the center point. It is simply like the pattern of a wagon felloe. If for smaller trees, this pattern should be of a smaller circle.) Spread out your tins and with a sharp pointed instrument mark it by your pattern, and with any strong pair of shears cut it out by the mark, and clip off the inside corners. Then bend it over your knee to nearly the shape to go around the tree. Then take a small hammer and over the corner of an anvil, old axe, or an iron wedge bend the inside edge outward. Then bend about three-fourths of an inch of each end, one in and the other out. Now take them in your basket, with a small hammer, a scratch-awl, a ball of strong twine, an old hoe, or some other kind of instrument to scrape off the rough bark from the trees.

If the tins are too short to reach around the tree, hook the ends of other pieces to it, and pound the splice down tight, and with your scratch-awl prick through the splice a couple of times to prevent their slipping apart. When you have got your tin long enough, to a little more than reach around the tree, scrape the rough bark off, and place the tin around the tree, the inner circle up, and if the ends have been bent, straighten them, and let the ends lap over one or two inches. Then pass your twine twice around the upper part of the tin and draw it tight and tie. This tin when finished is like the inverted rim of a tin basin placed around the tree.

The tin should have flare enough, so that the lower edge will be out from the tree, about half an inch. Care must be taken that the upper part of the tin fits tight to the tree, so that the moth cannot crawl under it. The tin of oyster cans is thin and easily bent, and as a general thing can be dented so as to fit anequalities of the tree, but if not, take a little grafting wax and stop any little holes that you find.

Now as the codling moth has to climb up the tree, when it gets to this tin, if it cannot creep under it, it will try to crawl around it, but it cannot crawl around that short corner, and will fall off.

Care must be taken not to let the twine ends hang over the lower edge of the tin, for the moth will make a step ladder of it, and pass on up. Last year in my experimenting I used wire, instead of twine to tie around the tins. But I did not like it, for as the trees grew it formed a ring around them, and I had to loosen them, and often times the wire would break by untwisting it.

Now, I only tried one of my orchards last year, and the only failure was in this wise: That orchard was in grass, and some of the wide-spreading trees hung so low that they touched the grass, and the moths climbed up that way, and I found a few on such trees. But on the upright trees not a worm was found in the apples. Now, some may say, this is too much work. But does not the good book say "By the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat"—apples?—Henry Hellems.

P. S.—Those tins should be put on at or before the trees are in blossoms.—H. H.

Dehorning.

Editor Blade Farm:—In the Blade of April 7 I saw the account "D. L. B." gave of his experience in dehorning; also your request for information on the subject. Here, in Illinois (Henry county) dehorning is practiced to a considerable extent, and always with good results; and the practice is rapidly gaining favor with stockmen. The operation, if properly done, is short, causing the animal but little pain and loss of blood. I have dehorned about twenty head, ranging from eight months to ten years of age. Some were cows giving milk, and some were heavy with calf and within a few days of their due time, and I never knew a milk cow to shrink in her flow of milk nor miss a feed of hay or grain nor a "springer" to be effected in the least by the operation. I have two sixteen-foot feeders in my yard. Before I dehorned, not more than ten cattle could feed from them at once; now they can all feed at once. Now they can all lay in a shed 18x40, when before not more than half of them could lay. The old "boss" ones would take the shed, and the younger and weaker ones would have to stand outside and take the weather. Dehorned cattle will "bunch" in a shed the same as sheep will. When the operation is to be performed the head should be securely fastened; then take a sharp butcher's saw and saw the horn off close to head, right up to the roots of the hair. Both horns can be taken off in a few seconds.

The operation is not one-tenth part as painful as castration. The wounds on the head will heal over in about four weeks. The best time to dehorn is in cool weather, when there are no flies.—I. M. F., Geneseo, Ill.

Patagonia Fowls.

This supposed variety has never been heard of in this country, and is unknown to English poultry experts, who may be forgiven if they doubt whether fowls could live in such a country as Patagonia. Of course, it may be that the fowls in question are from some of the sheltered valleys of the Andes, or from the border districts on the north, but I have not been able to learn that fowls are regarded as among the domestic creatures of that country. The story told as to the introduction of these fowls is suspiciously like to several others of the same character, and may be true, but I should want some very strong evidence ere I received it. If this evidence is forthcoming and can bear a rigid test, then we can look upon it differently, but at present I am not prepared to accept it, especially as from an illustration I have seen given in an American breeder's catalogue, the fowls look like a Langshan with a slight crest on the head, or a Black Java with crest, and feathered legs. Perhaps the "gentleman, sauntering along the wharves of Boston," can bring his proofs, and I shall be glad to hear of them. At any rate, the fowls are unknown in this country, and we have no breeds which owe their origin to South America.—*Stephen Beale, in Country Gentleman.*

Bee-Keeping in Japan.

From *L'Apicoltore*, of Milan, Italy, we glean the following item of interest:

Chevalier L. Sartori, of Milan, was, a few days ago, favored with the visit of two Japanese delegates, viz.: Messrs. G. R. Hida and H. Danke, councelors of the Japanese ministry of agriculture and commerce. The distinguished visitors had not been long in Mr. Sartori's well known apairy before it became evident that they were not novices in matters connected with bee-keeping, as their numerous and pertinent inquiries plainly testified. Nothing, it appears, escaped their observation, and much interest was exhibited when examining the new large plates recently published by Mr. Sartori, with explanations in four languages. In fact, before bringing their visit to a close, they left an order for 400 sets of these illustrations for the government of Japan, upon which notes will be inserted in the Japanese language. Of course the natural beauty of the Italian bee was, of itself, an object of no small interest, and a few colonies were ordered for shipment to their country. They were, however, not a little surprised when Mr. Sartori placed before them two large plates illustrating Japanese bee-keeping. Before leaving they expressed themselves highly pleased with what they saw in Mr. Sartori's noted establishment.

THE HALIFAX FISHERIES AWARD.

A Dispatch from Lord Salisbury to Washington Regarding the Matter.

London, April 20.—It is officially stated that Lord Salisbury in a dispatch sent to Washington on March 24, said that the British government, understanding the action of the United States in denouncing the fishery articles of the treaty of Washington to be, in a great degree, the result of disappointment at being called upon to pay eleven hundred thousand pounds under the Halifax fishery award, offers to resort to the old condition of affairs, without pecuniary indemnity, which offer, it trusts, will commend itself to the American government as being based upon that spirit of good will and generosity which should animate two great and kindred nations whose common origin, language and institutions constitute as many bonds of aminity and concord.

DR. TALMAGE ON SECRET SOCIETIES

What is the Moral Effect of Freemasonry, Odd Fellowship, and the K. of L.?—All Right if Their Object is Good—All Bad, if Otherwise.

Brooklyn, April 17.—The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., announced to his congregation to-day that as the Brooklyn Tabernacle has been uncomfortably crowded for many years the trustees have purchased the adjoining ground, on which a great church-prayer and Sunday school room will be built, which on Sabbaths can be opened into the main auditorium, thus giving room for at least a thousand more hearers at services. Six thousand people are crowded into the present building, 4,650 of these in pews, and about 1,500 seated in aisles and standing. The improvement will add greatly to this capacity.

The subject of Dr. Talmage's sermon to-day was, "What is the Moral Effect of Free Masonry, Odd Fellowship, Knights of Labor, Greek Alphabet, and other Societies?" The text was from Proverbs, xxv. 9: "Discover not a secret to another." Dr. Talmage said:

It appears that in Solomon's time as in all subsequent periods of the world, there were people too much disposed to tell all they know. It was blab, blab, blab; physicians revealing the cases of their patients, lawyers exposing the private affairs of their clients, neighbors advertising the faults of the next door resident, pretended friends betraying confidences. One-half of the trouble of every community comes from the fact that so many people have not capacity to keep their mouths shut. When I hear something disparaging of you, my first duty is not to tell you. But if I tell you what somebody has said against you, and then go out and tell everbody else what I told you, and they go out and tell others what I told them that I told you, and we all go out, some to hunt up the originator of the story, and others to hunt it down, we shall get the whole community talking about what you did do, and what you did not do, and there will be as many scalps taken as though a band of Modocs had swept upon a helpless village. We have two ears, but only one tongue, a physiological suggestion that we ought to hear a good deal more than we tell. Let us join a conspiracy that we will tell each other all the good and nothing of the ill, and then there will not be such awful need of sermons on Solomon's words; "Discover not a secret to another."

Solomon had a very large domestic circle. In his earlier days he had very confused notions about monogamy and polygamy, and his multitudinous associates in the matrimonial state kept him too well informed as to what was going on in Jerusalem. They gathered up all the privacies of the city and poured them into his ear, and his family became a Sorosis or female debating society of seven hundred, discussing day after day all the difficulties between husbands and wives, between employers and employes, between rulers and subjects, until Solomon, in my text, deplores volubility about affairs that do not belong to us, and extols the virtues of secretiveness.

By the power of a secret divulged families, churches, neighborhoods, nations, fly apart. By the powers of a secret kept, charities, socialities, reformatory movements and Christian enterprises may be advanced. Men are gregarious—cattle in herds, fish in schools, birds in flocks, men in social circles. You may, by the discharge of a gun, scatter a flock of quail, or by the plunge of the anchor send apart the denizens of the sea, but they will gather themselves together again. If you, by some new power, could break the associations in which men now stand, they would again adhere. God meant it so. He has gathered all the flowers and shrubs into associations. You may plant one forget-me-not or heartsease alone, away off upon the hillside, but it will soon hunt up some other forget-me-not or heartsease. Plants love company. You will find them talking to each other in the dew. A galaxy of stars is only a mutual life insurance company. You sometimes see a man with no outbranchings of sympathy. His nature is cold and hard like a ship's mast ice-glazed, which the most agile sailor could never climb. Others have a thousand roots and a thousand branches. Innumerable tendrils climb their hearts, and blossom all the way up, and the fowls of heaven sing in the branches. In consequence of this tendency we find men coming together in tribes, in communities, in churches, in societies. Some gather together to cultivate the arts, some to plan for the welfare of the state, some to discuss religious themes, some to kindle their mirth, some to advance their craft. So every active community is divided into associations of artists, of merchants, of bookbinders, of carpenters, of masons, of plasterers, of shipwrights, of plumbers. Do you cry out against it? Then you cry out against a tendency divinely implanted. Your tirades would accomplish no more than if you should preach to an ant-hill or bee-hive a long sermon against secret societies.

Here we find the oft-discussed question whether associations that do their work with closed doors and admit their members by pass-words, and greet each other with a secret grip, are right or wrong. I answer that it depends entirely on the nature of the object for which they meet. Is it to pass the hours in revelry, wassail, blasphemy, and obscene talk, or to plot trouble to the state, or to debauch the innocent, then I say with an emphasis that no man can mistake, No! But is the object the defense of the rights of any class against oppression, the improvement of the mind, the enlargement of the heart, the advancement of art, the defense of the government, the extirpation of crime or the kindling of a pure hearted sociality, then I say, with just so much emphasis, Yes.

There is no need that we who plan for the conquest of right over wrong should publish to all the world our intentions. The general of an army never sends to the opposing troops information of the coming attack. Shall we who have enlisted in the cause of God and humanity expose our plans to the enemy? No! we will in secret plot the ruin of all the enterprises of Satan and his cohorts. When they expect us by day we will fall upon them by night. While they are strengthening their left wing we will double up their right. By a plan of battle formed in secret conclave, we will come suddenly upon them crying: "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon." Secrecy of plot and of execution are wrong only when the object and ends are nefarious. Every family is a secret society, every business firm, and every banking and insurance institution. Those men who have no capacity to keep a secret are unfit for positions of trust anywhere. There are thousands of men whose vital need is culturing a capacity to keep a secret. Men talk too much, and women, too. There is a time to keep silence as well as a time to speak.

Although not belonging to any of the great secret societies about which there has been so much violent discussion, I have only words of praise for those associations which have for their object the maintenance of right against wrong, or the reclamation of inebriates, or, like the score of mutual benefit societies called by different names, that provide temporary relief for widows and orphans, and for men incapacitated by sickness or accident from earning a livelihood. Had it not been for the large number of secret labor organizations in this country monopoly would long ago have, under its ponderous wheels, ground the laboring classes into an intolerable servitude. The men who want the whole earth to themselves would have got it before this, had it not been for the banding together of great secret organizations. And while we deplore many things that have been done by them, their existence is a necessity, and their legitimate sphere distinctly pointed out by the providence of God. Such organizations are trying to dismiss from their association all members in favor of anarchy and social chaos. They will gradually cease anything like tyranny over their members, and will forbid violent interference with any man's work whether he belongs to their union or is outside of it, and will declare their disgust with any such rule as that passed in England by the Manchester Bricklayers' association, which says any man found running or working beyond a regular speed shall be fined two shillings and six pence for the first offense, five shillings for the second, ten shillings for the third, and if still persisting shall be dealt with as the committee think proper. There are secret societies in our colleges that have letters of the Greek alphabet for their nomenclature and their members are at the very front in scholarship and irreproachable in morals, while there are others the scene of carousal, and they gamble, and they drink, and they graduate knowing a hundred times more about sin than they do of geometry and Sophocles. In other words, secret societies, like individuals, are good or bad, are the means of moral health or of temporal and eternal damnation. All good people recognize the vice of slandering an individual, but many do not see the sin of slandering an organization.

There are old secret societies in this and other countries, some of them centuries old, which have been widely denounced as immoral and damaging in their influence, yet I have hundreds of personal friends who belong to them, friends who are consecrated to God, pillars in the church, faithful in all relations of life, examples of virtue and piety. They are the kind of friends whom I would have for my executors if I am so happy as to leave anything for my household at the time of decease, and they are the men whom I would have carry me out to the last sleep when I am dead. You cannot make me believe that they would belong to bad institutions. They are the men who would stamp on anything iniquitous, and I would certainly rather take their testimony in regard to such societies than the testimony of those who, having been sworn in as members, by their assault upon the society confess themselves perjurers. One of these secret societies gave for the relief of the sick in 1873, in this country, $1,490,274. Some of these societies have poured a very heaven of sunshine and benediction into the home of suffering. Several of them are founded on fidelity to good citizenship and the Bible. I have never taken one of their degrees. They might give me the grip a thousand times and I would not recognize it. I am ignorant of their passwords, and I must judge entirely from the outside. But Christ has given us a rule by which we may judge not only all individuals, but all societies, secret and open. "By their fruits ye shall know them." Bad societies make bad men. Good societies make good men. A bad man will not stay in a good society. A good man will not stay in a bad society. Then try all secret societies by two or three rules.

Test the first: Their influence on home, if you have a home. That wife soon loses her influence over her husband, who nervously and foolishly looks upon all evening absence as an assault upon domesticity. How are the great enterprises of reform, and art, and literature, and beneficence, and public weal to be carried on if every man is to have his world bounded on one side by his front door step, and on the other side by his back window, knowing nothing higher than his own attic, or lower than his own cellar? That wife who becomes jealous of her husband's attention to art, or literature, or religion, or charity, is breaking her own sceptre of conjugal power. I know an instance where a wife thought that her husband was giving too many nights to Christian service, to charitable service, to prayer meetings, and to religious convocation. She systematically decoyed him away, until now he attends no church, he waits upon no charitable institution, and is on a rapid way to destruction, his morals gone, his money gone, and I fear his soul gone. Let any Christian wife rejoice when her husband consecrates evenings to the service of humanity, and of God, or charity, or art, or anything elevating.

But let no man sacrifice home life to secret society life, as many do. I can point out to you a great many names of men who are guilty of this sacrilege. They are as genial as angels at the society room, and as ugly as sin at home. They are generous on all subjects of wine suppers, yachts, and fast horses, but they are stingy about the wives' dresses and the children's shoes. That man has made that, which might be a healthful influence, a usurper of his affections, and he has married it, and he is guilty of moral bigamy. Under this process the wife, whatever her features, becomes uninteresting and uncomely. He becomes critical of her, does not like the dress, does not like the way she arranges her hair, is amazed that he ever was so unromantic as to offer her hand and heart. There are secret societies where membership always involves domestic shipwreck. Tell me that a man has joined a certain kind of society and tell me nothing more about him for ten years, and I will write his history if he be still alive. The man is a wine guzzler, his wife broken-hearted or prematurely old, his fortune gone or reduced, and his home a mere name in a directory. Here are six secular nights in a week. "What shall I do with them?" says the father and the husband. "I will give four of these nights to the improvement and entertainment of my family, either at home or in good neighborhood. I will devote one to charitable institutions. I will devote one to my lodge."

I congratulate you. Here is a man who says: "Out of the six secular nights of the week I will devote five to lodges and clubs and associations and one to the home, which night I will spend in scowling like a March squall, wishing I was out spending it as I have spent the other five." That man's obituary is written. Not one out of ten thousand that ever gets so far on the wrong road ever stops. Gradually his health will fail through late hours, and through too much stimulants he will be first-rate prey for erysipelas and rheumatism of the heart. The doctor coming in will at a glance see it is not only present disease he must fight but years of fast living. The clergyman for the sake of the feelings of the family, on the funeral day will only talk in religious generalities. The men who got his yacht in the eternal rapids will not be at the obsequies. They have pressing engagements that day. They will send flowers to the coffin, they will send their wives to utter words of sympathy, but they will have engagements elsewhere. They never come.

Bring me mallet and chisel and I will cut on the tombstone that man's epitaph: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." "No," you say, "that would not be appropriate." "Let me die the death of the righteous and let my last be like his." "No," you say, "that would not be appropriate." Then give me the mallet and chisel, and I will cut an honest epitaph: "Here lies the victim of dissipating associations!"

Another test by which you can find whether your secret society is right or wrong is the effect it has on your secular occupation. I can understand how through such an institution a man can reach commercial success. I know some men have formed their best business relations through such a channel. If the secret society has advantaged you in an honorable calling it is a good one. But has your credit failed? Are bargain makers more anxious how they trust you with a bale of goods? Have the men whose names were down in the commercial agency A 1 before they entered the society, been down since in commercial standing? Then look out. You and I every day know of business establishments going to ruin through the social excesses of one or two members, their fortune beaten to death with ball players' bat, or cut amidships with the front prow of the regatta, or going down under the swift hoofs of the fast horses, or dropped in the large potations of cognac or Monongahela. That secret society was the Loch Earn. Their business was the Ville de Havre. They struck, and the Ville de Havre went under!

The third test by which you may know whether the society to which you belong is good or bad is this: What is the effect on your sense of moral and religious obligations? Now, if I should take the names of all the people in this audience this morning and put them on a roll, and then I should lay that roll back on this organ, and a hundred years from now some one should take that roll and call it from A to Z there would not one of you answer. I say that any society that makes me forget that fact is a bad society. When I go to Chicago I am sometimes perplexed at Buffalo, as I suppose many travelers are, as to whether it is better to take the Lake Shore route or the Michigan Central, equally expeditious and equally safe, getting to their destination at the same time. But suppose I hear that on one route that the track is torn up, the bridges are down, and the switches are unlocked, it will not take me a great while to decide which road to take. Now, here are two roads in the future—the Christian and the unchristian, the safe and the unsafe. Any institution or any association that confuses my ideas in regard to that fact is a bad institution and a bad association. I had prayers before I joined that society, did I have them afterward? I attended the house of God before I connected myself with that union, do I now absent myself from religious influences? Which would you rather have in your hand when you come to die—a pack of cards or a Bible? Which would you rather have pressed to your lips in the closing moment—the cup of Belshazzarean wassail or the chalice of Christian communion? Who would you rather have for your pall-bearers—the elders of a Christian church or the companions whose conversation was full of slang and innuendo? Who would you rather have for your eternal companions—those men who spend their evenings betting, gambling, swearing, carousing, and telling vile stories, or your little child, that bright girl whom the Lord took? Oh, you would not have been away so much nights, would you, if you had known she was going away so soon? Dear me, your house has never been the same place since. Your wife has never brightened up, she has never got over it. She never will get over it. How long the evenings are with no one to put to bed, and no one to whom to tell the beautiful Bible stories.

What a pity it is that you cannot spend more evenings at home in trying to help her drown that sorrow. You can never drown that grief in the wine cup. You can never break away from the little arms that used to be flung around your neck when she used to say: "Papa, do stay with me to-night. Do stay with me to-night." You will never be able to wipe away from your lips the dying kiss of your little girl. The fascination of a bad secret society is so great that sometimes a man has turned his back on his home when his child was dying of scarlet fever. He went away. Before he got back at midnight the eyes had been closed, the undertaker had done his work and his wife, worn out with three weeks' watching, lay unconscious in the next room. Then the returned father comes upstairs, and he sees the cradle gone and the windows up, and says: "What is the matter?" On the judgment day he will find out what was the matter.

Oh man astray, God help you! I am going to make a very stout rope. You know that sometimes a ropemaker will take very small threads and wind them together until after a while they become ship cables. And I am going to make some very small, delicate threads and wind them together until they make a very stout rope. I will take all the memories of the marriage day—a thread of laughter, a thread of light, a thread of music, a thread of banqueting, a thread of congratulation, and I twist them together and I have one strand. Then I take a thread of the hour of the first advent in your house, a thread of the darkness that preceded, and a thread of the light that followed; and a thread of the beautiful scarf that little child used to wear when she bounded out at even-tide to greet you; and then a thread of the beautiful dress in which you laid her away for the resurrection; and then I twist all these threads together, and I have another strand. Then I take a thread of the scarlet robe of a suffering Christ, and a thread of the white raiment of your loved ones before the throne, and a string of the harp seraphic, and I twist them all together, and I have a third strand. "O," you say, "either strand is enough to hold fast a world!" No; I will take these strands and I will twist them together, and one end of the rope I will fasten, not to the communion table, for it will be removed; not to a pillar of the organ, for that will crumble in the ages; but I wind it round and round the cross of a sympathizing Christ, and, having fastened one end of the rope to the cross, I throw the other end to you. Lay hold of it! Pull for your life! Pull for heaven!

News of the Week.

KNIGHTS OF LABOR

Are not all working Together as Harmoniously as They Might—There is a Good Sized Row in Progress That May Result Disastrously to the Whole Order—The Silversmiths' Troubles.

New York, April 20.—Matthew Barr, master workman of local assembly No. 1,655, the tin and sheet iron workers, and also a member of the executive committee of the Land and Labor party, has issued an official statement severely criticizing several leaders of the Knights of Labor, including General Master Workman Powderly. The local assembly itself has made charges against assembly No. 49 for tyranny and outrage upon it. The local assembly had refused to pay the assessment levied by No. 49 to pay for Pythagoras hall, and No. 49 began a series of persecutions against it.

Mr. Barr begins: "When shall the incubus that presses so heavily on the struggling masses of labor be lifted?

"When shall workingmen rebel against a tyranny more galling than any they have ever experienced from employers? Have they been dominated so long by the arrogant, ambitious men who have obtained control of District Assembly No. 49, and through that of the order, that they are no longer able to demand their rights? Do they not see more and more every day a disposition on the part of General Master Workman Powderly, of our General Executive board, our District Master Workman, our common state of order, our Hawley, Drury, Kunz and all the small fry, to ride rough-shod over those who placed them in their power?"

Further on Mr Barr remarks that "only a short time ago Mr. Powderly was almost idolized in the order, and thousands of honest men would have followed wherever he might lead, and yet $5,000 was his price. Probably he has no idea that he has been bought, but the change that has come over him within the past few months can be accounted for in no other way. As soon as he and a majority of the executive board had been taken care of, the purposes of the officers and satellites of No. 49 began to be seen. They determined to obtain Pythagoras Hall, even if every trade and labor organization within the jurisdiction of No. 49 went to smash. Then they added at least 60 per cent. of the rent of every union meeting in the hall.

"Those men claim the right to levy any assessment they choose, and woe to those who refuse to comply. They issue edicts of suspension, kidnap the members of locals and transfer them to others, order them to strike or not to strike, according to their own pleasure, and antagonize trades unions whenever they can do so with impunity. If the Knights do not call a halt the iron grip of these tyrants will tighten the grip on their throats until the bondage becomes more degrading than that from which they seek to escape."

A movement against the Knight of Labor and trades organizations generally was started yesterday in every silversmith's shop in the city, and presumably throughout the country. This movement, which will have the most far-reaching influences, is due mainly to the strike of the chasers employed by the Whiting manufacturing company. Unless some compromise is reached before 6 o'clock this evening, it will have the effect of shutting out every Knight of Labor who is employed in the business.

The action was taken in pursuance of an understanding between the various establishments in the trade, who have long been awaiting a suitable opportunity to launch a thunderbolt against the trades organizations. The result of the negotiations between the bosses was that at a certain hour yesterday a notice was posted in every manufactory in the trade, barring from employment in the shops "forever" any person aiding or abetting the striking chasers in the Whiting company.

So careful were the heads of the various concerns interested that only enough circulars were printed to be sent around to the various shops. It is aimed directly against the Knights of Labor and the two trades organizations, to which silversmiths as a rule belong.

The employers have long claimed to suffer grievous wrongs at the hands of the Knights. Irresponsible committees, not composed of employes of shops where requests were to be made, have demanded this and the other thing, and some ridiculous and facitul grievances have been laid before the bosses. The trouble in Tiffany's silver department some time since, and latterly the strike of the Whiting chasers, led the bosses to make some organized resistance to these demands.

The Whiting chasers wanted the concern to discharge five apprentices. The proprietors saw no reason for doing so and refused. Thereupon a strike was ordered, and now nearly all the men in the shop are out of work. The policy of the leaders in each strike has been to avoid trouble in other shops, and contributions for the support of the strikers have been pouring in from those of the trade work who belong to the same organization as the strikers. So it was resolved that all the bosses should consolidate their interests and make the present strike a test case.

The men in the silversmith's trade are fairly well organized. Most of them belong to the Knights of Labor. The organization of the manufacturers is said to be on the most solid basis. The scheme was mooted some time since, but fell through. Lately, however, it was revived and put on a working foundation. It is said that each manufacturer will shut down his shop for any length of time if necessary, and there has been talk of each firm putting $10,000 in a pool as an earnest of no surrender.

THE NEW CONSUMPTION CURE

Successfully Practiced in Terre Haute—The Patient Rapidly Improving.

Terre Haute, Ind., April 20.—The new treatment for consumption is being tried in this city. Mr. Richard Jay, nailer, came here from Pittsburg some months ago, a shadow of his former self, and apparently fast going in the last stages of what is known as nailers' consumption.

A week ago Dr. W. H. Roberts, at Jay's request, began the new treatment. Up to a week ago Mr. Jay had been losing flesh at the rate of two pounds per week, his pulse was 121 and his temperature 103°.

During the first three days instead of losing one pound, he gained half a pound. His pulse is now 80 and his temperature 98°, which is normal. He sleeps better and feels greatly improved generally. He has lost much of the nervousness, that was wearing out his life.

Patients under treatment have said they could taste sulphur. Roberts has more conclusive evidence. Within three minutes after the gas was administered he placed a sheet of paper dipped in acitate of lead in front of Jey's face. The lead turned black from the breath, positive proof that the gas had passed through the lungs.

A SLAP AT THE PRESIDENT.

The Iowa G. A. R. on the Pension Subject—A Lively Time Promised.

Dubuque, Ia., April 21.—The annual encampment of the Iowa posts of the Grand Army of the Republic met at the Opera-house. There are 150 post represented. On the pension question Department Commander W. A. McHenry said in his address:

The subject of pensions is one in which every comrade is deeply interested, and especially now when we feel that our just claims have been disregarded. I have refrained from expressing my opinion on this subject during my administration, but I trust that such action will be taken at this encampment that shall tell to the nation just where the soldier element of Iowa is to be found on all questions irrespective of all political parties where the claims of comrades are repudiated, their actions maligned or their infirmities subjected to ridicule.

The action of the national committee on Pensions is fully endorsed by the commander.

There is quite a counter current also in favor of the President's course.

MONTANA STOCK GROWERS

Table a Resolution Condemning the Inter-State Commerce Law.

Miles City, Mont., April 20.—At the meeting of the Montana Stock Growers' association here, yesterday, about 100 members were present. Sec. Harrison's report reflected severely upon Congress for the passage of the inter-state commerce bill. Theodore Roosevelt moved that this be stricken out, and declared the bill a step in the right direction. A lively discussion ensued, which finally closed by the passage of a motion declaring the association not committed to the clause under discussion.

The election of officers resulted: President, Jos. Scott, Miles City; first vice-president, B. F. Potts, Helena; second vice-president, William Harmon, Miles City; secretary and treasurer, R. B. Harrison, Helena.

The executive committee of 50 includes representatives of Wyoming and Dakota. A resolution condemning the inter-state commerce law was on motion of John Clay, jr., of Chicago, laid on the table.

The Suppression of Pleuro-Pneumonia.

Washington, D. C., April 20.—Commissioner Coleman has received from Gov. Hill, of New York, his acceptance on behalf of the state of New York of the new rules for the suppression of pleuro-pneumonia. The form of acceptance contains an agreement that "the executive authority of the state of New York will co-operate with the Bureau of Animal Industry * * * * * * * and that I will direct sheriffs and other peace officers of the state to render all necessary aid and assistance to the inspectors of the Bureau of Animal Industry in the performance of the duties imposed upon them by said rules and regulations."

Large Numbers of Cattle Slaughtered to Prevent the Spread of the Disease.

Chicago, April 21.—Prof. James Law, of the National Bureau of Animal Industry, and the live stock commissioners of Illinois, are systematically pushing on the work of examining the cattle in the city of Chicago which have either been exposed to or are alleged to be infected with pleuro-pneumonia.

On Monday five cows belonging to John Nolan, who keeps a dairy farm at No. 554 Southwestern avenue, were voluntarily sent to a slaughter-house and killed. The state veterinarian on examining the lungs of these animals, found in three of them unmistakable evidences of chronic lung plague. On this discovery it was decided to slaughter the remaining cows in this herd, twelve in number, and these animals were killed yesterday.

At the Empire distillery about 900 fat cattle belonging to Messrs. Rice and Rush have been slaughtered, and in 90 cases there were found lesions of the lungs, which indicated unmistakably the existence of the infectious disease.

Now that the sheds are empty the agents of the government are energetically engaged in disinfecting the entire establishment, and no new animals will be received there until this work has been thoroughly accomplished. At the Chicago and Phoenix distilleries the 1,000 or more animals are not in a very good condition, but as far as the veterinarian can judge no disease exists there.

NO SYMPATHY FOR GEORGE.

German Catholic Priests Emphatically Deny Any Approval of the Actions of George and McGlynn.

New York, April 20.—A long address, signed by 54 German priests of this city, was presented to Archbishop Corrigan, Sunday. The following is a portion of the address:

Most Reverend Archbishop Corrigan:

Most Reverend Sir:—Last Saturday a liberal Catholic who calls himself O'Donoghue, made the assertion in one of the leading morning papers that an attempt was made on the part of authority to coerce the priests of New York to sign an address to your Grace, wherein we assure you of our loyalty and obedience, and disapprove of the action of the Rev. Dr. McGlynn in the Henry George revolutionary movement.

Now, we declare said assertion entirely false. For the last six months the Catholic clergy of New York have been persistently misrepresented by certain parties as if they were followers of Henry George, and sympathizers of the Rev. Dr. McGlynn in his defiant attitude to civil and ecclesiastical laws and constitutional enactments. We have borne these misrepresentations patiently in the hope that Dr. McGlynn and his followers might have time to reflect and retract their revolutionary doctrines. But when the public papers represent these men in their insubordination to legitimate authority with the representatives and champions of the Catholic priests of New York, and when our silence would be taken as acquiescence, patience ceases to be a virtue and we are forced by our convictions and the loyalty and obedience we owe the church into a solemn protest against these accusations.

We, the undersigned, have no sympathy with revolutionary or communistic doctrines; we can not approve of the actions of men who endeavor to destroy the respect and obedience due to law and legitimate authority, be the same civil or ecclesiastical.

WHAT WILL THEY WANT NEXT.

Northwestern Knights of Labor Trying to Run Things With a High Hand—Trouble Feared.

Minneapolis, Minn., April 21.—One of the most important measures ever attempted by the Knights of Labor in the Northwest has been proposed to the millers. For many years past there has been great trouble with the coopers, they claiming it was impossible for them to make living wages.

The Knights now propose to place all the boss shops of the city under the management of the committee of the Knights of Labor. This committee is to fix a fair selling price and a fair price to pay the coopers for making the barrels. The committee will appoint a general agent to look after the business. The proprietors of the shops are to receive a fair rental for their shops and a consideration for the taxes, insurance and running expenses. If the measure becomes operative there is no doubt there will be a considerable advance in the price of barrels.

If the millers refuse to use the Knights of Labor barrels it will result in the boycotting of their flour.

The millers held a secret session yesterday to consider the matter. It was unanimously resolved to fight the scheme to the end. They will pay what they consider a fair price for barrels, and if it is not acceptable to the coopers will discard the use of barrels entirely and use sacks or other packages. If the worst comes they will shut down, as it was agreed that under no circumstances would they submit to dictation from the knights.

SEN. MORRILL ON FINANCE.

The Action of the Senate Sub-Committee—No Need of an Extra Session of Congress.

New York, April 21.—A Washington special to the *Herald* says that Sen. Morrill, chairman of the Senate Finance committee, does not believe that there will be any necessity for an extra session. There are $60,000,000, he says, in circulation more than than it was anticipated last year there would be.

"There is nothing to prevent the secretary from buying bonds," continued Mr. Morrill, "and while he probably would have to pay a premium for them, he would make money for the government in the end by the saving of interest."

Sen. Morrill and his wife expect to remain here until the end of May and then will go to their home in Vermont. He will not meet with the sub committee of the Senate finance committee in Chicago.

"But," said your correspondent, "that will leave the sub-committee a tie—two Republicans, Allison and Aldrich, and two Democrats, Beck and McPherson. Will that do?"

"Oh, yes," answered Mr. Morrill; "that will make no difference. On all subjects considered by our sub-committee Mr. Beck and I agree perfectly. Politics do not enter into the question before that sub-committee. It is a question of getting all the revenue the law requires."

The sub-committee has practically agreed as to the bill to be presented to the Senate at the next session of Congress, and it will be ready in ample time before Congress meets in December next.

PROHIBITION IN IOWA.

The Governor of the State Says It Has Had a Wholesome Effect—Saloons Make Room for Better Business.

Des Moines, April 21.—Gov. Larrabee has written a letter in reply to an inquiry from the secretary of the "Central committee of the Prohibitory Campaign" of Texas, in regard to the workings of prohibition in Iowa.

The governor says that in 80 out of the 99 counties of the state prohibition is enforced, and in the remaining nineteen counties it is partly enforced; that no property has been depreciated by its enforcement, as saloons make room for better and more legitimate business; that the enforcement of the law has had no noticeable effect upon the population beyond causing the removal from the state of some incurable dispensers and perhaps incurable consumers.

The effects of prohibition upon the general welfare and habits of the people, he says, are decidedly wholesome. Prohibition sentiment is in the increase, and there is no doubt that prohibition is an established power in Iowa.

BOSTON'S TRADE RUINED

By the Operations of the Inter-State Commerce Law—Some Startling Facts.

Washington, April 21.—Representatives of various business interests centering in Boston were present in the rooms of the commission to-day, and the hearing of their arguments began at once.

Judge Soule, attorney of the Boston & Albany Railway, said the route taken by shipment to Boston was not the same as that to New York, but was between 60 and 115 miles longer. Of course rates to New York were fixed by the shortest line. There had grown up a large export trade in Boston, made possible by an arrangement with roads which brought traffic at the same rates charged by New York roads to that city. This trade rendered it possible to maintain a line of steamers to England, which line could not be maintained without this traffic. Hence the question became one of greater moment to Boston interests than would appear merely from the amount of the traffic itself.

Mr. W. H. Lincoln, agent of the line of transatlantic steamers, then addressed the commission under oath. The commission, he said, could hardly appreciate the gravity of the question presented. The whole business of Boston was involved in this matter, both local and export.

This export business had grown up within the last fifteen years. It was a fact not generally known that Boston was the second port of this country in the amount of its exports and imports. This trade had all been built up on the basis of equality in all respects. New York had an open waterway from the west and this law gave her an advantage. It meant merely an equality in railroad rates.

C. H. Allen, representing the Allan Line, was sworn. He said the law had greatly interfered with the business of steamers. The Pavonia, which sailed a few days ago, was short about 1,200 tons of her cargo. Another steamer, which sailed last night, was short about 700 tons.

Hon. Alden Speare, of the Boston Merchants' club, argued the unfairness of making New England, which produced nothing but manufactured everything, go to New York for her materials.

Charles D. Berry, engaged largely in the Australian trade said his firm would have to move to New York if no relief were afforded.

Charles H. North, packer, said that the export packing trade of Boston, amounting to $15,000,000 annually could not go on under the present arrangement.

Edward Kemble, addressing the commission, asked that the railroads should not be allowed to single out certain class of citizens of Boston as beneficiaries of the desired action of the commission. If the roads could haul freight from Chicago to Boston, for export, for 25 cents, why could they not do it for consumption. The exporting class of Boston was small, the local community was large. By what principle of justice was the mechanic in England to be afforded a better rate upon his barrel of flour than a mechanic in Massachusetts.

This ended the hearing.

After recess the commission gave a hearing to the representatives of certain northwestern railroad interests.

HE WAS COINING MONEY

When the U. S. Government Took a Hand In the Scheme and Exposed the Gigantic Swindle.

Chicago, April 21.—It is stated by a local paper that the postoffice authorities have stopped the delivery of registered mail to T. S. Gardener and several publications by the names of the *Farm Journal*, *Farmer's Album* and *Farming World*. It is also said that the department has determined upon the arrest and prosecution of Gardener on the grounds that his publications are "a swindle on the public and a fraud on the United States mail service."

It is claimed that Gardener has for some time been receiving over 50 registered letters a day, each containing a postal order for from $5 to $21 and has sent out over 250,000 circulars and specimen copies of his paper within three months through the second-class mail alone.

The head of the second-class mail department in the Chicago office, decided some time ago, it is said, that the publications named were of the "cash premium" order.

Three weeks ago in accordance with the regulation of the department which says:

If a postmaster has reason to doubt that a publication offered as second-class matter has a legitimate list of subscribers, he may require the publisher thereof to satisfy him that it has.

The superintendent stopped some 13,000 copies of Gardener's *Farm Journal*, and demanded to be shown the subscribers' list. Three weeks have passed, but the 13,000 copies are still lying in the basement of the postoffice.

As Gardener was slow in furnishing his subscribers' list, the superintendent sent inquiries to outside postmasters regarding 30 persons to whom the *Farm Journal* was addressed. The names of these presumptive subscribers were selected at random from the 13,000 addressed copies of the publication. Replies have been received from all. It is claimed that 27 denied being subscribers and three others admitted having subscribed, but had not yet received the publication.

Every subscriber was promised a $2 premium order—to be cashed later—for an outfit of 40 cents, with a valuable journal thrown in for a year, and the man who got up a club was to get a prize of from $25 to $5,000. From the replies of subscribers, it is claimed that Gardener had sent one copy of his paper—a patent sheet got up in imitation of a genuine periodical—to each person who replied to his original circular, but had never paid any attention to the clubs except to take the money. A morning paper says the postoffice inspectors have evidence in hand which District Attorney Ewing believes will secure a conviction, the full penalty in which case will be a fine of $500 and eighteen months' imprisonment.

Gardener's offices in this city are in the Scott block, corner of West Van Buren street and Hermitage avenue, where he employs 25 to 30 young women mailing his circulars. Since the postoffice people here have begun to make it unpleasant for him, it is stated that he has opened up in Cincinnati. His circulars from that city are ornamented a large picture of a fine business block at the corner of Sixth and Vine streets. It is said that the postoffice authorities sent a man to Cincinnati yesterday to effect Gardener's arrest, but they refuse to give any information.

TO MARRY MIDDLE-AGED WOMEN,

And Then Decamp With Their Property was the Scheme of Dr. Grant, Who is Now in Jail.

Boston, April 21.—New stories are continually cropping out in regard to the life and adventures of Dr. Andrew Jackson Grant, whose line of business was to marry or engage to marry middle aged women, and then decamp with their money and clothing. In March, 1886, the doctor put a personal advertisement in a New York newspaper to the effect that a wealthy gentleman desired an acquaintance with a view to matrimony, "money no object."

The advertisement was answered by Mary Sturgess, of New York, and Ann M. Bulgin, of Brooklyn, the "doctor" then being a resident of Brooklyn under the name of Dr. Price. The letters from the women were received on the same day, and the doctor called upon each as soon as possible. In about three weeks he became engaged to the Bulgin woman, and the wedding was appointed for March 27.

The expectant bride was in readiness, but the doctor had the ceremony postponed because, as he said, "it would bring ill luck to have the ceremony performed on a rainy day," and it was fixed that it should take place on March 31. The trunks containing the clothing of the pair were sent away and the doctor left Brooklyn on the day which was to have been the wedding day, taking not only a large quantity of the lady's wearing apparel, but $680 of her money.

To marry Sturgess in New York, the doctor hastened and she was only too glad to welcome so wealthy and distinguished a gentleman. It was the same old story of the non-arrival of remittances, and the trusting woman gave him money to meet temporary demands. It was not much, but it was her all, and when the doctor ascertained there was nothing more to obtain from his credulous victim, he left her, to seek more dupes.

The swindler is still in Cambridge jail. He is suffering from the effects of being deprived of his daily doses of morphine, but there is every reason to believe that he will recover in time for his trial at the June term of court.

REDUCED FARES GRANTED.

A New Scheme to be Tried by the Middle State Railways.

Livonia, N. Y., April 22.—The sheep-breeding associations will hold their union sheep-shearing exhibition here April 27 and 28. By an arrangement with the trunk line passenger committees of New York, visitors will be required to pay full fare going, but only one-third fare returning.

To secure the reduction, certificates, the blank forms of which are printed, must be presented at the railway office. Twenty-nine leading railroads in the Eastern and Middle states join in forming this Trunk Line Passenger committee. Certificates for this reduced fare will be sent to any one wishing to attend the shearing by addressing H. D. Kingsbury, Livonia, N. Y. This combined action of the railroads is intended to be granted to all public gatherings that ask for reduced fares, and is the first trial of this plan in this state.

CONDENSED TELEGRAMS.

Pere Hyacinthe is seriously ill in Paris.

The Paris *Temps* says the malady from which the German Crown Prince is suffering is cancer of the tongue.

Mr. Parnell has gone to Dublin to endeavor to sift the matter of the letter published by the London *Times*.

At Moravia, N. Y., to-day, Frank Close fell upon a circular saw and his head and body were split in two the entire length.

Frank M. Scott, bookkeeper of Webster & Co., New York, who embezzled $101,000, has received a sentence of six years.

In the Tallahassee, Fla., legislature, yesterday, the vote cast for United States Senator was distributed among 32 names.

The verdict of the jury at Morris, Ill., found Watt and Schwartz guilty of murder, sentencing them to imprisonment for life.

Maj. Saunderson, at Tunbridge, reiterated the charges against the Parnellites and challenged them to adopt means of vindication.

The Chinese minister to Washington, Mr. Chang Yan Hoon, sailed for Paris by way of Havre, with four secretaries of legation.

The Dominion Alliance at Ottawa has decided that a bill be introduced in the Dominion Parliament providing for total prohibition.

The War department has ordered the removal to Mount Vernon, Ala., of the Apaches now confined at Fort Marion, St. Augustine.

Lord Mayor of Dublin has called a meeting for the purpose of taking steps towards the erection of a national memorial to Mr. Gladstone.

A St. Johns, N. B., dispatch says: "Sarah Howe, who swindled $50,000 from New York women, came here, but fled to Canada last night."

Advices received by the steamer City of Sydney states that the Yokohama Specie bank has increased its capital from $3,000,000 to $6,000,000.

Postmaster General Vilas and Thomas E. Nash, superintendent of the railway mail service, are in Chicago to-day on their way to Washington.

A sharp shock of earthquake has been experienced on the whole of the Island of Jersey. The tremor proceeded from east to west. No damage was done.

"Old Spot," the horse which Gen. Kilpatrick rode in his famous expeditions during the war, died at Deckertown, N. J., a few days ago. He was 33 years old.

The sentence of Jefferson Bowling to hang June 24, for the murder of old man Douglass in Licking county, has been commuted to imprisonment for life.

Adjutant General Drum to-day received a telegram stating that Maj. John E. Blaine, paymaster, (brother of ex-Sec. Blaine) died at Hot Springs, Ark., to-day.

News has just reached Vernon, Texas, that a band of Kiowa and Comanche Indians killed W. A. Stinson and two of his men near his ranche in Greer county, Tuesday.

The total amount of trade dollars redeemed to date, is $5,243,000, which amount will be increased $400,000 by a recent importation at San Francisco from China.

The *Soleil* says that Gessler, the alleged accomplice of Pranzini in the murder of Mme. Regnault, her maid, and the latter's daughter, has been arrested in Paris.

There was much excitement and active trading on the New York Coffee Exchange Thursday. Coffee jumped up 50 points. Cause of sudden rise not made known.

Andrew Carnegie, the Scotch millionaire of Pittsburg, was married to Miss Whitfield, daughter of the late John Whitfield, at the bride's residence in New York.

Jeff. Davis has written expressing regret that he will not be able to attend the ceremonies at the unveiling of the Calhoun monument at Charleston, S. C., next Tuesday.

Fred Popp, a rich Chicagoan, was brutally assaulted Friday while protecting some old plank out of his sidewalk, by three of his neighbors, who were trying to steal the plank.

A special from San Francisco, Cal., says that Van Haltren, the pitcher, who was released to Chicago by the Pittsburg club, will not come East this year. No reason is assigned.

The Bay View riot cases were taken up in the Milwaukee Municipal court to-day, before Judge Sloan. There are seven defendants. The day has been taken up in impanneling a jury.

The President has appointed Sigourney Butler, of Boston, to be second comptroller of the treasury in place of Judge Maynard, promoted to assistant secretaryship of the treasury.

Pres. Egan says the London *Times* has employed Pinkerton detectives to get samples of his handwriting, for the purpose of producing a forged letter from him like that of Parnell's.

The West Virginia legislature has introduced bills against discrimination in freight and passenger traffic and granting free passes to public officials and delegates to political conventions.

The annual session of the Miami Congregational conference, embracing all the Congregational churches in Southern Ohio, Kentucky and West Virginia, is being held in Springfield, Ohio.

The *Gaulois* states that the manufacturers of France are joining in a petition to the government to have the international exhibition postponed to a more favorable date than that of 1889.

The operation of the inter-state law has compelled the abandonment of business at Sprague's box factory at Swansey, N. H. The factory has been turning out over 3,000 boxes daily.

The President has appointed E. S. Bingham, of Columbus, O., to be chief justice of the Supreme court of the District of Columbia, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Chief Justice Carter.

The tow boat Clifton ran into a tow of coal barges at the head of Glass-house Riffle, Ohio river, near Pittsburg, and sank in twelve feet of water. The crew escaped. The Clifton was valued at $16,000.

James G. Blaine received no callers in Chicago, yesterday. Walker Blaine said his father was depressed over the death of his brother, and had made a special request that no cards be sent to his room.

At Indianapolis, Capt. Bower, of the government secret service, arrested Michael Hemmer and Jas. Fox, who have been engaged in counterfeiting silver and gold coin. Prisoners will be taken to Cleveland.

The London *Times* this morning says: "We possess several specimens of Mr. Parnell's signature written about the date disputed document from which we are able to parallel peculiarities of signature."

At a special meeting of the directors of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway, called by Vice President Bond, in New York, appropriate resolutions on the death of Pres. Alex. Mitchell were adopted.

The New York *Times* this morning states that the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe railroad is buying $1,000,000 worth of steel rails in England. Prominent iron men are given as authority for the statement.

A negro named Hite made an unsuccessful attempt, near Henderson, Ky., to assault a white lady. A posse was organized and he was traced to Blackburn, captured, taken outside of town and hanged to a tree.

An expert accountant is overhauling the books of Water Registrar Michael H. Murphy, who mysteriously disappeared from Hoboken a few weeks ago. It is now believed that Murphy's defalcation will reach over $100,000.

In a runaway in Pittsburg, Mayor James F. Ryan, of McKeesport, Pa., was thrown from a buggy and killed. Mayor Ryan was the brother of Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, and one of the wealthiest citizens of McKeesport.

Six of the men arrested for complicity in the plot to assassinate the Czar, which was to have been carried out on March 13, have been sentenced to death. The other conspirators have been sentenced to imprisonment for life.

The remains of Alex Mitchell, late president of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad, did not reach Chicago to-day, as was anticipated. They will not arrive until 10 o'clock to-night, when they will be coupled to the night train.

The Western division of the Woman's Baptist Foreign Missionary society convened in Chicago to-day. The report of the secretary showed that the society had paid $23,723 to support foreign missions, while $3,032 had been paid for home expenses.

The town of Lexington celebrated the 112th anniversary of the revolutionary battle on Tuesday. There was a procession in the morning, oration in the town hall and childrens' entertainment, the whole concluding in the evening with a grand ball.

The large flouring mill at Drakestown, Pa., near Erie, was destroyed by fire yesterday. Several small buildings adjoining were also burned, and for a time the entire hamlet was threatened. The loss is estimated at $27,000; insurance, $11,000. Origin unknown.

It is expected that another call for three per cent. bonds will be made in a few days. There are now outstanding $19,824,600 three per cents, of which $16,491,900 are held by National banks, $3,325,700 by residents of the United States, and $7,000 by foreign residents.

The weavers of the Hamilton mills, at Amesbury, Mass., are still out. The question of an increase of wages has been referred to the board of Directors, who will hold a meeting to-day. Unless the trouble is settled this week, 1,000 persons will be thrown out of employment.

Dr. John A. Moxton, of Dallas, Texas, an eminent physician and surgeon of the South, who has been in Philadelphia for a few days past in consultation with specialists concerning a morbid growth in the mouth, had the dangerous obstruction successfully removed from his throat yesterday by Drs. D. Hays Agnew and James H. Bell, of Philadelphia.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

The Queen of Hawaii is on her way to Washington.

The excitement over the Schaenebles affair is dying out.

The schooner Active and 33 persons are reported lost.

Mr. Blaine has postponed his trip to Europe till the middle of June.

Thirteen Irish constables recently resigned sail for America Wednesday.

A Mexican priest flogs the dead body of a man to drive away the evil spirits.

William O'Brien is coming to Canada to tell all he knows about Lansdowne.

June 22 is officially set apart as the day for observing the Royal Jubilee in Canada.

All the socialists and anarchists in the country are going to combine for political effects.

The German-Franco incident is causing a general decline in the European stock market.

Ben Butler is said to have been the author of the Arthur Richmond paper attacking Lowell.

Two noted female counterfeiters have been arrested in New York while plying their trade.

Sen. Sherman laughs at that Cuban kidnapping story and says it is all stuff and nonsense.

The National Liquor Dealers association will engage in the coming prohibition campaign in Texas.

The swell bars of New York were closed by the police on Sunday while the dives did a rushing trade.

Jeff Davis writes a letter about the battle of Shiloh that is very uncomplimentary to Gen. Beauregard.

The Missouri Baldknobbers have been indicted by the grand jury and many are fleeing the country.

The remains of the late Alex. Mitchell, the Wisconsin millionaire, have been taken to Milwaukee for burial.

Shocking tales of cruelty are told of the New York State Insane asylum, and there is to be a rigid investigation.

It is reported from Rome that Rev. Dr. Mc Glynn, of New York, will be suspended from his pastoral functions.

The impression seems to be that Cleveland would not only accept another nomination but that he really desires it.

It has just transpired that Sen. Sherman and party narrowly escaped being kidnapped during their recent visit to Cuba.

Bishop Keane, of Richmond, Va., has received a papal brief advising the founding of a Catholic university in America.

Patrick Eagan is anxious to go to Dublin for a vindication of the charges of being a criminal made by Maj. Saunderson.

The German singing societies of New York are in arms against the theatrical license law, which forbids playing a piano in a building adjoining a saloon.

Hagerstown, Md., is excited over a mysterious attempted murder of Mrs. Crump and her invalid son. A younger son of Mrs. Crump has been arrested on suspicion.

The President has recognized James Hayes Sadler as consul of Her Britanic Majesty for Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, Dakota, Montana and Wyoming, and to reside in Chicago.

Arrangements have been completed for the Americus Republican club banquet at Pittsburg on the occasion of General Grant's 65th birthday anniversary next Wednesday. Among those who have sent letters of acceptance, are Gov. Foraker, of Ohio, Col. Fred Grant and Hon. John C. New, of Indianapolis. Gov. Foraker will respond to the toast, "U. S. Grant."

The first application in St. Louis of electricity as a motive power for running street railroad cars, was made yesterday on the Washington avenue road. The test was considered highly successful, and as soon as the necessary machinery and apparatus can be attached to the cars, the entire road will be run by electricity. The motor used is known as the Julien system.

Hon. James. G. Blaine received a delegation from the Irish American and one from the German American club, in his parlors in Chicago, Saturday, but at his request, no speeches were made. He remained standing while the gentlemen, numbering about 250, were presented to him, and shook hands with them all. At the close of the reception he thanked them for their courtesy, but excused himself from not addressing them, owing to his ill health.

The President has quite recently prepared a formal letter to be made public, unqualifiedly declaring he would not be a candidate for re-election. Yielding to the earnest persuasion of friends, he consented to withhold the letter for the present if not wholly abandon the idea of its publication. This is on the authority of Col. Dorsheimer, of New York, that he had been shown a draft of the letter. Col. Dorsheimer urged the President to abandon the idea for the present and finally induced him to yield to his persuasions.

BUSINESS PROSPECTS.

R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Report on the Condition of Trade—Business Failures Show a Decrease.

New York, April 23.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says that the unusual weather hinders trade. Extensive snow storms late in April and strips and patches of snow still on the ground at this date around New York, account for not a little of the embarrassments in various branches of business.

It is a compensating fact that the long drouth in the West is broken, and copious rains help crop prospects. But the outlook in dry goods is especially affected by unseasonable weather, which adds to the apparent depression caused by unwonted purchases of stocks last month in order to anticipate the change of rates.

The market for woolens drags and is unsatisfactory, and while cotton staples are firm, print cloths are weaker. Raw cotton does not advance, though the receipts are small, and wool has been weak, though the hope is expressed that the bottom has been touched.

Iron is dull at Philadelphia, with prices of some grades marked down there, and at Pittsburg bar is lower and the entire market feverish, with symptoms of weakness.

Wheat is held by a reported corner, but has scarcely advanced a shade.

Pork products are a little weaker, and oil is dull. Coffee has been suddenly advanced a cent by speculative methods. Leather is in better demand, boot and shoe orders having decidedly improved. The rubber market is excited.

Stocks have turned downward with an average decline for the week of a half dollar per share, for much of the embarrassment changes in railroad rates under the inter-state act are responsible. Many think, as the commission apparently does, that the railroads have made the law an excuse for an unnecessary advance in rates, but the broad fact remains that a great part of the business of the country has been built up under a system of special rates to encourage especial localities or trades. The chief intent of the act is to prevent such special favors, and the inevitable result is that the industries and business of a great number of places are disturbed.

Foreign and interior trade continue fairly active. Exports from New York show an increase of 11 per cent. over last year, and are declining against an increase of 7½ per cent. in imports, with an advancing tendency. At some Southern points business is so dull that the country merchants in unusual numbers are asking for extensions, but collections, generally, are fairly prompt.

Money would be everywhere abundant but for the extraordinary demands in real estate speculation and building. New York alone has plans filed that in three months call for an expenditure of $22,500,000 in building, and mortgages to the amount of $35,600,000 for the quarter. At the same rate throughout the country new mortgages would aggregate $2,000,000,000 and new buidings would cost $1,400,000,000.

The Chicago *Journal* reports 21,347 miles of new railway building proposed for the year, and 18,856 miles of track to be relaid, which would cost over $600,000,000. With such demands it is not strange that any disturbance in the usual trade and productive industry of the country is felt.

Business failures during the last seven days number for the United States 171 and for Canada, 28, against a total of 175 last week and 194 for the corresponding week of last year.

AFTER MANY YEARS

An Old Bombshell Explodes with Fatal Results.

Harpers Ferry, W. Va., April 26.—A picnic party Sunday afternoon, on Bolivar Heights above the town, came across an old bombshell, a relic of the war. It was taken to Major Cockrell's house, and several young men began pounding it with stones while the rest of the party gathered round, filled with curiosity to see what was in the shell.

Suddenly there was a terrific explosion, and the people of the town looked toward the Heights astonished. Six of the persons who were about the shell were seriously hurt. The list of these is as follows:

Frank Jones, hand terribly lacerated; Edward Fales, jaw bone broken, skull fractured and leg broken; William Turner, one foot torn off; Agnes Willis, aged 14, right leg blown off below the knee; George Willis, aged 6, left leg blown off; Thomas Willis, face seriously burned. Agnes Willis and Edward Fales are not expected to live. The furniture in the room was shattered and the window glass blown out.

The Mexican Presidency.

City of Mexico, April 23, (via Galveston.)—The senate has received from the chamber of Deputies a resolution repealing the clause of the constitution, forbidding the immediate re-election of a president. In the lower house it passed by a vote of 168 to 9. It will undoubtedly pass the senate and then go to the various states for ratification. Under the contemplated change the president would be ineligible to a third term immediately succeeding a second term.

LIEUT. DANENHOWER DEAD.

Found in His Quarters With a Bullet Through His Brain—Details of the Sad Affair.

Annapolis, Md., April 20.—Lieut. John Danenhower of Arctic fame, was discovered at 10 o'clock this morning dead in his quarters at the naval academy, with a bullet hole in his right temple. He was found lying on his rug in front of his fireplace with a tag tied to his button-hole, saying: "Send to my brother at Washington."

Although he has had mental troubles since he returned from the Arctic regions, what immediately led to the suicide is thought to have been the recent grounding of the Constellation, on its way to Norfolk, which he had charge of, and for which it is supposed he had a fear of being court-martialed.

Furthermore he was very intimate with young Robert W. Gatewood, who recently committed suicide on the Calonia, and whom he saw in death. It is supposed that this death suggested the mode to him. His wife, formerly Miss Sloan, of New York, is away with her parents. Lieut. Danenhower leaves two children. He was about 39 years old, and an intelligent and polished officer.

The News at the Navy Department.

Washington, April 20.—Sec. Whitney to-day received a telegram from Commander Sampson, at the Naval Academy, Annapolis, stating that Lieut. Danenhower had committed suicide this morning by shooting himself.

The receipt of the news created a sensation in the department and was a subject of general conversation among the officers and employes who recalled certain incidents in the past life of the lieutenant in explanation of his suicide. The telegram says the unfortunate man was undoubtedly insane when he took his own life.

His career was eventful and his sufferings on the ill-fated Jeannette Arctic expedition are even now fresh in the public mind.

He was born about 37 years ago, in Illinois, and entered the naval service in 1866, and was attached to United States Vandalia during her cruise in the Mediterranean in 1876-7 when Gen. Grant with his family was on board and visited the holy land.

It was before this cruise that the lieutenant, through his conduct, began to show signs of an unbalanced mind, and his malady soon assumed a form so violent that in 1875, after he had been found wandering in a North Carolina wilderness, his friends deemed it expedient to secure proper treatment for him. He was among the first of the officers who volunteered to go upon the Jeannette arctic expedition.

On July 8, 1879, the Jeannette sailed on a north polar expedition by way of Behring's straits. The expedition was in charge of Lieut. Commander G. W. De Long, assisted by Lieuts. Chipp and Danenhower and Chief Engineer Melville. The last communication from the vessel was dated Cape Tertze Karmen, Siberia, September 2, 1879, although she was afterwards seen off Wrangel Land in about 71° north latitude.

The crushing of the Jeannette in the pack ice, the separation in a gale of the three boats containing the officers and crews, the starvation of Commander De Long and his boat's crew, the loss of Lieut. Chipp's boat, and the terrible sufferings and final rescue of Melville's party, are matters of history.

In the first separation of the boats De Long placed Danenhower under Melville's command, for the reason, as the lieutenant said in his report that he was partially disabled by the condition of his eyes.

Naval officers, however, maintain it was to Danenhower's fine seamanship and skilful handling of the whale boat, that the safe landing of the crew was due. Melville and Danenhower were the only surviving officers.

When Lieut. Dananhower returned to the United States in 1882, he was placed on waiting orders during the progress of the official inquiry into the loss of the Jeannette, and afterwards granted a year's leave of absence. He was married in New York while on leave and has left a wife and two children.

In September, 1884, he was assigned to duty at Annapolis as assistant commandant of cadets, which station he held at the time of his death. A few days ago he was at Norfolk, Va., looking after the equipment of the practice ship Constellation and it is now recalled by officers at the navy yard that he was very morose and distraught, and the opinion was very freely expressed that he was suffering from an attack of his old malady.

THE MANCHESTER GUARDIAN

On the State of Trade in England—Not a Very Bright Outlook.

Manchester, Eng., April 20.—The *Guardian*, in its commercial article, says that the tone is not lively. A few houses have exceeded a moderate business. The tendency of prices is downward, especially in the yarn department, where the recent advance was never fully established. There is no appreciable increase of business in the India department, and there have been but few transactions for other Eastern outlets. The miscellaneous foreign demand is quiet, although the number of transactions has been fair in some departments.

This also applies to the home and colonial trade as far as the demand from first hands is concerned. The export market is exceedingly quiet. India staples are in poor demand. Manufacturers, who are not well provided with orders, are not desirous to sell. Some makes of shirting are freely offered, and occasionally quick delivery is given. The early stoppage of some of the looms is mentioned unless there is a decided revival in the demand.

There is some inquiry for jacconets and dhoofies, but the offers are rarely feasible. High reed printers and other finishing cloths are firm and well sold, but there is a slackness in renewing orders. Colored goods remain firm, makers are well engaged for the home and foreign markets. Fresh business is not coming forward to any extent. T cloths, Mexicans, and other heavy goods are quiet, with moderate sales.

NORTHWESTERN LUMBERMEN.

They Discuss Various Matters and Allege that the Inter-State Law is Injurious to Them.

Minneapolis, April 20.—The Northwestern Lumber Manufacturers' association met here this morning in annual session. The report of the amount of stock on hand at the principal points in the Northwest, the condition of drives, etc., will be made, and, if necessary, changes in prices will be recommended.

The effect of the inter-state commerce law on the manufacture and transportation of lumber will be the chief topic discussed. It is claimed that the present rates are detrimental to the lumber interests, and some modification of the law will probably be asked.

THE FRENCH CROWN JEWELS

Probably Coming to America—The Exhibition Opened in the Louvre Yesterday.

Paris, April 21.—The exhibition of the French crown jewels was opened to-day in the Louvre. The palace was thronged with visitors, mainly ladies. No one was allowed to stop and admire the jewels, but persons who were regarded as possible purchasers could obtain orders for a private view. The rooms in which the jewels are displayed are beautifully draped. Orders from America, especially from the wives of U. S. senators, indicate the probable destination of the greater part of the jewels.

SUPERSTITION IN MEXICO.

A Priest Flogs the Body of a Dead Man—Notes from Over the Border.

Matamoras, Mex., April 25.—Yesterday at Villa Libre, the parish priest, in the presence of the Jefe Politico, flogged and exorcised the body of a dead man, who in life had been accused of being a wizard, and was said to hold converse with the devil. And this is the nineteenth century!

Jesus Molinez, of Zacatecas, whose girl had been untrue to him, committed suicide by smoking several enormous cigarettes of marihuana, while lying in a pool abounding with venomous insects, which, while he was insensible, destroyed his life.

A fire broke out at the Pena Colorada ranch, near Dolores, and destroyed two buildings. In one were two youths, twin brothers, sick with typhus fever. Their mother made a gallant effort to save them, but all three perished in the flames.

SAVING THE TIMBER.

Suits to be Commenced Against Various Parties for Unlawfully Removing It.

Washington, D. D., April 23.—The secretary of the Interior has requested the attorney-general to institute suits against parties in various sections of the country charged with unlawfully removing timber from the public domain. They include the following: Noah and Richmond Johnson, mill-owners; Thomas Beeton, and the Port Madison Mill Co., in Washington territory; Albert Small, C. W. Colby, Merritt V. Drake, John Watt and Edward K. Packard, of Kingston, Idaho territory; J. P. Linecum, Grant Parish, Ia.; I. Y. Sage, contractor, Atlanta, Ga.; the Louisville, New Orleans & Texas railroad company. In most cases civil suits for damages ranging from $3,000 to $10,000 are recommended, and in several cases criminal suits also.

BEWARE THE YEAR '89.

Then Red-Handed Communism Will Rear Its Bloody Head and Overturn the Government of the People—The Plan is all Matured and is but Waiting the Proper Time.

Chicago, April 28.—A few days ago these despatches contained a report about a projected combination of the three principal socialistic organizations in this country—the Red International, the Black International and the Socialistic Labor party. While the aims and designs of the so called Black International, or the International Working People's association, thanks to the anarchists trial, have become widely known, nobody knew or hardly ever heard of the Red International or the International Workmen's association as being a specific organization of socialists along the Pacific coast.

This organization was founded in San Francisco in 1885. It was organized in all the principal cities throughout the Western states after the model of the Knights of Labor assemblies, and is by far more secret than that organization. It is now authoritatively announced by an organ of the socialists that the leader of the "Reds" proposes there shall be an uprising in 1889. What would occur were the uprising he counts on successful, is thus outlined:

"The circumstances which may permit decisive action will probably be these: In 1889 the present panic will approach a climax. It will be widespread and alarming, accompanied by closed factories, starving workers, rioting, and the use of military force. It may even, complicated by a bitter class feeling, result in a suppression of the rights of free speech, meeting and press.

"Until then, unless the whole people are aroused, it is the duty of the wise socialist to hold aloof from riots in special localities. The time is not yet ripe for success; we have counted our heads and we know it. To strike this year would be to uselessly slaughter our best people and put back the cause a hundred years. No, at present we must be wise as serpents, but harmless as doves. We must take advantage of it for agitation and education only. We must speak much and act not at all.

"When the working people are hungry their brains were weak. One year of panic means a trebling of our forces at the very least. And while with our present 100,000 American Socialists forcible action is impossible, with 400,000 (which the next panic will give us if we manage wisely) we hold the game in our own hands.

'We have, perhaps, until 1889, time in which to perfect our plans. That year in Europe will surely bring grave results. In America, if figures lie not, another panic greater, deeper, and more widespread than the preceding will be upon us. Then, and not till then, may we risk a cast of the iron die. Then may we strike the strike to win.'"

The article states that they expect to have in the United States in 1889 at least half a million earnest Socialists, divided somewhat as follows: Chicago, 25,000; New York, 25,000; in the New England factory states, 100,000; in the central coal and iron region, 100,000; in Colorado and the Western states, 50,000; on the Pacific coast, 50,000; in the Atlantic and Southern cities, altogether, 100,000, and scattered in various points in towns and villages, 50,000 more.

"The panic comes, the public are excited, outbreaks occur, the large centers revolt, the places where a few Socialists exist are made points for rallying of the conservative element.

"In these small places it should be made the duty of the socialists there presiding secretly and with all the aid of the science of destructive warfare to raise sufficient turmoil to keep the conservatives busy at home.

"Meanwhile in large centres bold measures should be taken. Our people should heed, lead and control the popular revolt; should seize the places of power; should lay hands upon the machinery of government.

"Once installed in power the Revolutionary committee should follow this course of action. The decrees should at once be promulgated and enforced."

It is proposed to make Chicago the headquarters of the uprising in 1889 which is to follow the combination of the different branches of the Internationalists, and quite an elaborate programme is outlined of the manner in which the style of government will be changed after the revolt has proved successful. The year 1889 is also the one decided on in 1886 by the national federation of trades and labor assemblies as the one in which the eight-hour rule should go into effect.

MUGWUMPS AND DEMOCRATS.

The New York World Goes for the Former and the New York Sun for the Latter—The Slaughter of Pres. Cleveland.

New York, April 26.—The *World* this morning says that it is not calculated to encourage toleration of Mugwump-coddling among the Democratic voters to find conspicuous leaders of these political hermaphrodites, declaring that their support of Pres. Cleveland next year, should he be re-nominated, would depend upon whether the Republicans nominate Mr. Blaine. In this contingency the Mugwumps are good enough to say that they will vote as they did before.

But in case Mr. Sherman should be nominated, even Dorman B. Eaton says he should "have to reflect" as to what he would do, while the eccentrically independent proprietor of the *Times* says he should support the Buckeye statesman—war tariff, surplus-spending, and all. And Mr. Curtis intimates that the nomination of Blaine would be necessary to insure independent support for Pres. Cleveland.

In view of the consideration given to the Mugwumps by Pres. Cleveland in shaping his policy, and of their frequent indorsement of his administration as all that is good and wise, the precarious footing of their favor for next year shows how small a place principle and gratitude have in their political make-up. The President must be tempted to exclaim, with the unfortunate Cardinal, "Oh, how wretched is that poor man that hangs on Mugwumps' favors."

Rather Hard on Cleveland.

New York, April 26.—The *Sun* this morning prints the following editorial in italics:

By all means, Mr. Cleveland should be nominated for the Presidency in 1888 as the Democratic candidate, if it be clearly established beforehand that the Democracy are bound to be beaten.

It would be less injurious to the Democratic cause to be beaten with Mr. Cleveland than with any other man who could possibly be selected; and if any Democrat is satisfied that there is no hope, he should desire to see the nomination conferred on Mr. Cleveland. If we should become satisfied that defeat is destiny, we would advocate that selection.

TO KIDNAP SHERMAN

While He was Visiting Havana—A Bold Outlaw who Laid Plans for the Capture of the Entire Party.

Key West, Fla., April 22.—From private letters from Havana it is learned that a party of kidnappers, or outlaws, comprising much of the dangerous elements of Cuban banditti, had arranged to capture Sen. John Sherman on his recent visit to Cuba.

The project only failed by a difference in time.

The plot was well arranged, and the banditti were in sufficient force to capture Sherman's party, but fortunately for the distinguished gentleman's safety, they left the plantation intended as the scene of the outrage just five minutes before the outlaws appeared.

It is thought the owner of the plantation was a party to the sceme.

The foregoing appears in a paper published to-day.

While in Havana Mr. Sherman took occasion to congratulate the captain general on the peace prevailing throughout the islands. When the Senator, however, expressed a desire to visit the sugar plantations in the interior, the military guard was sent as an escort and the entire party barely escaped an unpleasant surprise.

The letter referred to above, after mentioning several wealthy Spaniards recently captured and held for ransom, says: "I also learn that a few minutes after the visit of Sherman, Manderson, McCook and the Spanish officials to the plantation of Pedro Lamberto Fernandez, at Colon, the bandit Matagas arrived in search of the Americans. Upon being told by the overseer that the party had left, he was severely beaten to make him divulge their hiding place. The bandits satisfied themselves by searching the plantation immediately, and then retired. Matagas was in full uniform, and his band was well mounted and armed to receive such distinguished visitors."

Old Enough to Know Better.

New York, April 23.—The *World* says that it is no less a person than old Ben Richardson, the well known Harlem millionaire, who was swindled with the four bars of bogus gold day before yesterday. That he should be the victim of so transparent a swindle is surprising, in view of the fact that he was one of the original California pioneers and was for years interested in mining operations on the Pacific slope. In this city he is known as a clear and shrewd business man. He is noted for his eccentricities, but it was thought that it would take a pretty sharp man to get the best of him in a bargain. He is out only about $1,000.

HE HAS NOT DENIED IT

And Probably will Not Say That He Won't Take a Renomination—How the First Dispatch Originated—Cleveland's Position as Outlined by His Letter of Acceptance.

St. Louis, April 25.—A special to the *Republican* from Washington, D. C., says that the disclosures as the President's personal feelings have been received in such spirit by the press and people that he must see that not even an official and authoritative declaration of a resolution not to go before the people for a second term can now arrest any popular inclination to his re-election.

The realization of these substantial results, so swiftly following the publication of the special, leads some of the eastern papers to surmise that the telegram was deliberately put out from the White House as a "feeler" of the popular pulse. This ingenious supposition is wholly fallacious. The telegram went to the *Republican* without instigation from either the President or the senator with whom he talked. The President spoke freely, but upon the promptings of the moment only, and without any special purpose, while the senator recounted the conversation afterwards to personal friends, without intending that what he told should go to the press.

Without injunctions of secrecy in either case, the story got rapid circulation, as a matter of such interest naturally would, and had been heard by quite a number of people before it came finally into print. It is possible the senator may have misconstrued the words of the President, or misled his friends afterwards in recalling the President's declaration by lack of preciseness in his own language.

One significant fact in connection with the reported expression of the President's views has not escaped attention. No denial has yet been made by the President himself, or even professedly at his direction. Col. Lamont has said he is "quite sure the President has never said he would or would not accept a re-nomination," but this is not a statement of the President, and does not even pretend to be for the President.

That the President will not say openly to the public what he is reported to have said privately to a senator in no manner changes the facts. The project of a letter to be given formally to the public this spring, which is reported on the double authority of Col. Dorsheimer and Smith M. Weed of New York, is not only corroborative testimony. At least one member of the cabinet has said again and again recently that the President neither wanted nor would accept a re-nomination. Of his desinclination, at least, there has been no denial, even within the past two days.

CLEVELAND'S SECOND TERM.

There is Nothing in His Letter of Acceptance that will Prevent His Making the Race in 1888.

New York, April 25.—The *Herald* says that all the talk about Pres. Cleveland's rumored aversion to a second term, whether believed or not by the political world, has opened up a discussion as to his own ante-election views in regard to second terms for presidents. The only public utterance he has ever made on this subject was in his letter of acceptance.

During the past day or so the political doctors have been holding a sort of autopsy to ascertain the exact scope of these expressions, and the verdict among those who are in the front as national leaders of the Democracy seems to be that, while the President is opposed on general principles to second terms, he has not in so may words emphatically said that he would not take one himself.

No gentleman in public life enjoys the confidence of the President more thoroughly than Congressman William L. Scott, of Erie. Mr. Scott, at the Fifth Avenue hotel said he did not believe there was one word of truth in the report that the President would draw out of the race if his party called upon him at the proper time and in the proper way, to make it again in 1888.

"Oh, yes, that letter of acceptance," said he. "I know; but you mustn't force any radical construction on that. I don't consider that it means a particle more than a general approval of some such plan to amend the constitution—a view which any man in the land has a right to entertain. But there is not a word in that letter—and Mr. Cleveland has never said a word that could be tortured into a plain, unequivocal refusal of a second term if his party calls upon him to accept it.

"Now I can tell you another thing. Before Mr. Cleveland wrote his letter of acceptance, the policy of touching on this point of a second term was mentioned. There was, of course, no disposition to curb or suppress any opinions Mr. Cleveland may have entertained on this subject, but it was thought advisible not to go to any radical extremes. There is no sense, political or common, in a party leader declining to accept something that has not been offered him yet. When the proper time comes, if the Democrotic party calls on Mr. Cleveland to again take the helm, he can do so, in my judgment, without exposing himself to any charge of inconsistancy."

Ex-Sen. Barnum, of Connecticut, long at the helm of the National Democratic committee, held the same views as Mr. Scott.

"I don't see anything in that letter of acceptance that would debar the President from taking the nomination again."

GRAVEYARD INSURANCE.

A Horrible State of Affairs Unearthed in Michigan—Prominent Men Implicated.

Lansing, Mich., April 22.—The special joint committee of five to inquire into the mutual insurance companies of the state, presented their report to the House this morning.

They have examined seventeen companies doing business in the state, and the disclosures are of the most startling and damaging character. Nearly all of the assessment companies were found to be rotten to the core, insuring any one, no matter what their age or state of health, or whether the person insured knew of the transaction.

The testimony taken goes to show conclusively that nine out of ten persons insured in these compadies had made no application, nor were they aware that such insurance had been placed on their lives.

The insurance was generally taken out by some beneficiary who forged the signature to the application, paid the assessments and pocketed the money paid at the death.

Representative Chappell, of Corunna, is tangled up in an unpleasant manner with one of the companies, and many respectable men will be compelled to submit to damaging comments.

Among the evidence, the most important is the development of the fact that policies are issued on paupers in poor houses, for the benefit of the superintendents. The investigation of the Standard Life, of Marshall, shows that two policies had been issued on paupers for the benefit of Supt. W. G. Parkiss.

He had received $500 on one of his policies and $1,320 on another. One of those insured by Parkiss was Mrs. Snow, aged 77, who died within 30 days. The other was aged 60 and died by a fall from a chair.

Another novel feature of the testimony developed the fact that doctors had been in the habit of taking out grave-yard policies on the lives of their own patients. In one case a doctor acted as agent for the applicant and medical examiner and finally in giving proof of death, he collected $800 from one company and $1,050 from another company on the death of his patient. There are several other similar cases.

In many cases companies have issusd to persons living in Canada, Germany, England and Sweeden, simpled that the agent and officers might reap the assessment percentage and the beneficiary draw the policy.

The committee will report favorably Mr. Cross's bill, which is designed to regulate the business of assessment companies, and form a statute upon which honorable companies can conduct business upon the assessment plan.

GOOD FOR AMERICANS.

The Mexican Amendment Passed the House, Which will Help American Investors.

City of Mexico, April 22.—The constitutional amendment passed the House of Deputies last night by an overwhelming majority. Trinidad Garcia took the floor soon after the session opened and spoke half an hour. Several deputies followed. A. Lancaster Jones, of Jalisco, the leader of the amendment forces, closed the debate. On the call of the roll, 124 deputies voted for the amendment and only 10 went on record against it. The proposition allows one re-election of a president, that is, two successive terms.

The amendment now goes to the senate, where it will probably be passed without debate. Ratification by the state legislatures is said to be assured. On the announcement of the vote the spectators who crowded the galleries shouted and howled and pounded the floors, while the deputies below congratulated each other in a most extravagant manner. Most of the Diaz cabinet were present and manifested much satisfaction. By Americans here this action is interpreted as meaning the election of Diaz and consequent advancement of Mexican railroad stocks and government securities, as well as the improvement of all American interests in Mexico.

REPUBLICANS SOLID FOR BLAINE.

The Relative Strength of the Various Proposed Candidates for the Presidency—An Interesting Interview.

Cincinnati, April 23.—With reference to reports published in Eastern papers in regard to an alleged letter from Whitelaw Reid to Richard Smith, saying that the *Tribune* had arrived at a conclusion to abandon Blaine for the nominatidn for the Presidency and support John Sherman, a representative of the Associated Press called upon Mr. Smith and asked him in regard to the matter.

Mr. Smith said he had noticed a statement in the press, but, knowing there was no such correspondence and discovering that some people felt that it did them good to keep rumors afloat, he did not care to disturb their happiness, and he had, therefore, in a spirit of amusement, decided not to write a card or say anything about it. He felt that what Mr. Reid wrote or said to him was nobody's business. However, as there seemed to be some interest attached to it he had no objection to answering such questions as the reporter might ask and said, go ahead. Thereupon the interview proceeded.

"What about the Reid letter which you received?"

"What letter?"

"The letter described by the Washington correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*, in which Reid said that the time had come at last for Mr. Blaine to let go his grip on the Republican party as far as the Presidency was concerned, and for all hands to turn in and nominate John Sherman, and all that was necessary to cause the *Tribune* to swing into line was positive assurance that Sherman was going into the convention with a solid delegation from Ohio."

"I never got any such letter from him and do not believe he ever wrote any such letter."

"Is he as hostile to Sherman as ever, then?"

"No, he is not hostile to Sherman at all. In fact, I don't think he ever was. He told me that he would support Sherman with the greatest pleasure if, when the time came, he should be thought the best nominee."

"So he is 'weakening' on Blaine, then, is he?"

"Well, I should hardly say that. You can judge, however, from the last conversation I had with him when I was in New York, a few weeks ago. I told him that it would be better politics to nominate Sherman than Blaine. He said: 'Very well. We certainly shan't fight Sherman. If you can get a majority of the delegates to your way of thinking we will support Sherman with the utmost heartiness. I am not sure about his being a good candidate, but I am sure he would make a splendid President.'"

He went on to say that the *Tribune* would support Ben Harrison with great pleasure, or Gresham or Allison. Phil. Sheridan was mentioned, and he said he had not heard him talked of much, but knew him to be a splendid Republican, and had the greatest admiration for both his public and personal character, and if he was nominated, would support him with enthusiasm.

I thought I had got about enough and started to leave, when he said:

"Hold on, I want to say one thing more. I want to tell you further that if we united fully with you and with all your friends in an effort to nominate any of these men you named and the convention should be held within a month, the whole lot of us with all the power we could bring to bear, could not prevent the nomination of Mr. Blaine on the first ballot by acclamation."

AMERICA—CANADA.

Will They Have Preciprocity—And What will be England's Attitude if the Subject is Agitated—An Interesting Letter Showing the British Feeling.

New York, April 22.—The attitude of Great Britain in regard to the question of a possible commercial union between the United States and Canada, as foreshadowed in the Butterworth bill, introduced in the last session of Congress, would have a very great influence in the matter. In order to elicit the view of one so well informed on the subject as Prof. Goldwin Smith is, a letter was addressed to him by Erastus Wiman, president of the Canadian Club, asking his opinion as to the possible consent of Great Britain, should the Canadian parliament favor a measure of similar import, the result of which would be a commercial union between the two countries. The views of the Oxford professor, as given in reply to this letter, are as follows:

April 19, 1887.

My Dear Wiman:—The question is naturally asked, as you say, whether the consent of Great Britain could be obtained to a measure of complete reciprocity which would involve an assimilation of tariffs between Canada and the United States.

Certainly the Canadians as loyal colonists who have every reason to feel grateful and attached to their mother country, would not act in defiance of her wishes. For my own part, being British to the core, I would never vote for anything which I thought in the least degree at variance with the interest or honor of Great Britain.

But Canada has already been taken formally as well as practically out of the commercial unity of the empire by Sir John Macdonald, who has declared that he is for fiscal home rule to the hilt. Fiscal independence was formally conceded to the colonies some time ago when the imperial government determined not to interfere with the adoption by an Australian colony of a protective tariff.

Canada already levies duties, avowedly protective, on British goods, and her adoption of the American scale would make no great difference, as it appears to me, either practically or in point of principle. It is not a matter, I imagine, about which the commercial classes of England, who took the change in the Canadian tariff coolly enough, would feel very strongly or call loudly on their government to interfere.

That the one great interest of England on this side of the Atlantic is the friendship of the English-speaking communities of the continent has long been my firm belief, and though I, of course, speak with no authority, I feel a sanguine expectation that this argument, pressed by those whose attachment to Great Britain cannot be questioned, will prevail with British statesmen, and that the consent of the Imperial government to free trade between Canada and the United States, will be obtained.

The voice of Canada, in the councils of her own continent, is really the best support which she can ever lend to England, either on commercial questions or on questions of any other kind.

Nations, it is true, have tempers as well as interests, and if American legislatures and journals persist in trying the temper of British nations, as they are doing at present, mischief, not only to the prospects of closer commercial relations, but to friendly relations generally, may ensue.

But it's difficult to see why Anglo-Saxons should be sacrificing their national affinities, their national interests and those of our common civilization to the prosecution of a Celtic feud; or why American legislaturs and journalists should deem it their duty to protest against the repression of disorder in Ireland by the British government, when they regard stronger measures taken by other European governments for the same purpose, such as those which Germany is now taking in Alsace-Lorraine, with perfect unconcern.

Yours truly,
Goldwin Smith,

To Erastus Wiman, Esq., New York City.

LIQUOR DEALERS ASSOCIATION

Is Going to Take a Hand in the Coming Texas Campaign—Meeting in Cincinnati,

Cincinnati, April 22.—The executive committee of the National Protective association of distillers and wholesale liquor dealers met at the Burnett house yesterday. The meeting was called by President Joseph M. Atherton, of Louisville, chiefly to consider the questions of interest to the trade only. It is also the purpose of the committee to consult with a delegation of the members of the association from Texas and adopt measures looking to the welfare of the whisky business of Texas in the Prohibition campaign.

Pres. Atherton said to-day: "We shall advocate the imposition of such license as will keep the retail business in the hands of respectable men, and urge strict enforcement of all police regulations against low dives, and all traffickers who permit debauchery. Prohibition, and such heavy license as will amount to prohibition, only result in the covert sale of stimulants and the multiplication of law-breakers all over the country."

The meeting of the committee in the afternoon and evening was secret. They, however, give out for publication that they appointed a committee of three to consider the matter presented them by the delegation from Texas, and will make a report to-day, but they decline to give the names of the committee or communicate any other facts.

MARYLAND CROPS.

The Outlook is Not So Bad—There ill Be Plenty of Fruit.

Baltimore, April 21.—Advices received to-day from different sections of the state of Maryland, at the corn and flour exchange, are that the past few days have shown a decided improvement in the appearance of the growing wheat crop. Much that was thought to have been frozen out is now growing finely and the farmers are hopeful for a much larger crop than was expected.

A continuance of pleasant weather, it is thought, will assure an average crop. Wheat is the only winter crop of this part of the country. The fruit is said to be uninjured in the eastern shore counties, the great fruit producing section of the state.

METZ AND NANCY EXCITED

Over the Arrest of a French Commissary by German Police.

Paris, April 21.—M. Schnaebels, a special French commissary of the Pagney-sur Moselle depot, has been arrested by Germans. He had received several letter from the German police commissioner, a Ars, asking him to come to that place and confer with him regarding the frontier service. He finally agreed to do so. While on his way to Ars he was roughly seized by the German police and taken to Noveaut, from which place he was sent to Metz.

The *Metzer Zeitung* says that M. Schnaebeles's arrest is due to his connection with the anti-German agitation conducted by the Patriotic leagues, but the people of Pagney-sur-Moselle declare this to be entirely untrue, and say he had nothing to do with the agitation. The incident has thrown Metz and Nancy into the wildest excitement.

Paris, April 21.—4 p. m.—Rentes were unfavorably affected by the arrest of M. Schnaebeles. The market for 3 per cent rentes for the account became flat and the quotations declined 45 centimes during the afternoon.

HOW IT OCCURRED.

The Official Report of the Schnaebeles Affair—Further Proceedings.

Paris, April 25.—The Nancy procurator's official report of the Schnaebeles outrage states that Schnaebeles advanced a few steps across the frontier, and met an individual with whom he began to converse, when a policeman in disguise seized him. An assistant of the policeman then rushed out of ambush, and a desperate struggle ensued. Schnaebeles succeeded in escaping from his captors, and crossed to French territory, but his assailants pursued him and dragged him back, despite his protests. They then bound him and forcibly led him away to prison.

The cabinet to-day discussed the Schnaebeles arrest. M. Sarrien, minister of justice, submitted the report made of the affair by the procurator of Nancy, within whose jurisdiction the arrest took place, and the evidence adduced at the judicial inquiry showing that the arrest was made on French soil. The cabinet, as a result of the discussion, resolved that M. Flourens, foreign minister, should communicate to the German ambassador, and, through M. Herbot, the French ambassador at Berlin, to Germany, the subject matter of the documents. The secretary of the German embassy to-day told M. Flourens that the investigation which Germany was making had not yet been finished.

The *Temps*, referring to the Schnaebeles affair, says it considers that the spontaneous action taken by the German government in giving explanations to M. Flourens deprives the incident of the character of a voluntary provocation, and it believes that after due inquiry the matter will be arranged in conformity with international law.

BOLD BANK ROBBERY

Prevented by the Weakening of One of the Parties—The Most Daring Scheme on Record—Fatal Ending.

Galveston, April 26.—A special from Laredo says that Marilano Gariver was shot and killed here early yesterday morning by Theodore Sandus. An investigation of the killing developed a conspiracy to commit one of the most daring robberies ever attempted in Texas—the robbery of the Milmo National bank.

The bank officials had received information that an organized band of men, composed of Americans and Mexicans had concocted a plan to rob the bank on the afternoon of April 18 at 3 o'clock. Two of the gang were to enter the bank. One of them was to present a check to the teller and when that official looked at it was to level a pistol at his head with the command, "Hold up. Be silent." His confederate was then to enter through the president's room and rob the vault. In the meantime five others of the gang were to ride up, leading two saddled horses for the use of their friends in the bank, which the latter were to mount, after having secured the booty, and ride away, protected by the other five men.

Every day since the bank was notified, it has been secretly guarded by a determined posse of deputy sheriffs. Yesterday Peres, Jesus Francisco, Ramons and Manuel Alquita were arrested on a charge of being implicated in the plot to rob the bank. Subsequently, Henry Barnard, the leader of the band was arrested on a train between here and San Antonio, and was brought to this city and lodged in jail.

It now appears from the statement of Theodore Saudus, the slayer of Gariver, that they were members of the gang and that all members had taken a solemn oath not to divulge the purposes of the organization under penalty of death. Gariver having accused Sandus of betraying the gang, the latter shot him. Sandus, however, claims that the deceased attacked him with a bowie knife and that the shooting was done in self-defense. Barnard, who is highly connected, attacked two others of the gang who were confined in the jail with him last night, with a knife he had concealed on his person and cut and dangerously wounded them. He accused them of "squealing." It is thought one of them will die.

DOWN WITH THEM.

The Reds, the Blacks and all Other Anarchists are Combining for Political Purposes.

Chicago, April 22.—It is asserted that the three socialistic organizations of the United States are about to coalesce. The three, it is said, will join forces, form one body, with a general executive board, and, as a unit, will take part in all political fights, municipal, state and national.

The three organizations are: The Socialists Labor party, strong in all large cities, and a power in politics. Its members are the mild or conservative men, whose connection with others has gained for them the name of Socialists. Its methods are those of the social Democrats of Germany, a large number of the members being of that nationality.

The International Workingmen's association, bold and strong in the Western states, is another of the organizations. Its members are known as the "Reds." Its members are mainly responsible for the fight made in the West against Chinese labor. Riots and outrages are charged against the organization. With strong, violent bodies of men in Portland, San Francisco, Denver, and other Western points, it has already changed the aspect of elections. They have two vigorous organs that make converts daily.

The "Black," or Working People's association, has shown its power in the country within the past year or two. This is the body whose members are called anarchists. The Chicago groups, anticipating the present action, disbanded, leaving the members free to join whatever body their inclinations might lead them into. The groups in other cities are strong and hail the amalgamation with delight.

The "Red" Internationalists of Portland recently sent a letter to the editor of their Denver organ, asking him to draw up a plan for the re-organization of all the bodies. He appointed a committee. The committee will draw up plans which will be presented to the national conference, which will be called in a few days in either Kansas City or Chicago.

Mexican State Election.

Nogales, Ariz., April 26.—An election for state officers was held yesterday in Sonora, Mexico. Col. Lorenzo Morres was elected governor over Jose M. Maytorena, by a large majority. Raymon Corrall was elected vice-governor. The new governor is not a relative of the present incumbent.

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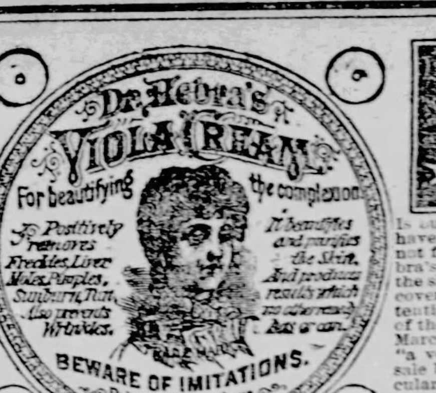

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CONDENSED TELEGRAMS.

The American shipping and industrial league will hold a convention in Charleston, S. C., to-day.

The funeral of Lieut. Danenhower took place at Oswego, Sunday. The burial was at Riverside cemetery. There was no volley firing at the grave.

Six buildings in Plymouth, Pa., five owned by Geo. P. Richards and one by Chas. Shupp, were burned yesterday. Loss, $50,000; half covered by insurance.

A big gas well has just been discovered at Anderson, Ind., and it flowing 6,000,000 feet per day. A contract has been let for the thorough piping of the city at $50,000.

The visible supply of grain at Chicago on April 23, shows a decrease of 1,935,000 bushels of wheat, $18,000 bushels of corn, and an increase of 210,000 bushels of oats.

George Dew Gardiner yesterday shot and killed Allan Hardwick at Toronto. Hardwick was smashing Gardiner's windows and would not stop when ordered to do so by Gardiner.

The flag of the New York Produce Exchange is flying at half-mast to-day for the death of Vice-Pres. William D. Morgan, of the exchange, who expired yesterday at his residence, of pneumonia.

Mrs. Isaac Dougherty and Miss Christina McKay of Caledonia, Ont., were poisoned last Friday evening by eating some parsnips. Both died before medical assistance could be summoned.

James H. Marr, chief clerk to the first assistant postmaster general, died at his residence in Washington this morning. He had been chief clerk to the first assistant postmaster general since 1869.

Mrs. Mary E. Wilson, wife of Dr. W. W. Wilson of Baltimore, Md., yesterday committed suicide by taking poison and then throwing herself out of a window. She is supposed to have been insane.

Clearing-house exchanges from 39 cities of the United States, show the total exchanges last week to be $1,041,202,356, being 35.2 per cent. increase by comparison with the corresponding week of last year.

Lieut. Col. Lunoz, of the 8th batallion, and M. M. Zavalla, musical director, quarreled in a saloon in San Luis Potosi, Mexico. A challenge was accepted at once, and at the word, both shot and both fell dead.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the Pennsylvania iron king, who was married in New York yesterday to Miss Louise Whitfield, sailed with his bride for the Isle of Wight, via Southampton, on the French steamer La Bourgoyne.

The authorities did not interfere with the ball players Sunday in Queens county, and the great crowd that went to Ridgewood Park to see the Brooklyn and Baltimore teams, saw a splendid game. Brooklyn 2, Baltimore 8.

The Brush Electric Light company's works in Cincinnati were entirely destroyed by fire Sunday. Loss, $65,000; insurance, $40,000, in fifteen companies. It will be 30 days before the can start again. The fire started in an adjacent stable, and communicated to the Brush works.

During a thunder-storm which passed over Sumter county, S. C., yesterday, a house in which six people were living, was struck by lightning. Two boys named Harbin were prostrated and shortly afterwards died. Four other persons in the house were not affected by the stroke.

The Democratic primaries to elect delegates to the convention to be held May 4, which will nominate the state ticket, were held throughout Kentucky on Saturday. Louisville goes by a large majority for Gen. Simon Bolivar Buckner for governor, and news from the state indicates that Gen. Buckner will have a walk over for the nomination.

At Detroit, Sunday, David Preston, banker, died suddenly of heart disease. Mr. Preston is best known as a leading Methodist and Prohibitionist. Until 1884 he was a Republican, but in that year he became a party Prohibitionist, running for governor on that ticket and polling a large vote. In the recent campaign he took an active part. His estate is worth nearly a million.

At Cincinnati a mass meeting of the Knights of Labor passed a resolution charging the Stove Manufacturers' Defense association and the Stove Manufacturers' association with forcing a lockout on their employes, and denouncing this act as inimical to the peace and welfare of the country, as well as to the iron molders' union. Another resolution tendered sympathy and support to the employes of the stove foundries.

Market Column.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS

Financial.

Office of the Toledo Blade, Wednesday, April 27, 1887.

The following is the statement of the New York banks for the week ending Saturday.

Reserve—Increase	$2,172,150
Loans—Decrease	5,850,100
Specie—Decrease	18,600
Legal tenders—Increase	868,700
Deposits—Decrease	5,288,200
Circulation—Increase	30,000

The banks now hold $6,660,800 in excess of the 25 per cent. rule.

The following shows the changes in government bonds during the past week:

	April 26.	April 19.
4½'s coupons	110¼	110¼
4's coupons	129⅜	129⅜
3's registered	100	100
Pacific 6's of '95	125¾	125¾

New York, April 26—Noon.—The stock market, after 11 o'clock, was quiet for a short time, but soon became active, and the decline was renewed with force. The decline was checked after 11:30, and slight recoveries followed. At noon the market is active and firm.

Closing prices of stocks to-day on Wall street. St. P., 91½; L. S., 94¾; Pac. Mail, 55¾; N. Y. C., 112¾; D., L. & W., 136¾; J. C., 79¾; Erie, 33¾; Erie 2d ex. c, 102¼; W. St. L. & P. 20; do. pref. —; N. P., 29⅜; N. P. p'f'd, 61⅞; D. & R. G. —; Louis. & Nash., 68¼; Texas Pacific, 30⅜; Union Pacific, 61¼; Missouri Pacific, 108; C. S., 60; Western Union, 76½; Kansas & Texas, 32½; C. B. & Q., —; Rock Island, —; Mil. L. & W., —, L. S. W. pfd, —; Cen. Pac., 40½; Oregon Trans., 34; Omaha, 51⅜; Omaha pfd., 112; Manitoba, —; Michigan Central, 90; Phila. & Read., 44⅜; Del. & Hud., —; N. W., 120; St. P. & M., —; Hocking Valley, 31¾; New York & New England, 57¾; P., D. & E., —; Consolidated Gas, 85½; Wabash, —; St. P. & D., — Richmond T., 38¾; C. C. C. I., —; Oil closed at 64½c bid.

TRADE.

Within the week just closed the general trade of the country has been of good proportions. There is no excitement in any branch, but merchants generally have met with business equal to expectations.

THE MARKETS.

Markets More Active, with but Little Change.

The markets for wheat to-day were quite active. There was a firm feeling in May wheat at Chicago at the opening, but it eased off ⅛c. At Toledo and New York values underwent but little alteration. At the close the tone was not so strong as in the beginning. Cables were firm. Exports were fair. The weaker feeling at Chicago has no significance, as it is pretty generally believed the May stuff is in the hands of strong parties.

At the regular session of the Toledo Produce Exchange, to-day, trade was dull in cash wheat. One sale of No. 2 soft Red made the price 83¾c; No. 3 soft Red Wabash, 84½c.

For future delivery there was an active trade in No. 2 Red wheat. Prices opened firm and higher, but eased off a little at the close.

	May	June	July.	Aug.
Sales to-day	124000	70000	370000	......
" yesterday	180000	8000	220000	......

seller May, 84⅜c, and finally 84⅝c, ⅛c advance; seller June, 85¼@85⅜c, less price to close, ⅛c improved; seller August, 84⅛c, and to conclude, 84c, ⅛c better.

Cash corn sold moderately well. No. 2, 41½c; No. 3, 41c. No. 3 yellow, 41½c. Clover seed—Prime, $4 05.

Afternoon Close—Wheat—May, 84⅝c sales; June, 85½c bid; August, 84¼c sales. Corn—May, 41½c asked.

Toledo Produce Market.

Trade on the market this morning was of fairly good proportions, considering the inclement weather. The quantity of produce on sale was a little larger than on yesterday. In almost everything there is no change to note. The demand for butter, eggs and vegetables continue good. Butter—Outside grades, 24@25c; next quality, 20@22c. Eggs, 11c. Salt, in barrels, 75c; car lots, 65c. Poultry—Chickens, 10c; turkeys, 11c. Vegetables—Cabbages, 30@40c per doz; lettuce, 15c per pound; spinach, per bushel, 60c; onions, $1.00 per bushel; potatoes, per bushel, 35c; sweet potatoes, $3.25@3.50 per bbl; pie plant, per doz, 60c. Fresh meats—Beef, 6@6½c per lb for sides; mutton, 7c; lambs, 7½c; calves, per lb, 7¾@8c. Dressed hogs, $6.00. Salt meats—Mess pork, $18.50; short mess, $19.00; long clear, $19.25; short clear, $19.50; rumps, $16.00; butts, $16.00; clear neck and bean, $15.00. Hams, 18 lbs. and over, 12c; 15 lbs. average, 12c; 12½ lbs. average, 13c; shoulders, 8c. Breakfast bacon, 9½@10c; clear sides and backs, 9@9½c. Lard—Kettle, tierces, barrels, half barrels and cans, 8c, 8¼c and 8½c; fine lard, 7½@8c in cases and cans. Fruits—Apples, per bu., 65@75c; cranberries, per box, $3.50@4.50; oranges, per box, $3 00 for Messinas, and @6.50 per case for Valencias; lemons, 20c per dozen $3 50 per box. Hides dull; green hides, 6c; heavy steers, 6½c; cured hides, 7½c. Wool, 30c.

General Produce.

Milwaukee, April 26.—Wheat, firm; cash, 78⅝c; May, 78⅞c; June, 80⅜c. Corn steady; No. 3, 38½c. Oats wea; No. 2 white, 31c. Rye steady; No. 1, 62c. Barley easier; No. 2, 54c.

Kansas City, April 25.—Wheat dull; No. 2 Red cash, 70c asked; May, 70c bid; 71c asked. Corn steady; No. 2 cash, 33¼c bid; May, 32¾c bid, 33⅛c asked; June, 33¾c bid, 34c asked. Oats—Nominal; cash, 20½c.

Detroit, April 26.—Wheat—No. 1 white, cash, 84½c; Michigan red cash, 85½c; No. 2 red, cash, 85½c; May, 85½c; June, 86c; August, 84⅝c. Corn—41½c. Oats—No. 2, 30c; No. 2 white, 32½c. Clover Seed—Cash, $3 90 bid. Receipts—Wheat, 10,700 bushels. Corn, 1,100. Oats, 3,500.

Chicago, April 26.—11:30 a. m.—The wheat market opened strong with May delivery at 85c and advanced to 85⅜c, while June delivery rose to 84½c; free selling broke the market off to 84⅛c for May and 83⅝c for June, where the market now rests. Corn—May 38c. Oats—May, 28 1-16c. Lard—May, $7 10.

Baltimore, April 26.—Wheat—Western firmer and active; No. 2 winter red spot, 92½c bid; May, 92⅜@92½c; June, 92⅝@92⅞c; July, 92⅝@92⅞c. Corn—Western steady; mixed spot, 47@47½c; May, 47⅝@48⅛c; June, 47½@47⅝c. Oats firm; western white, 36@38c; do mixed, 35@36½c.

Cincinnati, April 26.—Flour firm; family, $3 50@3 70; fancy, $3 75@4 10. Wheat dull and unchanged at 83c. Corn is in fair demand at 41½c. Oats quiet at 30@30½c. Rye is strong and higher at 65½@66c. Provisions quietand unchanged. Pork at $16 25. Lard at $7 50. Bulk meats—short ribs, $7 87½. Bacon—short ribs, $8 75; short clear, $9 00. Whisky firm; sales 759 bbls. finished goods on a basis of $1 13.

Chicago, April 26.—1 p. m.—Wheat closed easier; cash, 83⅜c; May, 84⅜c; June, 83⅝c; July, 83⅝c. Corn easy; cash, 38½c; May, 38⅝c; June, 40 3-16; July, 41⅞c. Oats weak; cash, 27½c; May, 28c; June, 29c. Rye, 57c. Barley, 54c. Flax seed, $1 05. Prime timothy seed, $1 60@1 62. Whisky, $1 18. Pork firm; cash, $20 50; May and June, $20 75. Lard weaker; cash, $7 05; May, $7 05; June, 7 15.

New York, April 26.—Wheat—Market ⅛@⅜c higher, and more active, largely on speculative account; receipts, 39,600 bu.; sales, 89,600 bu No. 2 red, May, 93⅛@93¾c; 1,672,000 bu do June, 93⅝@93 13-16c; 872,000 bu do July, 93⅜@93⅝c; 464,000 bu do August, 92⅝@92⅞c; 872,000 bu do December, 96@96¼c. Corn—Market a shade lower and more active; receipts, 5,250 bu; sales, 824,000 bu mixed western spot, 49¼@50½c; do futures, 49⅛@50¾c. Oats a shade easier; receipts, 18,000 bu; sales, 45,000 bu; western, 35@42c. Beef quiet and steady; new extra mess, $8 50. Pork firm; new mess, $16 50@17 00; old do, $15 00 @15 25. Lard dull and weak; steam rendered, $7 42½. Butter quiet but steady; western, 12@24c. Eggs—western fresh, 13c. Sugar quiet; crushed, 6⅛@6 3-16c; powdered, 5⅞@6c; granulated, 5 11-16@5¾c. Molasses steady; 50 test, 19½c. Coffee firm; fair Rio, 16⅞c; good do, 17¼c; prime do 17¾c. Turpentine dull at 38½c asked.

Live Stock Markets.

Cincinnati, April 25.—Hogs—Market steady and firm; common and light $4 25@5 25; packing and butchers, $5 00@5 65; receipts, 2,650 head; shipments, 800 head.

Chicago, April 26.—Hogs—Receipts, 10,000 head; market fairly active and 5c higher; pigs, $4 00@4 50; light, $4 75@5 50; rough packing, $5 05@5 30; mixed and heavy packing and shipping, $5 40@5 75. Cattle—Receipts, 5,000 head; market stron; beeves, $4 00@5 15; cows, $2 30@3 70; stockers and feeders, $3 00@3 90. Sheep—Receipts, 3,500 head; market higher; common, $3 00@4 00; good to choice, $4 40@4 90; shorn sheep, $3 00@4 00.

East Liberty, April 25.—Cattle—Receipts, 912 head; shipmts, 152 head; market active and 10@15c higher than last week's closing prices. Four cars of cattle were shipped to New York to-day. Hogs—Receipts, 5,800 head; shipments, 6,000 head; market fair; Philadelphias, $5 10@6 00; Yorkers, $5 50@6 50; common and light, $5 35@5 40; pigs, $4 75@5 00. Thirty-three cars of hogs were shipped to New York to-day. Sheep—Receipts, 3,200 head; shipments, 3,400 head; market active and 10@15c higher than last week's closing prices.

St. Louis, April 26.—Cattle—Receipts, 600 head; market strong; natives, $4 80@5 10; butchers' steers, $3 60@4 40; Texans, $2 10@4 25. Hogs—Receipts, 4,000 head; market active and 5c higher; choice heavy butchers', $5 55@5 70; packers, $5 40@5 55; Yorkers, $5 20@5 35; pigs, $4 60@5 70. Sheep—Receipts, 1,500 head; market firm. Wheat—Cash and June, higher; No 2 red cash, 80¾@80½; May, 80¾; June, 81⅛; July 79¼. Corn—Cash and May, higher; cash, 35¼@35½; May, 35⅜; June, 36½. Oats—Slow; cash, 28@28¼; May, 27⅞; June, 28c; pork dull, irregular and nominal at $16 75. Lard nominally firmer at 7c. Whiskey steady at $1.13.

Kansas City, April 25.—The *Live Stock Indicator* reports: Cattle—Receipts, 1,200 head; shipments, 1,000 head. The market was firm and active for shippers and good butchers. Sales of good to choice shipping at $4 50@4 65; common to medium, $3 80@4 40; stockers, $2 60@3 25; feeding steers, $3 30@3 90; cows, $2 25@3 90. Hogs—Receipts, 5,100 head; shipments, — head. Market opened about steady. Sales of good to choice, $5 35@5 50; common to medium, $4 90@5 30; skips and pigs, $3 00@4 80. Sheep—Receipts, 734 head; shipments, 108 head. Market steady. Sales of good to choice, $2 75@3 20; common to medium, $2 00@2 60.

Buffalo, April 25.—Cattle—Receipts, 1,054 head; prices advanced 20@15c since last Monday; common to fair, $4 25@4 60; good to choice shipping, $4 75@5 00; extra steers, $5 10@5 35; stockers and feeders, $3 25@4 00; veals, $3 50@4 75. Sheep—Receipts, 4,400 head; heavy receipts have depressed the market; common to fair, $4 65@5 00; choice to extra, $5 15@5 30; good to choice lambs, $5 70@6 25; clipped, $4 50@5 10. Hogs—Receipts, 10,180 head; market steady with good demand; light pigs, $5 10@5 30; mixed pigs and light Yorkers, $5 50@5 60; selected Yorkers, $5 65@5 75; selected medium weights, $5 80@5 85; extra, $5 90; good to choice heavy, $5 90@6 00; selected heavy ends, $5 25@5 40.

Boston Wool Market.

There is a fair traffic and the downward tendency seems to have been checked. Dealers are not forcing the sales and are not inclined to accept any offersthat buyers may make. Ohio and Pennsylvania, 32½@33c; Michigan and Wisconsin, etc., 29@30c; Australian and New Zealand, 32½@39c.

Foreign Markets.

London, April 25.—The *Mark Lane Express* weekly review of the British grain trade says: Supplies of native wheat of small values at provincial market have risen 6d 1s. Sales of English wheat during the week were 44,471 quarters at 32s 6d, against 52,512 at 30s 11d during corresponding week last year. Foreign wheat is steady; values are maintained. Flour is firmer. Corn firm. Fourteen wheat cargoes arrived, two cargoes were sold and two remained, the bulk has not yet been on sale. To-day's market, English wheat, was steady, business was limited and foreign wheat was rather firmer. Flour is in better demand at former prices. Corn scarce and against buyers. Oats were 3@6d dearer.

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